

THE  
NATIONAL REVIEW.

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No. XXXIV.

OCTOBER 1863.

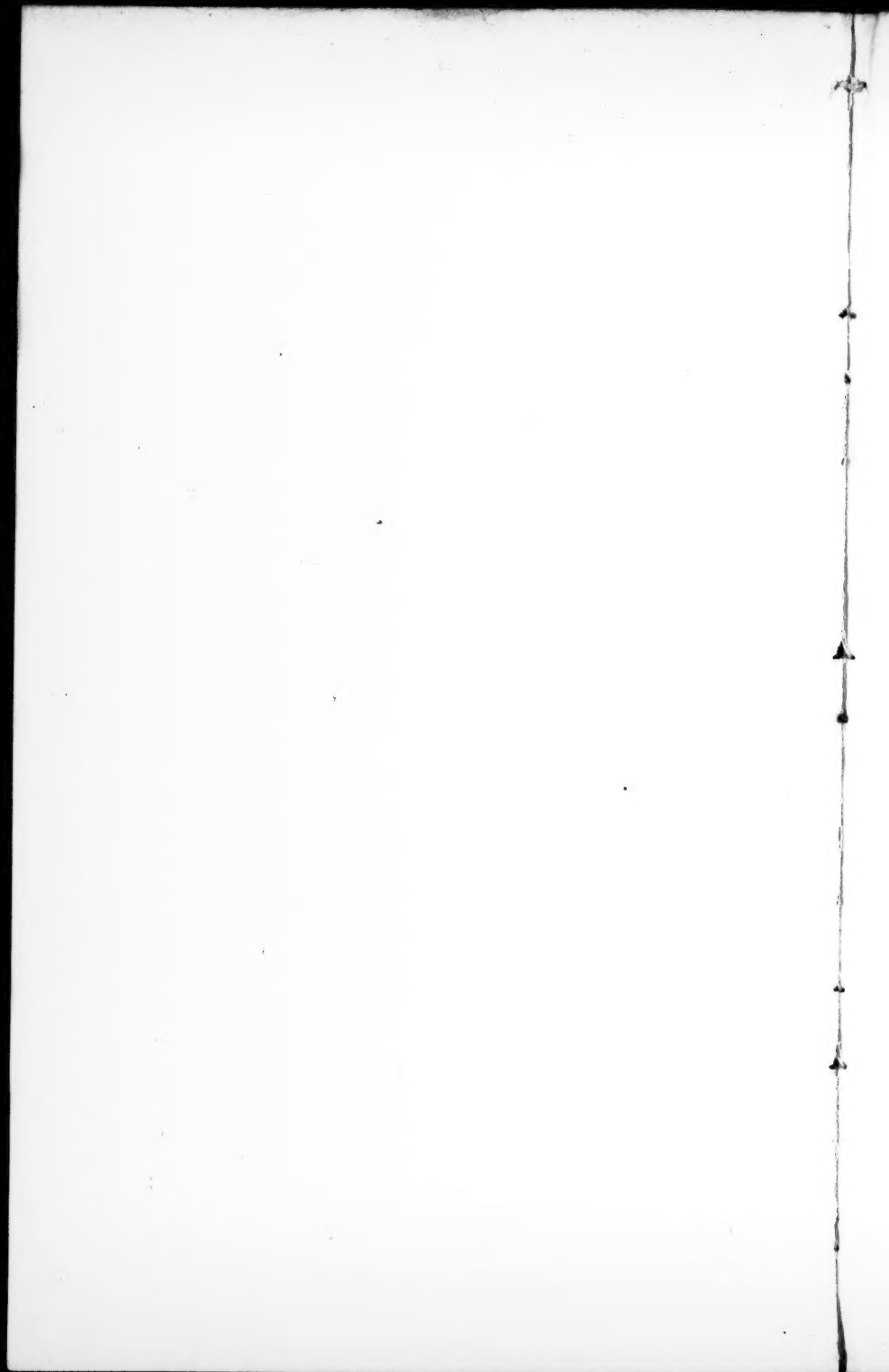
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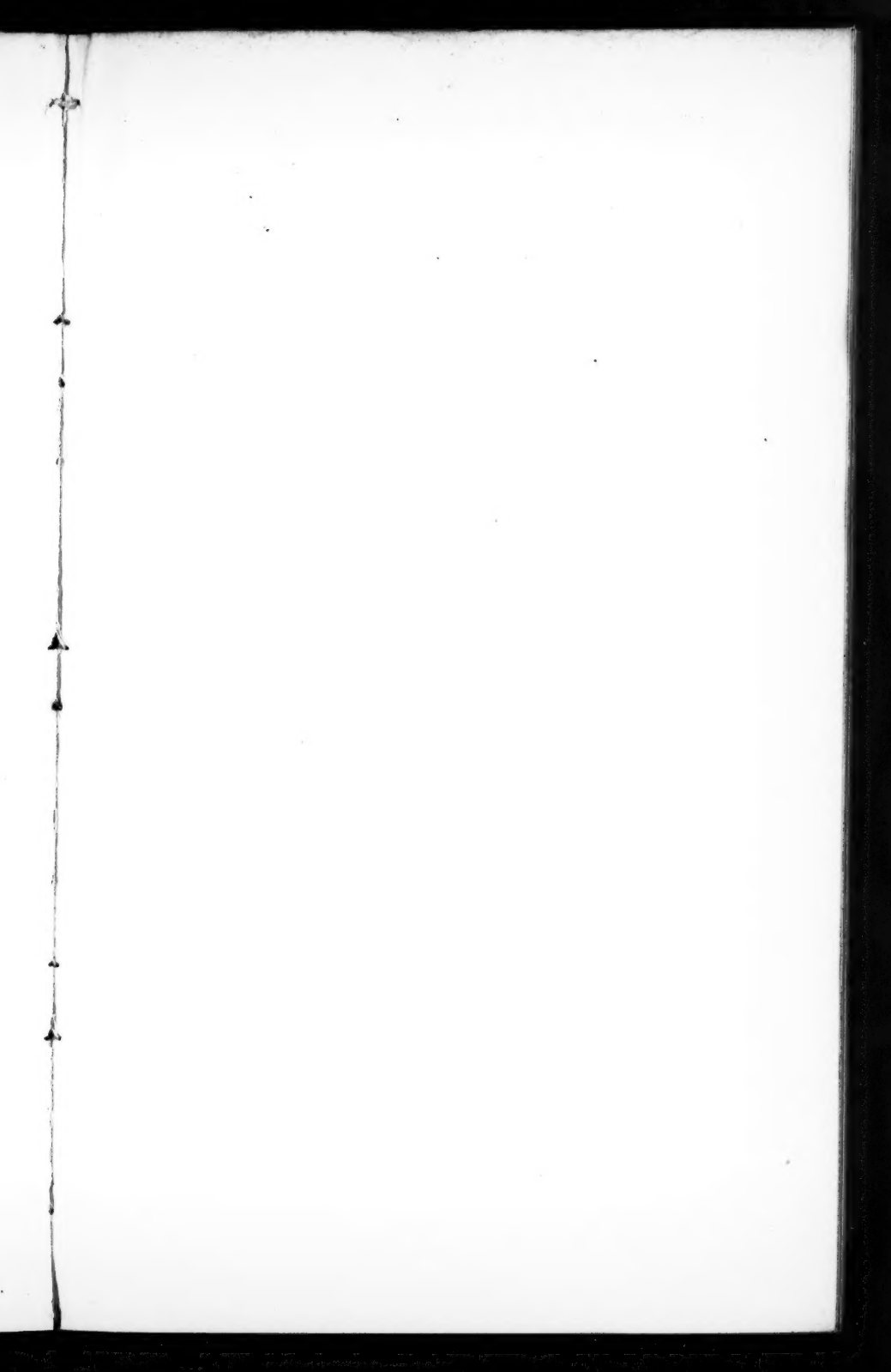
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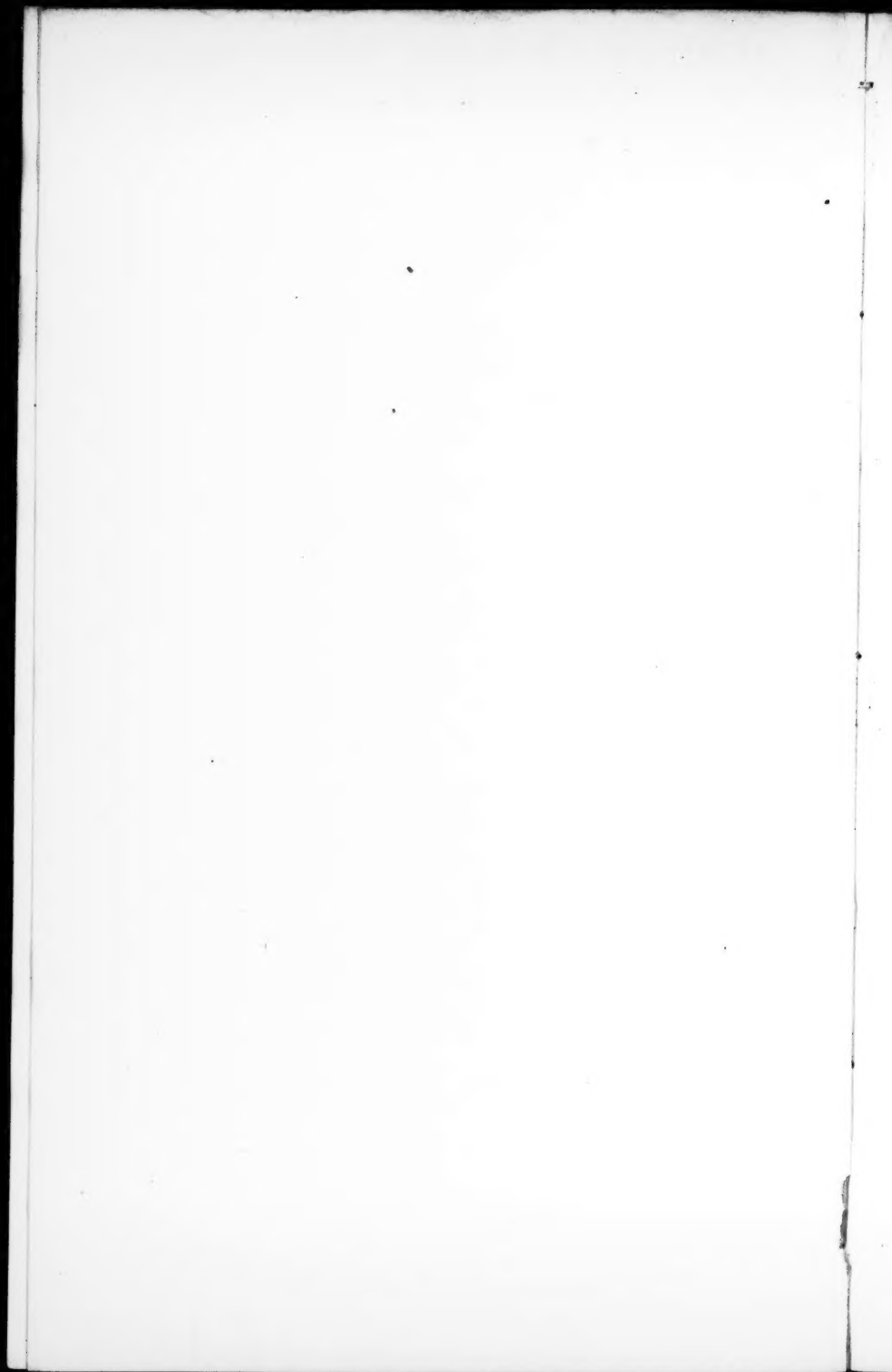
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8. Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut.
9. The Baptism of Guthorm.
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11. The Barge of Edgar rowed by Eight Tributary Kings on the Dee.
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32. Richard refuses to look upon the Holy City.
33. Richard Pardons his Brother John.
34. Richard Orders the Release of the Archer who Shot him.
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38. Hubert de Burgh taken from Sanctuary at Boisars.
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44. The Head of Gaveston brought to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster.
45. The Combat between Robert Bruce and Sir Henry de Bohun.
46. Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, led to Execution.
47. The Seizure of Roger Mortimer at Nottingham.
48. The Naval Victory of Edward III. off Sluys.
49. The English waiting for the French at Crecy.
50. Edward III. Refuses Succour to his Son at Crecy.
51. The Combat between Edward III. and Sir Eustace de Ribemount before Calais.
52. Edward the Black Prince waits upon King John of France.
53. Edward III. in the Storm at Breigny Vows that he will make Peace with France.
54. The Black Prince Extorts an Amnesty from Pedro the Cruel.
55. Richard II. and the Rebels in Smithfield.
56. The "Lords Appellants," Gloucester, Arundel, Derby, Nottingham, and Warwick, accuse the King's Ministers of Treason.
57. The Duke of Gloucester Rejects the Prayer of the King and Queen for Sir Simon Burley.
58. Richard stops the Duel between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk.
59. The Meeting between Richard and Bolingbroke at Flint Castle.
60. The Duke of Albemarle and the Lord Fitzwarler Challenge each other in the House of Peers.
61. The Body of Richard brought to St. Paul's.
62. The Death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury.
63. Chief Justice Gascoigne refuses to Sentence the Archbishop of York.
64. Henry V. Marching out at Midnight against the Lollards.
65. Henry V. Attacked by the Duke of Alencon at Agincourt.
66. The Marriage of Henry V. and Katherine of France.
67. The Entry of Henry V. and Charles VI. into Paris.
68. Jeanne Darc taken Prisoner at Compiegne.
69. Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, doing Penance through the Streets of London.
70. The Murder of the Duke of Suffolk at Sea.
71. Edmund, Duke of Somerset, before King Henry VI. charges Richard, Duke of York, with Treason.
72. The Stratagem of Lord Fauconbridge at Towton Field.
73. Edward IV. and Lady Elizabeth Grey.
74. Louis XI. of France Reconciles Queen Margaret with the Earl of Warwick.
75. Death of Warwick at Barnet.
76. Murder of Edward Prince of Wales at Tewkesbury.
77. The Interview between Edward IV. and Louis XI. on the Bridge at Pecquigny.
78. The Arrest of William, Lord Hastings, by Richard, Duke of Gloucester.
79. Buckingham and his Party Offer the Crown to Richard.
80. The March of Buckingham Stopped by the Severn.
81. Richard III. at the Battle of Bosworth.

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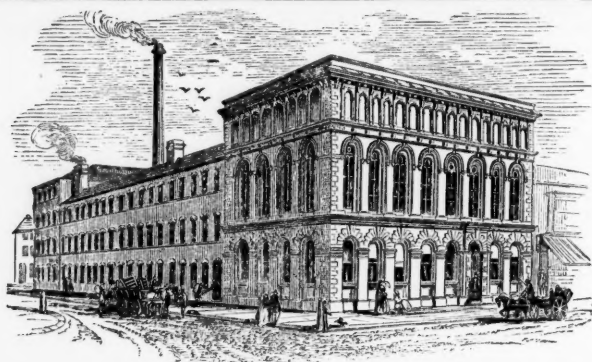
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# THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1863.

## ART. I.—THE CRITICISM OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

*An Introduction to the Old Testament, Critical, Historical, and Theological.* By Samuel Davidson, D.D. of the University of Halle, and LL.D. 3 vols. Williams and Norgate, 1863.

IN the primitive text-books on the canon of Scripture there was a respectable custom that under the heads of inspiration, genuineness, and authenticity, should be arranged all that could be plausibly made out with regard to the canonical authority of each book. The proofs were collected with care, and set forth in unadorned simplicity. The Rev. Hartwell Horne devotes a page and a half to the genuineness and authenticity of Daniel, observing that with regard to that book there is every possible evidence, both external and internal; the former embracing "the general testimony of the whole Jewish church and nation," and the latter the convincing fact that the "language, style, and manner of writing are all perfectly agreeable to that age." It is true that the proofs of other books are somewhat meagre in comparison. The Song of Solomon, for example, rests upon the argument that, as the canon of the Hebrew Scripture was settled by Ezra, who "wrote, and we may believe acted, by the inspiration of the Most High," the Song, which was placed by him in the same volume with the Law and the Prophets, must have been a sacred book. As regards Ecclesiastes, again, "there can be no doubt of its title to admission; Solomon was eminently distinguished by the illumination of the Divine Spirit, and had even twice witnessed the Divine presence." The learned author naïvely adds—we are quoting the edition of 1828—that "the tendency of the book is excellent, when rightly understood; and Solomon speaks in it with great clearness of the revealed truths of a future life and of a future judgment."

Now we have no more wish to exclude the Song of Solomon from a collection of Hebrew literature than any other well-meaning love-song. The little idyll in question is pastoral, and perhaps pretty; not rigidly decorous throughout, according to our modern ideas, but ardent, and—to speak seriously—dis-

tinctly virtuous in its tendency. The Established Church does not introduce it into its services, and is content with the modest remark, which, if it were only at all true, would be certainly applicable,—that of this, in common with the rest, there was never any doubt in the Church. The other books, too, which we have just mentioned, we are most happy to receive, though perhaps in a different sense from the author of the celebrated "Introduction." But it is difficult to help wondering whether its writer really believed that there was nothing more to be said on the subject than the few words which he devotes to it in each of these cases. The Canticles, for example, are never quoted by our Lord or his Apostles, by Josephus or Philo. Daniel contains Greek words. There is hardly an educated man at the present time who will not feel that we have advanced somewhat beyond such criticism as that above quoted. It so happens that one of the books in question is of antiquity now almost undisputed, and that the other is, according to the opinion of nearly every critic, a production of the age of the Maccabees. But, whether by the diligence of English or Germans, orthodox or heretics, the present knowledge of the Old Testament has advanced many steps beyond that of forty years ago.

The study of the Jewish records is one for which many men have no time, and still more have no taste. But the results of that study there are few who do not wish to understand, and there are even some who are willing to accept. The minds of Englishmen have been lately aroused to the fact that there is something yet to be learnt beyond the truth that all Hebrew writers were infallible. The students of the Old Testament have been so loud in their assertion of novel ideas, so persistent in their refusal of cherished beliefs, that it has become evident to an ordinary observer that, whatever the new views are, they are not the results of mere caprice. At the same time, the knowledge of Scripture in English society has been as yet deplorably small, and all but the simplest arguments are beyond the understanding of the public. It needs some matter-of-fact numerical calculation, or some broad and picturesque view of a difficulty, to enable a layman to recognise the facts which critics themselves have learnt on their first entrance upon scriptural study. The words 'Biblical criticism,' 'canon,' 'recension,' 'authenticity,' are to ordinary eyes invested in one general fog. Something, they feel, is going on in the background, which is at all events interesting, and which the bishops consider shocking. Reason is a very good thing in its way; why has rationalism such an awful and malignant sound? Religious liberty has been a watchword of Englishmen for two centuries; it cannot be stinted now. But why, it is generally felt, cannot the critics say distinctly what there is to be said, instead of imploring the laity to grant them

the religious liberty of talking to one another in a tongue not understood of the multitude?

Nothing can account for the popularity of the late books of theological inquiry in England, but the distinct understanding that they are the mouth-piece of a large and increasing school. It was commonly declared by the antagonists of Bishop Colenso's first volume on the Pentateuch, that if it had appeared in Germany, that land of theological learning, it would have created no sensation at all. If the statement be even partially true,—for the greatest critics of the Continent have spoken of the book with considerable praise,—the simple reason is, that the main ideas which it contained were in themselves no novelty to the Germans. The intellectual conservatism of England was about half a century, roughly speaking, behind its neighbour. And true as this is in regard to the results of inquiry, it is still more true in respect of the way in which the questions themselves are looked at. Here, it is well understood, when a theological professor sits down to write a book, that he has some cause to advocate. There, it is charitably supposed that he wishes to elucidate the subject. Here, a clergyman is considered as competent to deal with a disputed topic, if he is a good man and keeps his Sunday-schools in order. There, it is believed to be necessary to have examined the controversy with care. A German student will inform an inquirer at once which branch of theology it is to which he has chiefly devoted himself, and will hesitate to dogmatise upon others. An English bishop will publish a statement that he has been credibly informed that one particular interpretation of a text is right, and that he is confident that a complete refutation of a given heresy will be found in the work of a friend of his own. Except among the educated laity, who preserve an emphatic silence, the criticism of the Scriptures is treated in England with prejudice, violence, and haste; and prejudice, violence, and haste alike exclude the golden virtue of candour.

The secret of German success in criticism is to be found in the system of division of labour. Every one of the great names that are mentioned in connexion with theological progress can be classified and set down in his own peculiar niche in history. The study of the Old Testament has been the work in reality of but a few men. All the philosophy of Germany, a century or a century and a half ago, was concentrated on the New; and it was long before real progress was made in the investigation of the Jewish Scriptures. The first great name is that of Michaelis, the thorough German, the man of hard solid learning, whose researches into the details of Mosaism are far from obsolete now. Rosenmüller trod somewhat in the same steps, and Herder added the element of a more modern literary zeal; to listen to him, said

J. Paul Richter, was like beholding the red dawn amid the moonlight. It was not till popular attention had been roused almost painfully towards the subject of criticism by the publication by Lessing of the *Wolfenbüttel* fragments, that Eichhorn appeared on the stage. He was the model of a critic—serious, acute, calm. His “rationalism”—we use the word in the technical sense—has indeed died out, but much of his spirit and much of his work remains. Röhr, the German Stanley, with Bertholdt and Vater, are the next names that meet us; the tone of criticism then experienced some change. The influence of Schleiermacher in Germany was such that his disciples introduced even into the study of the Old Testament, upon which he himself had not entered, something of his earnestness and depth; and, strange as it may appear, one of the results of the change was the happy divorce of criticism from dogma. The old master had exalted the individual religious life above the formularies of belief; and some of his successors adopted from him the religious spirit, and left the questions of orthodoxy to fight their own battle, while they devoted themselves to historical study. De Wette is the most eminent example of the school of which we are speaking; he died not very long ago, after years of patient labour, animated by a keen critical sagacity, and recommended by a blameless life. The later Tübingen school must be mentioned with him, though their chief work has been on the New Testament, and though in many of their number the polemical spirit of the partisan destroys the earnestness of the critic. De Wette has been followed (we are speaking of Old-Testament criticism only) by Tuch, Maurer, Winer the lexicographer of the Bible, Knobel of Basle, Hitzig, whose study of the Prophets has been invaluable, Hupfeld, Lücke, and the accomplished Bunsen, whose skill it was to pursue doctrinal theology as a theologian, ecclesiastical theories as a politician, and Scriptural studies as a critic, and to know how to keep them apart. The rising Dutch school of criticism must be added to the German list; Leyden is beginning to be a university of high theological reputation, and there are few contemporary names which stand higher in the critical world than that of Kuenen. Last of all, as isolated from the rest, far above them in mastery of Oriental language and ideas, acute, obstinate, apparently almost reckless in a conjecture, but indestructible in an argument, of keen sensibility, poetic temperament, profound piety, relentless in self-assertion, quick in apprehension, untiring in patience, stands Ewald of Göttingen, foremost of German critics.

We sometimes hear on platforms, and find echoes even in episcopal letters, of an orthodox reaction in Germany. The destructive school has died out, it is said, under the efforts of Hengstenberg, Neander, and Tholuck. It would be equally true to assert that English heterodoxy is disappearing through

the zeal of Mr. Hartwell Horne, Dean Milman, and Mr. Maurice. The only "orthodox" names of any note in the particular branch of which we are now speaking are Delitzsch, Keil, and possibly Hävernick; and the first of these, the only writer of real power among them, is by no means rigorously conservative. The truth is, there are two distinct movements to which the term "orthodox reaction" has been applied. The first was by no means a reactionary movement. It was the religious tendency in criticism, which showed itself in the disciples of Schleiermacher; the emotional and subjective element of thought brought forward in opposition to the Hegelian method, which first created religious doctrine on an *à priori* basis, separated it, till the era of Strauss, from critical and historical study, and then systematised it as a body of objective divinity. This is the school which in one direction produced De Wette, and in the other Neander; from which, in fact, all the best German criticism has proceeded. But the later Berlin school, the true "orthodox reaction," is a very different thing. It is a semi-political movement, strongly conservative, supported by the court-party, ultra-Lutheran, ecclesiastical, and even sacramental in its tendency. It silences criticism by church authority, as it wishes to silence political liberalism; and it has as yet produced no great names, unless perhaps that of Kurtz, in the world of letters. Some of our own religious journals which echo the cry of a German orthodox reaction would be somewhat surprised if they were told that they were cheering on the banner of the *Kreuz Zeitung* to victory.

Meanwhile a school of critical inquiry is rising in France. Strange to say, it began among the mysticism and excitement of a revival movement, and its German authors were such men as Schleiermacher and Tholuck, and not such as Tuch and De Wette. Its importance will not shrink in English eyes from the fact that its prominent leaders have been men of strong religious feeling. The Coleridge of France, if such an expression may be used, was Vinet, the celebrated divine of Lausanne. He had all Coleridge's determination, his strong subjectivity, his wonderful power of influencing others. Like him, he was a metaphysician among theologians; "conscience in harmony with revelation" was the one staple of his teaching. It was in virtue of his persistent assertion of individual liberty that he gained the almost patriarchal position which he so long held, and through which his name is now almost a household word among French Protestants. Gradually the seed of liberty which Vinet sowed grew up and began to yield fruit. On the one hand, a Pressensé now bears the flag of an orthodoxy which is not narrow-minded, and such men as Astié, Arnaud, and Secretan are no unworthy followers. On the other, criticism and

scholarship have their representatives in Schérer, whose faithfulness to his principles cost him his professorship fourteen years ago; and Réville, the pastor of Rotterdam, whose articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* always seem to combine French elegance with German thoroughness. Reuss the historian is with him, and Colani the eloquent preacher of Strasbourg, and the younger Coquerel, and Nicolas the essayist; Renan can hardly be counted among the list. It is only a rising school, and has done but little as yet; and it is not without its faults. One sees a disposition to conquer all theology in one essay, an impatient eagerness for generalisation, which will sober down in time. *Le voilà, le chameau*, is too much the motto even of theology in France. It appears perhaps more than any where else in the spirit of true French eclecticism, which insures completeness of theory at the cost of elaborateness of proof. The references are constantly not verified; and, indeed, it is not always that there are any references to verify. But these are matters of detail. The French school, it cannot be doubted, will soon have made itself a name; and it has now the merit of being the only school of known theologians which does not habitually condescend to invective. One of its leaders declared in England not long ago, that the recriminations of English polemics were to him perfectly surprising, in contrast with the mutual forbearance with which such topics are usually treated by his countrymen.

As a deliberate attempt to found an English school of criticism the *Essays and Reviews* might have gained some credit if they had been content to tell the world only what it knew before. It had been found impossible to establish a *Studien und Kritiken*, an unsectarian journal of sacred criticism, in England with any prospect of a wide circulation. The authors of the new volume wished simply to make scriptural inquiries popular; and if they had but adopted a conciliatory tone, or had dressed heresy in orthodox language, they might have escaped the storm. Nothing is more clear from the recent controversies than that it is possible to advance liberal views in such a way that they shall seem perfectly commonplace. And there is, it is evident, in the public mind an instinct against meddling with science. The *Dictionary of the Bible* escaped adverse criticism not because it was so well-meaning, but because it was so big. It was clearly not advisable to adopt a "platform" of confessed ignorance by taking up arms against some fifty of the leading Biblicists of the country. The divergence would have been made more painfully evident between the religion of the people and the religion of the men of science.

The fact is, that a destructive criticism is not enough. Englishmen must have some belief, and it is necessary to show them

that when the trust in Biblical infallibility is removed, there is something worth believing still. But it was necessary first to destroy. It will be no easy task even now to clear away the one great obstruction to criticism which age after age has heaped up. We are persuaded that the majority of critics have no idea of the extent to which the belief in an infallible record has spread, or the extent of time during which it has prevailed. It has been often said, and it has been said even in courts of law, that the belief of which we are speaking is a new one, unknown to the Reformers, and *à fortiori* unknown to the ages before them. After some study, we are convinced of the contrary. In spite of the looseness which prevailed in the usage of religious terms, it is certain that the schoolmen as a body considered that the Scriptures cannot err. Aquinas, Nicolaus de Lyrâ, and many others, though they do not state the doctrine in words, convey it implicitly in their writings. We are speaking, it will be observed, of infallibility, and not of inspiration; the one is a tangible property, capable of proof and disproof, and has been denied in later times by Baxter, Horsley, Tillotson, Paley, Whately, Thirlwall, and Heber; the other is an attribute which may vary in degree, which may be ascribed in some sense to ordinary men, which has even in its higher sense, that of a plenary and "special" inspiration of God, been applied by a canonising Pope to Thomas Aquinas himself. But once the Reformation movement began, Bibliolatry declined. "That Spirit," writes Erasmus, "who guided the minds of the apostles, allowed them to be ignorant of some things." It is needless to quote the views of Luther and other Reformers; it is evident that the struggle in favour of liberty, which overthrew the authority of the Church, also partially overthrew the superhuman authority of the Bible. That it has again revived, both in England and abroad, is to be attributed to the one vice of indolence, the fruitful parent of superstition. A very little study would have shown that holy men might sometimes be mistaken, as Ezekiel when he prophesied the utter destruction of Tyre. A week's candid searching of the Scriptures might bring any reader within reach of a hundred self-contradictions which render perfect accuracy chimerical, and it needed but a superficial knowledge to assure him that no one writer in the Bible, on any single occasion, lays claim to infallibility at all. And yet this strange belief grew up alike under the fostering care of the Church, and in the unfettered freedom of Nonconformity, and men, not contented with surrendering their lives to spiritual authority, performed as well the voluntary sacrifice of their intellects.

It is curious to remark how easily, when the work of destruction is done, that of reconstruction commences. Since his first volume Dr. Colenso has practically changed his position.

Whether as a preface to a larger plan or not, he occupied himself at first entirely with disproof of the details of Exodus; in a few months he appeared again as the framer of a new theory of its composition. Valuable as his positive arguments are, it may be questioned whether he was not more useful in his negative. The public attention was aroused by a clear statement of certain incoherencies and impossibilities: there is some fear that, amid the hazardous and doubtful proofs of a special theory, the interest may slumber again. The minute analysis of the Psalms, for example, is a work which has not been attempted in England before; but it is one thing to lay before fifty thousand readers the plain fact that every critic knows, and another to ask their assent to minutiae upon the import of which the critical world is divided. As a matter of fact, the argument for a Samuelic authorship of one of the original documents does not appear to us sufficiently cogent, however much we may admire the tact and learning which recommend it; and the main theory of the third volume, in like manner, seems probable, but not irresistible. Would it not have been better, for the present at all events, to have pursued the original line of demolition, even at the sacrifice of a reputation for thorough scholarship, and at the cost of the hostility which is sure to fasten most on the negative side of an argument? In his forthcoming volume of Genesis, it is to be presumed that Dr. Colenso will again revert to the simple and popular method which he can pursue with such skill. If our recommendation could have any weight, we should urge him first of all to devote his labour to the not inglorious task of convincing the public of a wide-spread error: when this is once thoroughly done, when once the character of the historic details is made plain to every one who will take the trouble to read and examine, let him then enter on the higher paths of criticism. Let him then bring his countrymen to understand that there may be some interest in the study of books which possess no supernatural protection from human frailty, and some profit to be derived from the history of a race whose writers and poets have something in common, even in their errors, with the writers and poets of our own.

At the head of this article is placed the name of a work which has lately appeared on the Old Testament. It is an expansion of a previous work by the same author, and it is the most complete which has yet been produced in this country. As a compendium of the opinions which have been held on the several books of the canon, and as an impartial judgment upon them, it will probably be for some years the most satisfactory within the reach of Englishmen. As far as we have been able to form an opinion, the merits of the book are very high, and especially in the purely literary part of the subject: the ques-

tions of date, language, and authorship, are examined with great care and research, and the conclusions are clearly stated. The author devotes the greater part of the first volume to an elaborate examination of the Pentateuch. He himself places the date of the Elohist writer in the reign of Saul, and the Jehovist in that of Uzziah; and maintains the existence of a "junior Elohist" at about the time of Elisha. The composition of Deuteronomy, and the final editing of the five books, he places, with most critics, somewhere in the reign of Manasseh. The historical books are well treated as regards their sources and their relation to one another, though it might have been as well to dismiss the explanations of disputed passages in a book of the kind. The Psalms, again, require a more careful handling than the nature of Dr. Davidson's work could permit him; nor will the student be thoroughly satisfied with his treatises on the poetical books. But the examination of the prophets is excellently conducted, and but for the perplexities which render it impossible to place perfect reliance on the results of any criticism of the prophets, however sagacious, it might almost serve for a commentary to the general reader. It is hardly necessary to say that the author does not for a moment seek to disguise his obligation to the German scholars who have preceded him.

We have spoken in sincere commendation of the matter of the great part of Dr. Davidson's work. It is difficult to yield the same unqualified admiration to its style. In the first place, considering that the author is himself a convert to the views which he now professes, it might have been well if some of the conclusions at which he arrives were stated with a little more reserve. "Neither of these hypotheses is correct;" "to say that the . . . is to assert what is false,"—such are some of the formulæ in which questions are disposed of. Very frequently the reasons are given for the judgment, and no doubt they are often very good ones; but the reader expects, in such a work as Dr. Davidson's, a little more of the student, and not quite so much of the prophet. Another fault which we have to find is to be referred to the circumstances of the author. A great part of Dr. Davidson's life has been spent in the midst of controversy, not to say persecution; and his book bears witness to the fact. There is a polemical tone running through it which constantly offends the ear. One is glad sometimes, in pursuing theological inquiries, to be able to dismiss from the mind the conviction that one's opponents must be very wicked men; and if the book before us does not always exactly state as much as this, it too frequently hints that they are very foolish ones. The author seems as if, with all his learning and ability, he could never quite remove from his mind the idea that he is fighting for a professorship. And if in any writer some calmness of argument

to be looked for, it is surely in one who but twenty years ago published, with a great deal of emphasis, opinions exactly the opposite of the present. We have in our hands a volume called Davidson's *Sacred Hermeneutics*, published in 1843. At p. 37 we read thus: "The next office of reason, with regard to the Bible, is to acquiesce in its statements." A little further on: "The Bible is infallible, because its Author is so." The writer who now speaks of the "narrow notions of noisy religionists" is the same who inveighed before against the "bold and blasphemous assertions of Strauss;" the antagonist of an orthodoxy which "heartily blackens the characters of men who dare to differ from its dogmas" is the same who had no hesitation, twenty years back, in calling Rationalism "the offspring of the Evil One."

In the midst of theological controversy, the most candid minds may well become bewildered. There are two questions which are often asked, and are asked most naturally, by men who expect in such topics as these the same distinctness which they find in political or social contests. On the one hand, they ask, "Where will all this stop?" and on the other, "What are the things that the critics have actually found out?"

To the first of these questions the only suitable reply is a refusal to answer it at all. Let us examine for an instant what the question means. It assumes that there exists a body of religious facts in which most men find satisfaction and comfort, from which learned writers are in the habit of taking away first one and then another; and it expresses a fear that the progress of learning will end in abolishing the heap altogether, and leaving nothing worth calling a religion in the world. Men come with their interpretations, their mythical theories, their rationalism—

"Geology—ethnology—what not—  
Greek endings with the little passing bell  
That signifies some faith's about to die"—

and cut away at belief till it almost seems to be toppling over on their heads. How many more strokes will there be? Is it really going to fall in ruins? Such is the sentiment which asks where criticism will end. Let those who adopt it consider seriously this dilemma. Religion is in the main either a bad or a good thing. If it is a bad thing, the sooner a remorseless logic sweeps it away the better for the world. If it is not, it will not be destroyed by reasoning; and the more pains that are spent on it, the more thorough the inquiries which bear upon it, the greater will be the general gain. Criticism will not stop any where. The critics of the present day are for the most part candid and religious men; and therefore they will not teach falsehood wilfully. In free discussion none but the most learned will obtain a long success; and therefore the general results of criticism are likely to be true. Those who fear for

the issue must take their choice between one of two alternatives: either they wish one set of views to prevail, whether true or not; or they wish the truth to prevail, and do not believe that free inquiry will conduce to it.

But, after all, the world has a right to know whether there are fixed laws of criticism or not; whether the conclusions to which they are called upon to yield assent are simply at the mercy of Teutonic caprice; whether, when we say that we will follow criticism to its furthest lengths, we mean that it is really going to conduct us to an absolute negation. A clever writer lately remarked that the theological belief of the great mass of his personal friends consisted simply of self-gratulatory confidence that they did not themselves "go as far" as some one else did. Now, restricting ourselves to the present subject, —the criticism of the Old Testament,—we may remark that no student of theology has yet definitely proved that Abraham lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or that the book of Kings is a compilation by Lord Macaulay. So far from such research being wild and vague, it is conducted as severely and rigorously, and perhaps with as great a sense of responsibility, as any investigation of literature or science. Divines who talk of the random guesses of critics are evidently unaware of the nature of their inquiries. The date of the Pentateuch is determined by minute and systematic argument; where conjecture has to be employed, as with regard, for example, to the authorship of some parts of Isaiah or of the book of Job, it is only employed because of the insufficiency of the existing evidence. Suppose that we meet with the case of a legislator ordaining the rest of a seventh day to men who had no work to do on the other six, and enjoining a periodical rest from cultivation to a nation which had not a yard of ground to cultivate, what are we to say? That the ordinances were prospective, and therefore useless to his hearers, or that they were the legacy of past tradition, or that the injunctions were put into his mouth by the uncritical piety of subsequent ages? Must the choice be made at random, or must it not? In this particular case we should be inclined to choose sometimes one hypothesis, and sometimes another. But if there appears to be a vagueness in the result of such inquiries, theological science would be deeply grateful to any coming reformer who could suggest a means of rendering the determination of such problems any thing else than hazardous.

But what have the critics actually found out? To those who want a full answer, we might reply by recommending to their notice such books as that which heads these pages. But what if we were to ask them in return, What do they know without the critics? What is the Bible, why do they reverence it, and how do they know that this is the Bible which is in

their hands? It may be convenient to some readers that we should set down in a condensed form a few of the simplest facts ascertained about the Bible, even at the risk of stating what is well known to others.

For several generations after Christ there was no such thing as a Bible, in the modern sense of the word. There was no one authorised book, bound between covers, and common to all Christians. There were a number of separate gospels and epistles, many of which were accounted sacred by all churches, and some by a few only. At a later period the churches were nearly all agreed in accepting some and rejecting others, though the only Christian authority for the books of the Bible as one body of sacred writing is, in the Catholic Church the Council of Trent, and in the Protestant the authority of the Queen and of the fourth Article; and, as is well known, the Catholic Church receives many more books as scriptural than the Protestant. But one thing is quite certain with regard to the claim of some books to form part of the Bible, that that claim can never be fully made out. It is on the whole most probable that the second epistle which bears St. Peter's name was not written by that apostle; on the other hand, some epistles unknown to most Protestants, such as the "Shepherd" of Hermas, were received among some of the earliest collections of the New Testament. But, to confine our attention for the present to the Old, it may be taken for granted that the books which the Palestinian Jews of our Lord's time held sacred were the same as those which we have at present. They did not hold them all in the same value; Esther, for example, they highly prized, while they spoke slightly of Daniel and Ecclesiastes. But the Jews of other countries, Egypt for instance, placed others among them; the author of the epistle of St. Jude quotes the book of Enoch in the same way as St. Paul quotes Isaiah; and so difficult was it to find out which books were Biblical and which were not, that a bishop of Sardis, a century and a half after our Lord's death, made a journey to the East on purpose to find out the genuine writings, and came back with a list in which Ezra and Esdras are specified, and Nehemiah, unless included in them, is not. But to return. The Jews of Palestine read these books in their synagogues, and our Lord himself, by reading and quoting them, implied his assent to the general respect in which they were held, and pointed emphatically to the passages in them in which the prophets had directed the eyes of the nation, not to the present, but to the future. So far back we can trace the history of the Bible—and even farther, to the time when a Greek translation was made, less than 180 B.C., in Egypt. Beyond this the whole is a total blank. Nothing whatever is known of the composition of the books of

Scripture beyond the statements of the Talmud (which contain absurdities), and a vague tradition, which may possibly have some foundation in fact, that Ezra had something to do with the arrangement of the sacred books. The date and authorship of each writing must be found out by internal evidence alone.

Few of the books of the Old Testament are single and connected compositions, created by one person at one time. It is probable that the greater number of them, not including the prophetic books, owe their origin to two great periods of literary activity, the one about or a little after the time of Solomon, the other towards the close of the monarchy of Judah. The two periods are very different in character, and their productions have hardly any thing in common; but whatever history is to be referred to either of them is modified, rather in form than in substance, by the prevailing characteristics of the age. No Jewish writer seems ever to have composed a consecutive and original history. He adopted other documents, arranged and sometimes modified them, added existing traditions and episodes from the materials to which he had access, and so produced rather an edition of older works than a new one of his own. We shall now endeavour to exhibit in a tabular form the conclusions which have been most generally adopted by critics as to the dates of the literary history of the Jews; only, of course, as indicating the sort of results to which criticism at present approximates, without binding ourselves to precise details. One or two books, of quite uncertain date, are omitted.

CONTEMPORARY  
HISTORY.

LITERATURE.

	Fragments of early history, the sources of Genesis.
	Primitive annals, <i>e.g.</i>
Period of	Book of the wars of the Lord.
Judges.	Book of Jasher, or the Upright.
	JUDGES,
Saul.	[a compilation; some materials evidently ancient].
	<i>Elohistic</i> document of Pentateuch.
	[Mention of kings—not of divided kingdom or centralised worship.]
	Book of Samuel the Seer.
	Book of Nathan, &c.
Solomon.	<i>Literary activity—foreign intercourse—perhaps</i> (Renan) <i>foreign school of literature.</i>
	JOB—PROVERBS (part)—SONG OF SOLOMON—RUTH (?)
	<i>Jehovistic</i> document of Pentateuch.
Earlier	[Mention of Assyria, and of centralised worship.]
Monarchy.	Book of Shemaiah the prophet.
	Book of Iddo the seer, &c.
	SAMUEL,
	[a compilation; slight contradictions].
	Book of Jehu, and Chronicles kept throughout.

CONTEMPORARY  
HISTORY.

## LITERATURE.

*Rise of prophetic literature.*

HOSEA—JOEL—AMOS.

Captivity of ISAAH (the great part of chaps. i.—xxxix.).

Israel. NAHUM—MICAH.

Later ZEPHANIAH—HABAKKUK—OBADIAH(?).

Monarchy. Author of Zechariah ix.—xiv.

*Revival of letters—discovery of "the Book of the Law."*DEUTERONOMY, and completion of PENTATEUCH, and  
(?) JOSHUA.

The Words of the Seers that spake to Manasseh.

JEREMIAH.

Captivity of EZEKIEL.

Judah. BOOK OF KINGS.

LAMENTATIONS—Author of Isaiah, last twenty-seven  
chapters.Return from *Supremacy of sacerdotalism.*

Captivity. HAGGAI—ZECHARIAH (i.—viii.)—MALACHI.

EZRA—NEHEMIAH.

PSALMS (completed)—ECCLESIASTES(?).

Later still. CHRONICLES.

ESTHER(?).

[speaks of Persian monarchy as of something past].

Maccabæan DANIEL,

age. [separate from prophets in Jewish canon; never alluded  
to in O.T.; obscure in history; prosaic style; late  
language; minute and hence unprophetical predic-  
tions; Greek words].

We have endeavoured to state what are the prevalent views in the critical world on the composition of the books of the Old Testament. With the exception of the prophetic books, the author of every one of them is unknown, and though conjectures may be made on the subject, our knowledge can never reach beyond conjecture. But it is important to remember that to produce a literary compilation in the days of which we are speaking was by no means the same thing as in our own. The very slowness of the process of writing may have carried the composition of a single work over a long period of time. When the book was made, how many were to read it, and how was it to become generally known? A startling prophecy, especially if it were short, might easily be copied and circulated, or it might be publicly read. But the annals of the nation were no doubt preserved in the safe custody of priests, away from the eyes of the vulgar; and the people themselves can have had for the most part but an irregular tradition to depend upon. When the critic comes to examine the tone and character of the historic books, and their relation to the history of the nation, he is startled at once by a crowd of difficulties which hardly present

themselves at all to the ordinary reader. Inconsistencies in the subject-matter of the history are of course intelligible to those who assume no standard of perfection at the outset; but anomalies in the character and spirit of the writings are much more difficult to deal with. How, for example, are we to account for the fact that while so many of the Old-Testament writings are imbued with a strict sacerdotal and legal spirit, the story gives evidence of other forms of worship simultaneously existing for centuries unchecked and even encouraged? How is it that, while the temple-worship had confessedly a political as well as a religious object, the literature of the Jews is by no means consistently hostile to the northern tribes? How is it that the prophets are found at one moment disparaging priestly ceremonies, and at another upholding them? If, in attempting an answer to inquiries such as these, we devote some space to a somewhat careful consideration of the religious influences which would be likely to act upon the literature of the Jews, it is because it appears to us that the subject of which we shall attempt a sketch has not received as much attention as it deserves from the hands of English writers.

When Moses brought out the tribes of Israel from Egypt, he had a work before him such as no chieftain since his times has ever had. The race over which he ruled was one without, as far as we can see, any one element of the heroic character. They were without enthusiasm, and he had to supply it; they were without endurance, and he had to train them to it; they were a nomad race, and he had to fit them for a settled life; their ignorance of the practical arts was such, that the mere artificers of their holy shrines obtained at once a character for divine inspiration. That Moses himself was the author of the numerous details of the Levitical legislation, we cannot admit; but that he inspired this degraded people with the germs of certain splendid ideas, and even paved the way for their development by some definite institutions, there is no valid reason for questioning. Some part of the genuine Mosaic legislation undoubtedly came from Egypt: we trace the ark, the Urim and Thummim, and many minor customs, in the extant Egyptian records. But he had the adaptive talent which could give to most of these a new and significant value. Did the Jews practise circumcision as a popular custom, he sanctioned it as an observance of the Lord's own people. Did they kill the victims for their food with peculiar rites, he made every slaughter a sacrifice to the Almighty. It is not, however, in such observances as these that we must look for the true genius of the Mosaic legislation. "I spake not unto your fathers," says a later poet, "nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt-offerings or sacrifices;

but this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people." There were two ideas chiefly which seem to have sprung from the desert-chief, and which may be traced in the history of the people, gradually and slowly penetrating their rudeness, struggling with their waywardness, making their way against prejudice, custom, and example. One we may call the principle of the theocracy, the other, in imitation of a late French writer,\* the principle of Jehovism.

The two, though allied, are sufficiently distinguishable. The theocratic idea of Mosaism was different from that of the numberless superstitions of antiquity. It depended on no ceremonial array: the priests were no heralds of the divine will, no interpreters of the decrees of Heaven. On the contrary, the priesthood was for some part of Jewish history clearly antagonistic to the true theocratic principle. The idea was far simpler; it was that the Lord was the King of Israel. Wherever the half-abandoned idea is recalled in a later age, it is always in this sense; Israel was not only the sanctuary of God, but still more emphatically his dominion. That which we have ventured to call the principle of Jehovism demands for its explanation a reference to a subject which is now recognised as a part of Jewish history. The earlier title of God was Elohim; the later word Jehovah. The first is a plural word, the 'God' of our version, either implying power and dignity, or suggesting a primitive stage of polytheism; the second, translated in English Bibles 'the LORD,' in French 'l'Eternel,' represents eternity. Two different ideas attached among the earlier Hebrews to these two words. Elohim was the name by which the patriarchs knew the Deity; it was the name originally belonging to the race, and perhaps common to other tribes as well; it is also used of heroes and kings, and even employed as a kind of superlative in ordinary language. Moses first introduced, if we may trust the narrative of Exodus, the word Jehovah among the people. The word was adopted, though with a slowness which has induced Bishop Colenso with some critics to refer its introduction to a much later date, as the name of the theocratic, the national, the covenant God. It has sometimes been supposed that the title was brought from Egypt. Without denying what is incapable of disproof, we can only say that of such a derivation there is not a single trace to be found. Nor is the hypothesis necessary. In its etymology the word is easily referable to a Hebrew root, though, as is now generally known, the present pronunciation is not that which the word originally

\* Nicolas, *Etudes critiques sur la Bible*, p. 111. We are disposed to believe with M. Nicolas in the Mosaic origin of these ideas. But any statement as to the personal teaching of Moses himself must, after all, be very far from certain.

had. But, independently of its origin, it is indispensable to an understanding of Hebrew history to form a distinct estimate of the difference of the titles. Elohim is most often the God whose "fear" is wisdom; Jehovah is the Lord in whom men can put their "trust." Elohim is exalted far above all knowledge; upon Jehovah Moses could look, and not die. The object of Moses was to announce to the people that Jehovah was the Elohim of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The central feature of this new conception was that of unity; Jehovah not only allowed no divided service, but required even a refinement of spiritual worship for which the Jews were not prepared. We shall have occasion to observe that the national worship of Elohim was in the main an idolatrous one; that of Jehovah loudly and constantly repudiated every material symbol. We have, then, these two ideas as the cardinal principles of Mosaism: Jehovah who is the king of his people, and Jehovah whose worship must be spiritual. Let us now inquire how far these principles penetrated the people. The evidence—or rather the absence of it—is extraordinary. So far from being generally accepted, the Mosaic ideas seem to have hardly made themselves felt at all for the first five hundred years. With other principles deeply rooted in their nature, the Hebrews were incapable, generation after generation, of seizing and embracing the teaching of the desert. A higher faith was put before them, but the national practice was unchanged. "Was it to *me* that ye offered sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel?" Moloch and Chiun on the one side, and the calf of Aaron on the other, tell a very different story. Nor is there any reason to accuse the nation of any excessive stubbornness, any obstinate conservatism. It has been well remarked that the very reverse is the character presented by its history. The ease with which it passed from a nomad to an agricultural life, and in later times to the pursuits of commerce; the versatility with which it could appropriate to itself the manners and habits, now of the nations of Canaan, now of the Syrian races, afterwards of the Persian conquerors, then Greek science at Alexandria, then Arab philosophy in Spain,—all this is a sufficient disproof of the charge. It is rather to the intellectual culture of the nation and its physical position that the apparent obstinacy must be attributed. How could a people cling to a single theocratic rule, which found itself at once hopelessly broken up for centuries into the original tribe-organisation, which was, after all, so congenial to its character? How was it possible for a nation to apprehend firmly the nature of a spiritual Jehovah, in whose language it is impossible to express without circumlocution a single abstract term? The result is not surprising. Once the land was occu-

pied, the invading tribes forgot nationality and covenant alike; instead of conquering the territory, they preferred to amalgamate with its races. Occasionally it might happen that some prophet would appear to speak in the name of Jehovah and recall the high mission of the race; but tradition was too powerful and the social disorganisation too complete. For five—we had almost said for ten—centuries, the Jewish state is founded on principles which present no trace of Mosaic legislation; the relations of the people, the practices of religious worship, are exactly those which it had been the object of that legislation to discountenance.

Henceforth, then, we are to witness the spectacle of a higher creed combating with a lower one, and by slow degrees winning its way to power. The chief field of battle was the question of divine worship. There is every reason to suppose that the worship of Elohim was not necessarily, and not generally, free from material symbolism. When we say that the national religion of the Jews from the time of Joshua to that of David, or even longer, was idolatrous, we do not imply that a worship of heaven deities was practised. There was no polytheism, except when the rites of Moloch and Baal were introduced from abroad; and “false gods” and “strange gods” are in the Scriptures every where equivalent expressions. But an idolatrous monotheism there certainly was. The idea of Elohim is clearly one which admits of symbolic representation: “Let us have Elohim, who may walk before us,” is the cry of the rebellious people. When even Christianity can, in the eyes of some of its disciples, appear to sanction the use of material images of the Deity, it is hardly to be wondered at that a semi-barbarous people should think they worshipped the Creator in worshipping the calf which symbolised him. There is no ground to suppose that Aaron conceived his conduct in setting up the calf as other than pious: “These be thy Elohim, O Israel!” The men of Judah did no harm, as they thought, in prostrating themselves before the brazen serpent; the ephod which Gideon consecrated was meant, like Laban’s teraphim, for an idolatrous, and yet for a sincere and well-meaning, worship; Micah set up his images—his priest being, as the book of Judges declares, a grandson of Moses himself—and thought that “the Lord would do him good.” The cherubim which guarded the ark were representatives of the divine presence; the winged bulls of Nineveh were not more idolatrous than they. Nor was it only in the recognised centres of religious service that these practices prevailed. Wherever there was a “high place,” there, we may believe, the altar and the symbols stood. “To cast down high places and cut down images” is the recognised form of words in the later writings for the abolition of the ancient worship. In Josiah’s time the priests

of the high places are spoken of; and within the space of half-a-dozen verses they are called the "idolatrous priests." And what seems the strongest argument of all to prove the thoroughly national character of the worship is this. The sources from which the book of Judges was compiled are allowed by the severest criticism to be of a high authority and value; and in these records, when allusions to this idolatry are made, they are made without surprise or reproof.

Where, it may be asked, was all this time the priesthood, with its array of national ceremonies, its solemn festivals, its hegemony of the Israelitish people? Those who read without prejudice the earlier records of the nation can have no difficulty in answering the question. This "Established Church" did not exist. Whatever details of religious observance are rightly attributed to Moses were, as far as regards their influence in the land, utterly dormant. Priests there were; but they were the priests of the "high places," the ministers of the unreformed faith, the servants of Elohim. Micah consecrated one of his sons to be priest of his teraphim, and afterwards he placed a chance Levite in his stead. The men of Kirjath-jearim sanctified the son of one of their inhabitants as priest. In the time of David the same men were priests and generals, and military leaders offered sacrifices when they pleased. There was no doubt a centre of religious worship, which may possibly have retained the true Jehovist principles; but there is nothing to lead us to conclude that it had any weight with the nation. The genuine Mosaic ideas—the unity of a spiritual Lord, the suzerainty of Jehovah over his people—were maintained by the prophets alone. The place which a Protestant preacher might hold in a nation of Catholics, the prophets held in Israel. The multitude would cling, piously enough, to ceremonies and symbols; the few would uphold principles and abstractions. They never named the name of Moses; the law they preached was not the later Deuteronomic law, but the law of which the book of Psalms speaks; not the law that cleanses the hands, but the law which converteth the heart. They did not tell of Sinai, or of a written code, for they knew none; the appeals which a Christian will make to the Gospel, a Mussulman to the Koran, a Hindoo to the Vedas, have no counterpart in the prophets of Israel; they knew simply the guiding ideas which had been bequeathed to them by one whose title in Scripture is that of prophet, in the days when a theocracy could really be said to exist.

The establishment of royalty was the severest blow that the principle of the theocracy could receive. It was a practical dissolution of the holy covenant. Samuel struggled hard against it, and failed; then, when it was hopeless to resist, he attempted to make the best of the altered circumstances, and

modify the kingdom to his will. He himself would anoint the monarch to be the divine vice-regent upon earth; Saul should reign, and he himself would rule; Saul should lead the hosts to battle, and he would give the signal for attack. The attempt was a failure; it was but one of the series of disappointments which the prophetic order was ever doomed to experience. "I gave thee a king in my anger," was the sad reflection of a successor of Samuel many centuries after. With David there was more hope. His accession—or, if we were to call it by a harsher name, his usurpation—had been the resource of the old prophet when the hopes fixed on Saul had failed. David had visited in his exile the schools of the prophets, and had shared his misfortunes with more than one of their number. Indeed there is every reason to think that upon his personal character the influence of the prophets was very great. Gad and Nathan were among his constant advisers; the language of the fiftieth Psalm is in the very tone of Isaiah or Amos. The fact which the Bishop of Natal has pointed out, that Elohism is the uniform character of his earliest Psalms, and Jehovism of his later, is very significant, though we do not draw from it the same inferences as Dr. Colenso. It seems to us rather to indicate the increasing hold which the ideas connected with the name of Jehovah had upon the mind of the same king who in his earlier days kept idols in his very household.\* At the same time the political effect of the prophets was but small. David centralised, indeed, the ceremonial worship to some extent at Jerusalem, but it was no doubt with a political, and not with a religious object that the step was taken; and great as was the authority which the king bestowed upon the high-priest, he created and deposed him at his pleasure. The chief sanctuary might be at Jerusalem, but there was a rival altar at Gibeon—another, it would seem, at Enrogel; and when Absalom wished to pay a vow at Hebron, the request was granted immediately. And it is strange to observe how, though it was by Nathan's own advice that Solomon was named as the successor of the aged monarch, it is distinctly recorded that, in the very beginning of Solomon's reign, the "high places" were numerous and popular.

It is most important, in order to understand the historical books which bear upon the Jewish monarchy, to form a clear conception of the relations of prophets and priests. We have seen enough to enable us to understand how the existence of a national Elohistic worship explains the absence of a strongly

\* 1 Sam. xix. 13. With reference to the latter part of the paragraph, it is worth remarking that Dr. Colenso is in error in stating (§ 637) that the idea of a centralised worship at Jerusalem does not occur at all in the earlier books of the Pentateuch. It is to be found in Miriam's song, Ex. xv. 17.

sacerdotal element in the Elohist record of the Exodus. On coming to the narratives of later times, we are struck by a similar difference in the tone of the two parallel histories. While the Book of Kings, bearing as it does every mark of candour in its composition, has but little in it that tends to the glorification of the Levitical priesthood, the Chronicles, on the contrary, are imbued with a priestly spirit throughout. Everywhere the priests have the post of honour; everywhere their influence is magnified, and their errors extenuated. One fact is suggestive of the explanation of this divergence. While the Chronicles, composed at a time when the priests were the absolute rulers of the nation, stand by themselves at the end of the Hebrew canon, the Books of Kings are grouped with the prophetic writings. Not that they were composed by prophets; they were no doubt compiled from records existing at Jerusalem. But they were the work of men who had no exaggerated or traditional sympathy with the priests. During the greater portion of the monarchical history the prophetic spirit was distinctly the rival of the sacerdotal spirit. The prophet was not one of a separate family; he was not confined to one place; he was not a slave of ceremonies. He preached in the streets and markets, taught the unimportance of religious rites, proclaimed against kings and priests alike the ties that bound the people to their Lord. Whether it was a Baal-worship or a worship of "high places," a vice of the court or a corruption of the temple, the denouncing voice of the prophets was heard. They adopted no arts or sciences, they joined in no commercial enterprise, they gave themselves to no secular literature; their intellectual activity was one long struggle in the service of Jehovah. There is, as far as we know, but one prophet, Hosea, who seems in any passage directly to point to idols as a desirable appendage of religious worship; and it must be noticed that Hosea is the only prophet who appears to have belonged to the northern kingdom, and that he speaks of the teraphim not as laudable in themselves, but simply as a customary part of ceremonial observance. In a similar way the complaint that "they have digged down *thine altars*" is put into the mouth of a northern prophet in the story embodied in the book of Kings, without any hesitation arising in the writer's mind on the score that such altars were heretical: for we may remark, that for Dr. Pusey's statement that the northern prophets were in the habit of acting as priests there is no foundation whatever in the sacred records. It is true, again, that Joel never alludes in terms of dispraise to idolatrous observances, though he has many opportunities of doing so; but Joel, though his utterances are couched in a prophetic tone, has a priestly spirit running through the whole

of them, and indeed was possibly a priest himself. It is impossible, therefore, to agree with Professor Newman in regarding the prophets as having at one time seen nothing amiss in the symbolic representations of their time: the 45th Psalm in the original Hebrew speaks of polygamy without reproof, and yet no one would think of inferring from one single instance of the kind a general sanction of the custom. Still less can we think with him that the Levitical priesthood formed in any sense or at any time the cradle of the prophetic order. On the contrary, the temple-worship at Jerusalem was never Jehovistic, in the full sense of the word, till the days of the later monarchy. It is remarkable that the Elohist Psalms seem in almost every case to be those most adapted for public religious service; and we doubt whether there is any evidence that the priesthood before the days of Hezekiah ever regarded with any thing but perfect complacency the existing orthodox idolatry. Would it have been possible that Phœnician architects should be employed in the building of the temple, if it had been designed with a theocratic and spiritual object? or is it possible that, if this were the case, the prayer of dedication, even if composed at a later date, should have been composed with hardly a word of reference either to the author of Mosaism or to any of its leading ideas? "The high places were not taken away"—such is the constant burden of the subsequent records. The priest Urijah was facile enough in altering the temple furniture to the model of a heathen shrine. Hangings for the idols of an impure worship were fabricated within the very limits of the sacred enclosure.\* When Athaliah introduced the rites of Baal into Jerusalem, she never cared to intermeddle with the tolerant priesthood. The fact is, that the priests who ministered in the temple now were the descendants of the same men who had served the images before. There is no reason to suppose that the Levites—or priests, for the words seem to have been at one time merely synonymous—were at first a separate family. In the earliest passage in which they are mentioned, they are described as "scattered in Israel." Micah's Levite was a Levite of Judah, Samuel was at once a Levite and an Ephraimite, and the Aaronite warriors who came to David at Hebron have no Levitical characteristic. David's sons were priests as much as the sons of Eli were. It may perhaps be the case, as Kalisch suggests, that the substitution of the Levites for the firstborn may have reference to the gradual process by which the sacerdotal duties, naturally performed in a semi-barbarous time by the head of the house, transferred themselves gradually to a distinct order of men; at any rate, it was not long before the profession became a caste, and the word "Levite," which implies a "union,"

\* 2 Kings xvi. 10; xxiii. 7.

became truly representative of their history. It was then between this hereditary priesthood and the prophets, the Protestant preachers of the Jews, that a settled warfare arose. Isaiah denounces a curse on priest as well as people; Micah proclaims that they teach for hire; even the later Jeremiah declares them false to their office. "Like people, like priest," is the burden of many a mournful prophetic song.

It was indeed with a singularly light regret for the sanctuary at Jerusalem that one of the prophets suggested the idea of a secession of the northern tribes. Here he doubtless hoped the experiment of a theocratic royalty might be tried again, perhaps with better success. A young officer of public works, under the guidance of the prophet Ahijah, raised the standard of revolt, and the prophets at Jerusalem defended him from the attack of Rehoboam. It was useless. The first act of the new king was to revive the image-worship at two of its ancient shrines, and the phantom-like appearance in the story of the denouncing "man of God" indicates the failure of the prophetic hopes. In Judah the prospect was as bad. On every high hill and under every green tree the ancient worship went on; and even the hideous rites of Moloch began now to be customary at Jerusalem. The champions of Jehovah did not yet abandon their political efforts: it seems as though it was necessary for them to learn by experience, what their counterparts in modern times too often forget, that it is not by state intrigue or the struggles of well-meaning faction that the kingdom of God must be established upon earth. "Art thou he that troublest Israel?" might have been in many cases a far from unsuitable address. And now the worst was at hand. Ahab took the Sidonian princess to wife, and with her came Baal and Ashtoreth.\* It must have been only by degrees that their worship was established, as the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel is called by a Jehovistic name; but the king built Baal a temple, and 400 idolatrous worshippers dined at the table of the queen. The crisis of the nation was indeed come; the stories of Elijah and Elisha seem hardly too marvellous for the times. The defenders of Jehovism nerved themselves for one more attempt. A prophet—true to his political schemes—inspired Jehu with the design of overthrowing the idolatrous house, and Samaria was bathed in blood. But the false worship reappeared, and in the history of the northern tribes it was never abolished again. Ephraim was joined to idols; human victims fed the accursed flames; "the statutes of the house of Omri were kept." One pictu-

\* Ashtaroeth is the Hebrew plural of Ashtoreth, as Baalim of Baal. M. Nicolas, to whose work we are much indebted, speaks of the "culte des bocages." The Asherah (so often translated 'grove' in the E. V.) may perhaps have no connexion with Ashtoreth; but it certainly has none with groves of trees.

resque incident will be sufficient to show the state of the national religion in later Israel. There stands among the gray stony hills which separate Ephraim from Judah, close to the central high-road, but desolate in its scenery as the old sanctuaries of Cornish rites, the royal shrine of Bethel. Century after century has seen king and people bow down, while the priests of the ancient worship burn the solemn meat-offerings before the idols. There are winter and summer palaces, "great houses and houses of ivory," magnificent among the wildness of the hills. Not a morning but sees the offering of a victim; not a worshipper but brings his tithe to the priest. On a day of solemn assembly there will be drinking of wine and anointing with oil, and sacrifice of lambs and of calves, and chanting to the sound of the viol. Amid this rich array a herdsman prophet from the south stands, among the royal court and by the splendid sanctuary, and denounces it in burning words. We can picture to ourselves the consternation of the priestly throng at the uncouth figure in their midst; we may fancy the smile passing over their faces at the contemptuous words in which the high-priest himself dismisses the unwelcome intruder. "O thou seer"—thou 'antiquated visioner,' we might almost render the word—"go, flee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophesy there; but prophesy not any more at Bethel."

In Judah, however, the books of Kings and of Isaiah point to brighter prospects for Jehovism. Thanks to the priest Jehoiada, the Baal-worship was soon destroyed, and only briefly appeared again in the reigns of Manasseh and Amon. From this time the sacerdotal element in the councils of the southern kingdom rapidly increases. The temple itself is repaired; and we now hear for the first time of a Sabbath, and of a written book of the Law. But as yet there was no idea of abolishing the popular religious customs; the priesthood made no more attempt than the monarchy to put down the high places in the land. It was a work reserved for Hezekiah, a king on whose reign the subsequent annalists dwell with an enthusiasm that knows no bounds. Never before him or after him was there such a king in Israel. At a feast which now appears for the first time in the history of the monarchy—the Passover—came a great concourse of Jehovists from all quarters of Palestine. With a resolutely iconoclastic spirit, which reminds us of the Puritan bands of modern times, these reformers spread through the land, and destroyed and shattered the idols. The violence of this religious revolution was overpowering; it must have had some such effect as the revocation of the Edict of Nantes upon the Protestant villages of France. Many of the dispossessed ministers must have been reduced to the state in which we find them

in Deuteronomy (xvi. 14, &c.)—poor and needy, and coupled with the fatherless and widows; a juxtaposition which has not hitherto, as far as we are aware, been explained. Not that the influence of the prophets upon Hezekiah was solely political; a purer and more devotional spirit seems henceforth to animate their zeal. We read of prayer almost for the first time in the story; and the cordial alliance between Isaiah and the king seems to have been uninterrupted. But it is not to be supposed that the reforms of the reign were accomplished without discontent; religious reform is too often in the world's history but another name for religious persecution. The herald of Sennacherib knew well where the weak point of Hezekiah's popularity was, when he reminded the people of the altars and high places which the king had taken away.

But they were taken away irretrievably. It was a time of change and of progress, and old institutions once abolished were not to be revived again. Foreign relations were now beginning to be more extended, and foreign politics more complicated. It is true, that no people in history has ever found itself more incapable of grappling with political questions than the Jewish; but the course of events was forcing the nation onwards. The men who had denounced the mere census of the population with the judgment of Heaven, now saw Jewish merchantmen crowding the harbours of Elath, and luxury, the companion of commerce, invading the Jewish homes; from Damascus a king will even go so far as to borrow the pattern of an altar. Above all, with commerce came literature. There was room for literary leisure at Jerusalem; the writings of the time begin now to drop the poetic form, and a cultivated prose is attempted. The legendary element ceases; we find new combinations of language, new forms of thought; one writer will imitate and borrow from another; a school or college appears in the capital of the kingdom. Unfortunately we have but little accurate knowledge of the extent to which literature, or even the art of writing, was diffused among the people; if we had more, it might perhaps be possible to found some safe conjecture upon that mysterious subject, the "finding of the Book of the Law"—a story at the true interpretation of which it seems impossible to arrive with certainty. But at any rate there was now a "revival of letters" in Israel; a change was working itself out, comparable only to that which followed the introduction of Greek culture at Rome, or classical literature in England. There arose a school of philosophising Mosaism, if we may use the term; and historical records henceforth assume a different and a more thoughtful phase. "Books of the Kings" are framed, in which the actions of each sovereign are looked at according to the standard of the law. Legal forms are thrown

back into the earliest history of the race ; Moses is now considered as the author of the minute details of ceremony, much in the same way as Napoleon is now regarded as the author of all the statutes in France. The Pentateuch is completed by the edition of Deuteronomy ; a book of which Ewald's remark, whether true or not, is at all events suggestive, that it bears the same relation to the earlier books of the Old Testament that St. John's Gospel bears to the New,—that of a philosophic and thoughtful view of the subjects which had hitherto been looked at only from their historic and objective side. And amid all this the internal change is brought about which would be almost inexplicable without the commentary which the history of the time affords—the *rapprochement* of prophets and priests. The reign of Josiah sees Jchovism at last triumphant ; were there no other proof of the fact, its growing inclination to formalism would be sufficient to stamp it as the prevailing faith. And now, from the seat in which Isaiah and Amos had thundered against the claims of ceremony and sacrifice, an Ezekiel mourns the indifference to clean and unclean, and the neglect of the Sabbath-day ; and a Jeremiah, even though struck and imprisoned by a priest, still speaks of the temple as one persuaded that there alone was the place where men ought to pray. His thirty-third chapter seems almost to echo with the cry of “church and king.” It is now the star-worshippers who chiefly give pain to the reformed faith, and whom more than one prophet, and the author of Deuteronomy, attack. There are still some (Deut. xxxiii. 11) who “hate” and “rise against” the growing priesthood ; but there is no evidence that the party is a large one. The old forms of idolatry have vanished ; unless they hide themselves behind the doors or in the wine-fats. “Our heart is not turned back,” it might now be said, for the first time in all the history, “neither our steps gone out of Thy way.” The strong doom pronounced against rebellious cities in Deuteronomy seems to us to imply not, as Bishop Colenso infers, that idolatry was now prevalent, but rather that it was no longer so ; in civilised times draconic punishments are seldom proposed for common and frequent offences ; and it is certain that there was a great part of Jeremiah's ministry in which the worship of false gods was far from popular with the nation. The *rapprochement* of which we spoke had but little from without to interrupt it ; in Josiah's ceremony prophets and priests mingle harmoniously together. Too often both alike were untrue to their calling ; oftentimes the prophet was but a dreamer of dreams after all. Yet, whether they prophesy truly or falsely, the priests now “bear rule by their means ;” and the author of the Lamentations, on calling to mind the causes which have brought his country to ruin, declares that the evil came upon

Jerusalem alike "for the sins of her prophets, and for the iniquity of her priests."

And so the principles of Moses were victorious, at the very moment when the people of Moses perished. Was it in vain? Did the champions of the "old covenant" waste their efforts upon a shadow? Did the race which "lived for an idea" do nothing towards bringing it to a result? Some, perhaps, will call to mind the words of the most prophet-like of the Christian apostles, how the seed is not quickened except it die. There are those to whom the idea of the theocracy has become a living reality, for it means the kingdom of Christ. There are still more to whom the spiritual adoration of one Lord is more than a habit of the intellect, even though a Virgin, a Church, or a Bible may seem to usurp the honour of the Deity upon their tongues. We may be glad indeed that the Jewish nation did not live to exhibit more fully the fatal influence of success. Already, in the 33d chapter of Ezekiel, may be seen a picture of the religious world of his day, which gives the reader but little trust in its power for good, and of the displays of rival prophets which remind us too forcibly of the worst type of the "popular preachers" of our time. The remnant of the Jews returned from the captivity accurate observers of a modified Mosaic code. The Samaritans are repulsed when they wish to help in the work of restoration, in the spirit which a high churchman might now display towards the efforts of a Calvinist sectarian. A few noble Messianic ideas gleam dimly through the fog of barren orthodoxy. The prophets are thoroughly Levitical;\* it is now

\* We had intended to enter at greater length upon the question of the veracity of the Book of Chronicles; but the subject is already too large. The case stands thus. It is admitted by those who do not hold to a theory of Biblical perfection, that the Books of Chronicles are not to be depended upon when any question of temple-worship or sacerdotalism is at issue. They are so deeply imbued with a Levitical colouring, and so downright in their maintenance of later Levitical ideas, that it may be safely said, not only that they give an erroneous view of many subjects, but that they have altered the history purposely towards such views. Are we, then, to say, as is so often said, that the Chronicler is dishonest and reckless? Is there a *mala fides* in his assertions? Admitting that the opposite view may be religiously and devoutly held, we are yet inclined to the belief that the Chronicler used his materials as he thought right, altering them to suit his own views, with the conviction that the things could not possibly have been otherwise than as he states. It was not a time for severe criticism in matters of fact; and the author of the book, as Dr. Davidson has shown, is credible in matters not connected with the worship of Jerusalem. Dr. Davidson's chapters on Chronicles are some of the best in his book. We may remark, as a specimen of the ignorance which prevailed among the later Jews with regard to their own religious history, that the author of Tobit confuses together the monotheistic symbolism of earlier times with the foreign rites of Baal, and speaks of sacrifices offered to Baal the calf, *τῇ Βαάλ τῇ δαμάλει*. It is much the same comparison as that of which Lord Byron was guilty, when he declared, as a result of the destruction of Sennacherib's host, that

"The widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,

And the idols are broke in the temples of Baal."

Sennacherib's army had probably never seen an altar of Baal in their lives.

the priests that should keep knowledge, and to them that the people should seek; Zechariah seems even to doubt whether the coming Saviour of the race is not to be found in the high-priest Joshua. Perhaps the most striking picture of the hopes of the time, half-looking to priests for help, half-rising above the priesthood, is that where Malachi speaks of the Messiah as one whose first work it shall be to purify the sons of Levi.

We have seen that the history of the Jews, as far as its bearing upon their literature is concerned, is essentially a history of religious ideas. As such, it will never be successfully treated by any one who is unable in some degree to appreciate such ideas himself. But, on the other hand, persons of the most fervent piety may read these writings, and arrive at a totally false estimate of the story they contain. Any method short of that by which a rigorous scrutiny is exercised upon every statement, must be as imperfect as it would be in treating the history of Rome or England. Professor Stanley has lately published some lectures on the history of the Jewish Church, of which, though with every respect for the writer, critics have nevertheless the right to make some complaint. After calmly reviewing the present position of sacred literature in this country, Professor Stanley seems to have determined upon a distinct line of action. It is that which he himself is fond of attributing to his prophets—the position of a mediator between old and new, a harmoniser and reconciler of different modes of thought. He will present criticism to the world in as favourable a guise as possible; he will shock no prejudices; he will even court good-will by a reticence on doubtful points. We do not say that he does not do good—every learned and sincere man must. But we do say, that it is hardly fair upon those who do not profess to take every historical statement of the Bible for granted, that he should attempt to veil under courtly forms of language the fact that he does not do so himself. It is as though a history of the Jews meant a history of facts, while a history of the Jewish Church meant a series of photographs from Palestine, taken in a pious spirit. Mr. Kingsley, whom we quote as a preacher and not as a critic, takes something of the same ground in his recently published *Sermons on the Pentateuch*. Good plain people, he says, are moved with no critical misgivings: “when they read the story of the exodus, their hearts answer: *This is right. This is the God whom we need. This is what ought to have happened. This is true; for it must be true.* Let comfortable people who know no sorrow, trouble their brains as to whether 60 or 600,000 fighting men came out of Egypt with Moses.” Mr. Kingsley speaks in the preface to his book of his happiness in having enjoyed a Cambridge education, which could teach

him how to treat Old-Testament criticism aright. We wonder whether it was at Cambridge that he learnt that an individual judgment on the moral fitness of a narrative is an adequate intellectual criterion of its truth. We wonder whether it was at the university, or since leaving it, that he first began to think it consistent with charity to speak of critics who differ from him as "comfortable"—dead, that is, to religious feeling. The first of these errors is a manifest fallacy: the second is a grievous wrong. Both Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Stanley seem to us to begin at the wrong end of their subject. Both seem to urge upon their readers that the moral of the story is what chiefly deserves attention. It may be so; but how can we tell what the moral of a story is, if we do not know what the facts are? Mr. Kingsley writes, that the Jews heard the sound of a trumpet exceeding strong, and a voice "most divine and yet most human." What does it mean? How can a sound be divine and human at the same time? Did the Israelites hear with their outward ears the vibrations caused by a current of air passing through a metallic tube, or did they not? Some writers seem to think that there are portions of religious history too solemn to be related according to the common forms of narrative. It will soon, in all probability, be affirmed that religion is too complex a subject to be treated by the ordinary rules of grammar.

Professor Stanley's history has nevertheless received a high encomium in the last few months from one writer whose name ought to carry weight. In eulogising the semi-orthodox professor, and attacking the out-spoken bishop, Mr. Matthew Arnold asserts a distinction between edification and instruction, the former being for the unenlightened many, the latter for the enlightened few; and he declares that every book ought to aim at one of these two objects exclusively. Without minutely considering how far each of the two writers above mentioned purposely set themselves to either task, our objections to the theory may be very briefly stated. In the first place, it allows no means by which the enlightenment can penetrate to the masses, and assumes that upon theological questions the few must always think differently from the many. Yet, from a historical point of view, it is remarkable that the work which has been most famous in this century in connection with religious inquiry, the *Leben Jesu*, was intended mainly for the critics, and not for the multitude. In the second place, the theory involves, as far as we can see, the obligation upon the learned edifier of being deliberately and wilfully uncandid. And finally, we utterly deny that a writer is bound in every case to put before himself any such alternative as that stated, or indeed any one set purpose at all. Let there be free trade in thought,

as there is a free market in buying and selling. Such limitations as these are the old-fashioned props of error. If any one had objected on the appearance of M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary* that it was a bad book, because it neither enriched the British farmer, nor promoted civil liberty among the populations of the European continent, the argument would seem to be precisely as fair a criticism of the Dictionary as that which Mr. Arnold brings against the Bishop of Natal.

It is strange that, in a country of freedom, it should be so difficult to say these things aloud. The virtue that we want is that of courage, and the places where it is chiefly wanted are the places where it ought to flourish most. The time when the mind is most plastic, most active, most splendidly versatile, is the time that a young man spends at college; and here, if any where, it might be expected that the air would be congenial to free study. We believe that it needs a considerable knowledge of the English Universities fully to appreciate the intellectual cowardice which characterises the older portion of their members. The exceptions are notorious; and it is in such a case as this that, in the true meaning of the phrase, the exceptions prove the rule. It would not be so well known who were the advocates of freedom, if the disposition to acquiesce in prejudice were not so widely predominant.\* A young man at the university begins to think that the Flood was not historical, or that the maledictions of David are not couched in a very forgiving spirit. One set of advisers speaks to him in tones of severity; like the Brahmin who crushed the microscope which first revealed to him the living insects in his vegetable food, they urge him to turn from such thoughts at once, and believe by an effort of the will. Should he be man enough to resist this counsel, there are others who will advise him in friendly tones to fly to action as a remedy for doubt; a better frame of mind will come, if he will but do his duty and shut his eyes. It is a suggestion which implicitly assumes the monstrous hypothesis, that the best way of arriving at truth is by deliberately abstaining from the search for it. Adolphe Monod was so advised, and Arnold; and they followed the advice—with more or less effect. Perhaps the inquirers may yield to their incessant temptations, and maintain and subscribe and swear whatever college and university and church set before them. There are many who do so, and who never recover their freedom again. Ecclesiastical authority closes upon them—an authority incompatible with independent thought. Soon the questioner begins

\* While we write, attempts are being made at each of the Universities to set on foot a plan for a critical commentary on the Old Testament. Notwithstanding that they will both be undertaken in a somewhat conservative spirit, we wish the schemes every success.

to care less for the old questions, theory is swallowed up in action; he is happy, he wishes nothing further; the world is not the better for the intellect God gave him to use. Contentment, the great vice of middle age, settles gradually upon him—a vice all the more fatal from its being so often called a virtue.

Any one who embraces, on the other hand, the task of candidly working out for himself the religious problems before him will find it a harder task, even if it be a higher one. It is a task to which our country now emphatically summons men who are not afraid to think. At the commencement of one of his essays, Renan speaks of a painter who would never attempt except upon his knees the head of a Virgin or her Son. Some such intense reverence for the issues before him a theological critic may well feel; to pause and adore seems but the fitting preface to the study. But it is not a pause of fear, or a reverence which unmans the intellect. The object of the inquiry is not an impious one, and free-thinking is, in the simple meaning of the term, the highest gift of humanity. The true critic is one who will deem the most perfect humility to lie in the abandonment of prejudice, and the highest faith in the conviction that truth will win. He will have intellectual labour while others are at rest, and perplexities where others cannot feel them. His aims and hopes will not be understood; his candour will seem presumption, and his courage ill-will to what is holy. Persecution may not attack him, but social suspicion will. He will work as one whose reward is not before his eyes, and who, in giving up the secure assumptions which bring peace to others, has not sacrificed to God that which cost him nothing. Again and again he will be called to surrender a fancied discovery, a treasured paradox, a literary revenge, a polemical retort. He will often pause on the brink of a theory, and summon all his self-restraint to aid him in the refusal to tread hastily on a tempting path. He will not believe, with the Dean of Carlisle, in the "ever-deteriorating tendency of the unaided human intellect;" he will rather trust that good endeavours lead in the end to good results. And as he began his task for the sake of truth, and not for the sake of reputation, he will regard his conclusions as not his own, but given and offered to truth, and will support them no further for the sake of sustaining a thesis than he would maintain them for the sake of preserving a creed. Thus, with whatever lowliness of spirit and loftiness of determination he can, he will brave the terrors of public opinion, and the more imposing terrors that lurk in the weakness of the human soul; and will not doubt that in destroying a religious error, or making known a discovery of critical study, he is doing something, however small it be, to assist and educate his race.

ART. II.—DISTORTIONS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE:  
"MACBETH."

*The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by William George Clark, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge; and John Glover, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co., 1863.

ART is art because it is not nature, is the motto of the Idealisti; Art is but the imitation of nature, say the Naturalisti. The truth lies between the two. Art is neither nature alone, nor can it do without nature. No imitation, however accurate, for imitation's sake makes a good work of art in any other than a mechanical sense. And every work of art in which the objects represented are inaccurately or imperfectly imitated is in so far deficient. But art works by suggestion as well as by imitation. Whatever is untrue to the imagination fails to produce its proper effect, however true it be to the fact. The most absolute realism will not answer the higher demand of the imagination for ideal truth. Art is not simply the reproduction of nature, but nature as modified and coloured by the spirit of the artist. It is a crystallisation out of nature of all elements and facts related by affinity to the idea intended to be embodied. These solely it should eliminate and draw to itself, leaving the rest as unessential. A literal adherence to all the accidents of nature is not only not necessary in art, but may even be fatal. The enumeration of all the leaves in a tree does not reproduce a tree to the imagination, while a whole landscape may be compressed into a single verse.

Between the ideal and the natural school there is a perpetual struggle. Under the purely ideal treatment art becomes vague and insipid; under the purely natural treatment it becomes literal and prosaic. The pre-Raphaelists, in protesting against weak sentimentalism and vague generalisation, and demanding an honest study of nature, have fallen into the error of exaggerating the importance of minute detail, and, by insisting too strongly on literal truth, have sometimes lost sight of that ideal truth which is of higher worth. But their work was needed, and it has been bravely done. They have roused the age out of that dull conventionalism in which it had fallen asleep. They have stimulated thought, revived sentiment, and reasserted with word and deed the necessity of nature as a true basis of art.

As in the arts of painting and sculpture, so in the drama and on the stage a strong reaction is taking place against the stilted conventionalism and elaborate artifice of the last genera-

tion. Such plays as the *Nina Sforza* of Mr. Troughton, the *Legend of Florence* of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and the *Blot on the Scutcheon* and *Colombe's Birthday* by Mr. Browning, are vigorous protests against the feeble pretensions and artificial tragedies of the previous century. The poems and plays of Mr. Browning breathe a new life; and if as yet they have only found "fit audience though few," they are stimulating the best thought of this age, and slowly infusing a new life and spirit into it.

But the traditions of the stage are very strong in England, and are not easily to be rooted out. The English public has become accustomed to certain traditional and conventional modes of acting, which interfere with the freedom of the actor, and cramp his genius within artificial forms. There is almost no attempt on the English stage to represent life as it really is. Tradition and convention stand in the stead of nature. From the moment an actor puts his foot on the stage he is taught to mouth and declaim. He studies rather to make telling points than to give a consistent whole to the character he represents. His utterance and action are false and "stagey." In quiet scenes he is pompous and stilted; in tragic scenes ranting and violent. He never forgets his audience, but, standing before the foot-lights, constantly addresses himself to them as if they were personages in the play. Habit at last becomes a second nature; his taste becomes corrupted, and he ceases to strive to be simple and natural. There is, in a word, no defect against which Hamlet warns the actor which is not a characteristic feature of English acting. It never "holds up the mirror to nature," but is always "overdone," without "temperance," full of "mouthing," "strutting," "bellowing," and "noise." It "tears a passion to rags, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings." And "there be players whom I have heard play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, having neither the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably;" and this needs to be reformed altogether.

These words of Shakespeare show that even in his time the inflated, pompous, and artificial style still in vogue on the English stage was a national characteristic. We have scarcely improved, since old traditions cling and hold the stage in mortmain. Reform moves slowly every where in England; but the two institutions which oppose to it the most obstinate resistance are the church and the theatre. In both of these tradition stands for nearly as much as revelation. Each adheres

to its old forms, as if they contained its true essence; each believes that those forms once broken, the whole spirit would be lost; just as if they were phials which contained a precious liquid, and must be therefore preserved at all costs. The idea that the liquid can be quite as well, and perhaps better, kept in different phials has never occurred to them. They will die for the phial.

Still it is plain that a strong reaction against this bigoted admiration of traditional and conventional forms is now perceptible. The facilities of travel and intercourse with other nations have engendered new notions and modified old ones. It is impossible to compare the French and Italian stage with the English, and not perceive the vast inferiority of the latter. In the one we see nature, simplicity, and life; in the other the galvanism of artificial convention. It cannot be denied that the recent acting of Hamlet by Fechter was to the English mind a daring and doubtful innovation. It was something so utterly different in spirit and style from that to which we have been accustomed that it created a sensation; and while it found many ardent admirers, it found quite as many vehement opposers. The public ranged themselves in two parties; the one insisting that the traditional and artificial school, as represented by Garrick, the elder Kean, and Cooke, was the only safe guide for the tragic actor; and the other, arguing that as the true function of the stage was to hold up the mirror to nature, acting should be as much like life and as little like acting as possible. The former, at the head of which were the friends of Mr. Charles Kean, made a public demonstration in his behalf, and scouted these new-fangled French notions of acting. Was it to be supposed that any school of acting could be superior to that created and established in England by the genius of such actors as Garrick, the elder Kean, and Cooke? Should foreigners presume to teach us how to interpret and represent plays which had been the study of the English people for centuries? To this it was opposed that, however mortifying to us, it was a fact that the Germans had led the way to a profounder and more metaphysical study of Shakespeare, and had taught us in many ways how to understand his plays, and that therefore there was no reason why foreigners might not teach us how to act them. The very fact that their eyes were not blinded, nor their tongues tied by traditional conventions, enabled them to study Shakespeare with more freedom and directness. There was no deep rut of ancient usage out of which they were forced to wrench themselves. And, besides, it was affirmed, and with truth, that the English stage is the jeer of the world, and needs thorough reform.

We have indeed made little progress in reforming the stage.

Mr. Charles Kean has devoted his talents to improving the wardrobe and scenery, and has so far done good service; but in the essential matter of acting we are nearly where we were in the past century. While the background and dresses are reformed, and the bag-wig in which Garrick played Hamlet is thrown aside, we have carefully preserved all the old points, all the stage-tricks, and all the stilted intonations of the artificial school; and the consequence is, that the sole reality is in that which is the least essential. The attention is thus withdrawn from the actor to the scenery, and we have a spectacle instead of a tragedy. The background is real, but the actor is conventional; the blanket has usurped the prominent place, and Shakespeare retired behind it. The bursts of genius with which Garrick startled the house, and made the audience forget his bag-wig, are wanting, but all his tricks are preserved; the corpse is still there, but the spirit he put into it is gone.

In comedy there is as little resemblance to real life as in tragedy; humour and wit are travestied by buffoonery and grimace. Instead of pictures of life as it is, we have grotesque daubs and caricatures, so exaggerated and farcical in their character as to "make the judicious grieve." The actor and the audience react upon each other. The audience are generally uneducated, and for the most part agree with Partridge in his comment on *Hamlet*: "Give me the king for my money," says he. The actors must bow to this low taste,

"For they who live to please must please to live."

But tradition has worse sins to answer for. It has not only ruined our national acting, but in some cases has overshadowed the drama itself, and perverted the meaning of some of the greatest plays of Shakespeare. Hamlet is not Hamlet on the English stage; he is the tall imposing figure of John Kemble, dark, melodramatic, and dressed in black velvet. Strive as we will, we cannot imagine him as the light-haired Dane, easy and dreamy of temperament, "fat and scant of breath," essentially metaphysical, hating physical action, and wanting energy to put his thoughts into deeds. The whole spirit of the acted Hamlet is southern, that of the real Hamlet is purely northern. We have indeed broken through an old tradition, according to which, incredible as it may seem, Shylock used to be acted as a comic character, though we are still far from a real understanding of his character. But of all the plays of Shakespeare none is so grossly misunderstood as *Macbeth*. Nor is this misapprehension confined to the stage; it prevails even among those who have zealously studied and admired Shakespeare. As John Kemble stands for Hamlet in our imaginations, so does Mrs. Siddons for

Lady Macbeth. She has completely transformed this wonderful creation of Shakespeare's, distorted its true features, and so stamped upon it her own individuality, that when we think of one we have the figure of the other in our minds. The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons is the only Lady Macbeth we know and believe in. She is the imperious, wicked, cruel wife of Macbeth, urging on her weak and kind-hearted husband to abominable crimes solely to gratify her own ambitious and evil nature. She is without heart, tenderness, or remorse. Devilish in character, violent in purpose, she is the soul of the whole play; the plotter and instigator of all its horrors; a fiend-like creature, who, having a complete mastery over Macbeth, works him to madness by her taunts, and relentlessly drives him on against his will to the commission of his terrible crimes. We hate her as we pity Macbeth. He is weak of purpose, amiable of disposition, "full of the milk of human kindness," an unwilling instrument of all her evil designs, who, wanting force of will and strength of character, yields reluctantly to her infernal temptations.

Nothing could more clearly prove the great genius of Mrs. Siddons than that she has been able so to stamp upon the public mind this amazing misconception, that, despite all the careful study which of late years has been given to Shakespeare, this notion of the character of Lady Macbeth and Macbeth should still prevail. Yet so deeply is it rooted, and so universal, that whoever attempts to eradicate it will find his task most difficult. But, believing it to be an utter distortion of the characters as Shakespeare drew them, and so at variance with the interior thought, conduct, and development of the play as not only entirely to obscure its real meaning, but to obliterate all its finest and most delicate features, we venture to enter upon this difficult task.

Macbeth and his wife, so far from being the characters above described, are their direct opposites. He is the villain, who never can satiate himself with crimes. She, having committed one crime, dies of remorse. She is essentially a woman—acts suddenly and violently, and then breaks down, and wastes her life and thoughts in bitter repentance. He is, on the contrary, essentially a man—who resolves slowly and with calculation, but once determined and entered upon a course of action, obstinately pursues it to the end, haunted by no remorse for his crimes, and agitated by no regrets and doubts, so long as his wicked plans do not miscarry. The spring of his nature is ambition;\* and in working out his ends he is cruel, pitiless, and

\* "I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition."

bloody. He is without a single good trait of character; and from the beginning to the end of the play, at every step, he develops deeper abysses of cruelty and inhumanity in his nature. When first presented to us, we, in common with Lady Macbeth, are completely unaware of his real baseness. He is a thorough hypocrite, and deceives us as he deceived her. We see that he has a grasping ambition, but we believe that he is amiable and weak of purpose, for so Lady Macbeth tells us; but as the play goes on, his character develops itself, and at last we find that he has neither heart nor tenderness for any body or any thing; that his will is unconquerable; that he is utterly without moral sense, is hopelessly selfish, and wickedly cruel. All he loves is power. His ambition is insatiable. It grows by what it feeds on. The more he has, the more he desires, and he is ready to commit every kind of horror for the sake of attaining his object. He is restrained by no scruples of honour, by no claims of friendship, by no sensitiveness of conscience. He murders his sovereign, from whom he has just received large gifts and honours in his own house; and then instantly compasses the death of his nearest friend and guest, Banquo. Not content with this, he then seeks the life of Macduff; and, enraged because he has fled, savagely and in cold blood puts the whole of his family to the sword. There is a steady growth of evil in his character from the beginning to the end, or rather a steady development of his evil nature.

Malcolm and Macduff, who at first were his friends and companions, afterwards, when they had learned to "know" him, call him "treacherous" and "devilish." So far from agreeing in the character given of him by Lady Macbeth, they say,

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned  
In evil to top Macbeth.

*Malcolm.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name."

Yet even they admit that

"This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest."

As he had deceived the world, so he deceived his wife. His bloody and treacherous nature was at first as unknown to her as to his friends. As they thought him "honest," she thought him amiable and infirm of purpose, greatly ambitious, and one who would "wrongly win," but yet kindly of nature. Fiery temptations had not as yet brought out the secret writing of

his character. It was with Macbeth as it was with Nero: their real natures did not exhibit themselves at first; but when once they began to develop, their growth was rapid and terrible. And in each of them there was a vein of madness. Essentially a hypocrite, and secretive by nature, Macbeth had passed for only a brave and stern soldier when he first makes his appearance. Yet even in his fierce Norwegian fight we see a violent and bloody spirit. In the very beginning of the play one of his soldiers describes him, in his encounter with Macdonald, as one who,

"Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like Valour's minion,  
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave;  
And ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him  
Till he unscam'd him from the nape to the chaps,  
And fixed his head upon the battlements."

This is rather a grim picture, and scarcely corresponds to the character usually assigned to Macbeth. Here is not only no infirmity of purpose, but a stern unwavering resolution, carving its way through all difficulties and against all opposition. Thus far, however, all his deeds had been loyal and for a lawful purpose. Still within his heart burnt, as he himself says, "black and deep desires," and only circumstances and opportunities were needed to show that he could be as fierce and bloody in crime as he had shown himself in doing a soldier's duty. They were already urging him in the very first scene; but, secretive of nature, he kept them out of sight.

"Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand. Yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Thus he cries to himself as he speeds to his wife The "murder," which was but an hour before "fantastical," has now become a fixed resolve.

A nature like this, secretive, false, deceitful, and wicked, which had thus far satisfied itself in a legitimate way, and having no temptation in his own house, had never shown its real shape there, would naturally not have been understood by his wife. Glimpses she might have of what he was—but not a thorough understanding of him. Blinded by her personal attachment to him, and herself essentially his opposite in character, as we shall see, she would naturally have misinterpreted him. The secretive nature is always a puzzle to the frank nature. Accustomed to go straight to her object, whether good or bad, she was completely deceived by his hypocritical and sentimental

pretences, and supposed his nature to be "full of the milk of human kindness." But time also opened her eyes, though, perhaps, never even to the last did she fully comprehend him. "What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily," she would never have said after the murder of the king. But however this may be, that her view of his character is false is proved by the whole play. When did he ever show an iota of kindness? what crime did his conscience or the desire to act "holily" ever prevent his committing? When did he ever exhibit any want of bloody determination—infirm of purpose? He was like a tiger in his purposes and in his deeds. The murder of Duncan did not satisfy him. The next morning he in cold blood kills the two chamberlains to gratify his wanton cruelty. It was impossible that they should testify against him—they had been drugged, and he could have had no fear of them. Then immediately he plots the murder of Banquo and Fleance, and all the while hypocritically conceals his foul purposes even from his wife; and because Macduff "failed his presence at the tyrant's feast," he determines also to murder him. Foiled of this, he then cruelly and hideously puts to the sword his wife and little children. In all these murders, after the king's, Lady Macbeth not only takes no part, but he keeps her in ignorance of them. She drive him to the commission of his crimes? She does not know of them till they are done. They are plotted and determined upon in secret by Macbeth alone, and carried into execution with a bloody directness and suddenness. 'Tis he is "bloody, false, deceitful, sudden,"—essentially a hypocrite, false in his pretences, secret in his plotting, loud in his showy talk, but sudden and bloody in his crimes and in his malice.

Thus far, however, we have seen but one side of Macbeth. The other side was its opposite. Bold, ambitious, and treacherous, he was also equally imaginative and superstitious. In action he feared no man. Brave as he was cruel, and ready to meet any thing in the flesh, he was equally visionary of head, a victim of superstitious fears, and a mere coward before the unreal fancies evoked by his imagination. He has the Scottish second-sight, and visions and phantoms shake his soul. Show him twenty armed men who seek his life, he encounters them with a fierce joy. Show him a white sheet on a pole, and tell him it is a ghost, and he trembles abjectly. He conjures up for himself phantoms that "unfix his hair and make his seated heart knock at his ribs;" he is distracted with "horrible imaginings." His excited imagination always plays him false and fills him with momentary and superstitious fears; but these fears never ultimately control his action. They are fumes of the head, and being purely visionary, they are also temporary.

They come in moments of excitement, obscure for a time his judgment, and influence his ideas ; but having regard solely to things unreal, they vanish with the necessity of action.

These superstitious fears have nothing to do with conscience or morals. He has no morals ; there is no indication of a moral sense in any single word of the whole play. The only passage which faintly indicates a sense of right and wrong is when he urges to himself, as reasons why he should not kill Duncan, that the king is not only his kinsman, his king, and his guest, but that he has borne his faculties so meekly, that his virtues would plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking-off. This, however, is mere talk, and has only reference to the indignation which his murder will excite, not to any sorrow he has for the crime. His sole doubt is lest he may not succeed ; for, as he says,

"If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—  
We'd jump the life to come."

The idea of being restrained from committing this murder by any religious or moral scruples is very far from his thought. Right or wrong, good or bad, have nothing to do with the question ; and as for the "life to come," that is mere folly.

But while his moral sense is dead, his imagination is nervously alive. It engenders visions that terrify him : after the murder is done, he thinks he hears phantom-voices crying, "Sleep no more, Glamis has murdered sleep ; and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more ;" and these voices so work upon his superstitious fears that he is afraid for the moment to return to the chamber, and carry the daggers back and smear the grooms with blood. He is, as Lady Macbeth says, "brainsickly," and "fears a painted devil." This is superstition, not remorse—a momentary imaginative fear, not a permanent feeling. In a few minutes he has changed his dress, and calmly makes speeches as if nothing had occurred,—nay, this cold-blooded hypocrite is ready within the hour to commit two new and wanton murders on the chamberlains, and boastfully to refer them to his loyal spirit and loving heart, inflamed by horror at the hideous murder of the king, which he has himself committed.

The same superstitious fear attacks him when he hears that Birnam Wood is moving to Dunsinane Hill ; but it does not prevent this creature, so "full of the milk of human kindness,"

from striking the messenger, calling him "liar and slave," and threatening,

“If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree thou shalt hang alive  
Till famine cling thee.”

So too when Macduff tells him that he was "not of woman born," awed for a moment by his superstitious fears, he cries,

"Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
. . . I'll not fight with thee."

At times, under the influence of an over-excitabile imagination acting upon a nature thoroughly superstitious, his intellect wavers, and he is subject to sudden aberrations of mind resembling insanity. They are, however, evanescent, and in a moment he recovers his poise, descending through a poetical phase into his real and settled character of cruelty and wickedness. In the dagger-scene, where he is alone, these three phases are perfectly marked. The visionary dagger "proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain" soon vanishes, then follows the poetic mania, and then the stern resolution of murder. In the banquet-scene, when the ghost of Banquo rises, the poetic interval is less marked, for he is under the restraint of the company and under the influence of his wife; but scarce has the company gone when his real character returns. He is again forming new resolutions of blood. His mind reverts to Macduff, whose life he threatens. He is bent "to know by the worst means the worst;" "strange things I have in head, which will to hand."

This aberration of mind Macbeth has in common with Lear, Hamlet, and Othello. But in Macbeth alone does it take a superstitious shape. The trance of Othello is but a momentary condition, in which his goaded imagination, acting upon an irritated sense of honour, love, and jealousy, obliterates for an instant the real world. Hamlet's madness is but the "sore distraction" of a mind essentially dreamy and metaphysical on which the burden of a great action is put, which he can neither refuse nor accept, and while thus struggling with himself he rejects all ideas of love as futile and impertinent. The very notion of love maddens him while he has his dreadful problem to solve. Lear, again, is "heart-struck." His madness comes from wounded pride and affection. The ingratitude and cruelty of his daughters shake his mind, and to his excited spirit the very elements become his "pernicious daughters :—" "I never gave you kingdoms, called you children." In all except Macbeth, the nature thus driven to madness is noble in itself, moral in its character, and warm in its affections. The aberrations of

Macbeth are superstitious, and have nothing to do with the morals or the affections.

Macbeth's imagination is, however, a ruling characteristic of his nature. His brain is always active; and when it does not evoke phantoms, it indulges in fanciful and poetic images. He is a poet, and turns every thing into poetry. His utterance is generally excited and high-flown, rarely simple and real, and almost never expresses his true feelings and thoughts. His heart remains cold while his head is on fire. On all occasions his first impulse is to poetise a little; and having done this, he goes about his work without regard to what he has said. His sayings are one thing; his doings are quite another. Shakespeare makes him rant intentionally, as if to show that in such a character the imagination can and does work entirely independently of real feelings and passions. There is no serious character in all Shakespeare's plays who constantly rants and swells in his speech like Macbeth; and this is plainly to show the complete unreality of all his imaginative bursts. In this he differs from every other person in this play. Yet when he is really in earnest, and has some plain business in hand, he can be direct enough in his speech, as throughout the second interview with the weird sisters, and in the scene with the two murderers whom he sends to kill Banquo and Fleance; or when, enraged at the escape of Fleance, he forgets to be a hypocrite, and his real nature clearly expresses itself in direct words, full of savage resolve. But on all other occasions, when he is not in earnest and intends to deceive, or when his brain is excited, he indulges in sentimental speeches, violent figures of speech, extravagant personifications, and artificial tropes and conceits. Even in the phantom-voices he imagines crying to him over Duncan's body, he cannot help this peculiarity. He curiously hunts out conceits to express sleep. He "murders sleep, the innocent sleep; sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast." No wonder that Lady Macbeth, amazed, cries out, "What do you mean?" But he cannot help going on like a mad poet. His language is full of alliteration, fanciful juxtaposition of words, assonance, and jingle. At times, so strong is this habit, he makes poems to himself, and for the moment half believes in them. Only compare, in this connexion, the natural simple pathos of the scene where Macduff hears of the barbarous murder of his wife and children with the language of Macbeth when the death of Lady Macbeth is announced to him. Macduff "pulls his hat upon his brows," and gives vent to his agony in the simplest and most direct words. Here the feeling is deep and sincere:

"All my pretty ones?  
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;

But I must also feel it like a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
And were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls:—Heaven rest them now!

O, I could play the woman with my eyes."

But when Macbeth is told of the death of his wife, he makes a little poem, full of alliterations and conceits. It is an answer to the question, What is life like? what can we say about it now?

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter Messenger.*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly."

Has this any relation to true feeling? Do men of any feeling, whose hearts are touched, fall to improvising poems like this, filled with fanciful images, when great sorrows come upon them? This speech is full of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." There is no accent from the heart in it. It is elaborate, poetic, cold-blooded. "Life is a candle," "a poor player," "a walking shadow," "a tale told by an idiot." We have his customary alliterations: "petty pace," "dusty death," "day to day;" his love of repeating the same word, "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," just as we have "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly;" and his "Sleep no more, Macbeth doth murder sleep; sleep, that knits up," &c.; "Sleep no more, Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more." He cannot forget himself enough to cease to be ingenious in his phrases. As a poem this speech is striking; as an expression of feeling it is perfectly empty. At the end of it he has quite forgotten the death of his wife; he is only employed in piling up figure after figure to personify life. What renders

the unreality of this still more striking is the sudden change which comes over him upon the entrance of the messenger. In an instant he stops short in his poem, and his tone becomes at once decided and harsh; his wife's death has passed utterly out of his mind. When the messenger tells him that Birnam Wood was beginning to move, with a sudden burst of rage he turns upon him, strikes him, calls him liar and slave, and threatens to "hang him alive till famine cling him," if his report prove to be incorrect. This is the real Macbeth. From this time forward he never alludes to Lady Macbeth; but, in a strange condition of superstitious fear and soldierly courage, he calls his men to arms, and goes out crying,

"Blow wind! come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back."

And this throughout is the character of Macbeth's utterances. He is not like Tartuffe, a religious hypocrite; he is a poetical and sentimental hypocrite. His phrases and figures of speech have no root in his real life; they are only veneered upon them. "His words fly up, his thoughts remain below." When he is poetical he is never in earnest. Sometimes his speeches are merely oratorical, and made from habit and for effect; sometimes they are hypocritical, and used to conceal his real intentions; and sometimes they are the expressions of an inflamed and diseased imagination stimulated by superstition. But they are generally bombastic and swelling in tone, and are so intended to be. His habit of making speeches and inventing curious conceits is so strong, that he even "unpacks his heart with words" when alone, so as to leave himself free and direct to act. Thus, in one of his famous soliloquies, mark the unreal quality of all the pretended feeling, the mixture of immorality, bombast, and hypocrisy, the assonances and alliterations, the plays upon words, the extravagant figures, all showing the excitability of the brain and not of the heart:

"If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere  
Well 'twere done quickly. If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; if but this blow  
Could be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—  
We'd jump the life to come."

Then, after some questionings about killing his guest, his kinsman, his king, which would seem honest, but for what comes after and for the utter reckless immorality which has gone before these words, his imagination excites itself, and runs into a wild and extravagant figure which means nothing. Duncan's virtues, he says,

"Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

No sooner did he begin to swell and alliterate again than he goes wild :

"And pity, like naked newborn babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind."

This is pure rant, and intended to be so. It is the product of an unrestrained imagination which exhausts itself in the utterance. But it neither comes from the heart nor acts upon the heart.

Again, in the soliloquy of the air-drawn dagger, the superstitious visionary Macbeth, who always projects his fancies into figures and phantoms, after addressing this

"false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,"

falls at once into poetic declamation about the night, and indulges himself in strange images and personifications. A man about to commit a murder who invents these conceits must be a poetical villain :

"Now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offering : and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with a stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost."

Can any thing be more extraordinary and elaborate than this pressing of one conceit upon another? Wither'd murder has a sentinel, the wolf, who howls his watch, and who with stealthy pace strides with Tarquin's ravishing strides like a ghost! Shakespeare makes no other character systematically talk like this.

But the fumes of the brain pass, and leave the stern determined man of action :

"Whiles I threat, he lives ;  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell."

We have no such rant as this in Lady Macbeth. In the scenes of the murder, she does not befool herself with visions and poetry. She is practical, and her attention is solely given to the real facts about her. Contrast the simple language in which she speaks, while waiting for Macbeth, with his previous rhodomontade. Agitated, in great emotion, listening for sounds,

doubting whether some mischance may not have befallen to prevent the murder,—she speaks in short broken sentences; but she does not liken her husband to Tarquin, and say now is the time when "witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offering," nor employ this interval in making a poem full of conceits.

He goes in to the king, and commits the murder; no scruples of any kind prevent him. But when that is secure, he has a superstitious fit, and imagines phantom-voices, that talk as no phantoms ever did before. Still he is a coward in the presence of phantoms, and will not go back. The deed has been done, and ghosts alarm him.

But, as has been before observed, all this raving as usual passes by at once. In a half-hour he is cold and calm as ever. The phantom-voices did not reach his conscience and awakened no remorse. They were the children of superstition and imagination, and they vanish with cockerow and daylight, leaving no trace behind in his memory. They have not altered his mood nor his plans.

We now come to a consideration of Lady Macbeth's character. At all points she was his opposite, or rather his complement. Where he was strong, she was weak; where he was weak, she was strong. He was poetical and visionary of nature; she was plain and practical. He was indirect, false, secretive; she, on the contrary, was vehement and impulsive. Between what she willed and what she did was a straight line. She was troubled by none of his superstitious fears or visions. Her imagination was feeble and inactive, her character was energetic; she saw only the object immediately before her, and she went to it with rapidity and directness of purpose. She was skilful in management and ready in contrivance, as women are apt to be; while Macbeth was wanting in both these qualities, as men generally are. For herself she seems to have had no ambition, and not personally to have coveted the position of queen. Her ambition is but the reflection of Macbeth's, and her great crime was wrought in furtherance of his suggestions and promptings. Mistaking entirely his character at first, proud of his success for his sake, and rightly reading him so far as to see that his ambition, which was insatiable, grasped at the throne, she lent herself to the murder of Duncan, in the belief that the throne once obtained, Macbeth's ambition would be satisfied. Her moral sense was inactive, and not sufficient to lead her to oppose his project. It was not, as we shall see, utterly wanting in her, as in Macbeth. She seems to have been warmly attached to Macbeth, and always, after the murder is committed, she endeavours to soothe and tranquillise him with gentle and affectionate words. But she could not understand his superstitious hesita-

tions when once resolved on action. His poetry and his imaginative flights, as well as his visions, were to her incomprehensible, and she made the natural mistake of supposing him to be infirm of purpose. Her mind was one of management and detail. The determination and suggestion of the murder is his; the management and detail of it is hers. This is a master-stroke of Shakespeare's, by which he at once distinguishes the masculine from the feminine nature. Man is quick to propose and suggest a plan in its general scope; woman is always his superior in adjusting the details by which it may be carried into execution. Her nature was not wicked in itself. It was susceptible of deep feeling and remorse. But her moral sense was sluggish, while her impulses were sudden and vehement; and, as such women generally are, she was irritably impatient of the postponement of any project already decided upon. She had a strong will, and gave expression to it in an exaggerated way:

"I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this."

This is but a vehement, passionate, and exaggerated way of saying that if she had sworn to herself to do *any thing*, however shocking, as deliberately and determinedly as Macbeth had to commit this murder, she would do it in spite of consequences, and not like him be "afraid to be the same in thine own act and valour as thou art in desire." She does not mean, nor did Shakespeare mean, that so hideous an act would be possible either for her to plan or to commit; but to prove her contempt of that condition of mind when "I dare not wait upon I would," she seizes upon the most horrible and repulsive act that she can imagine, and declares energetically that, shocking as that is, she would not hesitate to do even that, "had *she* so sworn" to do it as Macbeth had. Yet this wild and violent figure of speech is generally taken as the key of her whole character. It is nothing of the sort; for the very line preceding it proves that she had a tenderness of nature under all her energy, and a power of love as well as of will:

"I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me."

Well, despite that tenderness and love, which you, Macbeth, know I have, I would have done what is so contrary to all my nature, had I so sworn as you.—Throughout this scene her sole object is to urge, as vehemently as she can, upon Macbeth the folly of dallying and hesitating to carry out a

project which he alone had conceived, suggested, and determined, merely for fear of consequences, and lest it should do him injury in the eyes of the world. He never feels nor suggests any moral objection; he does not pretend to feel it. His sole fear is lest he may not succeed; he only doubts whether it would not be better to postpone the execution of his project until a more fitting time. His decisions are less rapid than hers. She must at once act on the first strength of her resolve. She is impetuous, and would spring upon her prey at once. He, knowing that his fell purpose will only strengthen with meditation, and doubting whether the time has come to secure his object, proposes to postpone its execution. But there is no time for this. There are but a few hours in which all must be accomplished, and he is not ready with the detail. But to this proposal of postponement she says "No." She knows that he never will rest till it is accomplished. Neither time nor place adhered when you "broke this enterprise to me," she says; and now, when both "have made themselves," execute your design, and let no longer "I dare not wait upon I would." To this he feebly opposes, "If we should fail," failure being the only thing that troubles him. She then suggests the plan in detail by which the murder can be effected; and he cries out, in a burst of admiration and delight,

"Bring forth men-children only,  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males."

Still, when the time approaches, Lady Macbeth needs all her courage, and she stimulates it with wine, lest it should break down:

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold."

She preserves her courage, however, to the end, never loses her self-possession, and takes care that the plan is carried out fully in all its details. But once accomplished, she utterly breaks down. She has over-calculated her strength; she was not utterly wicked, and her remorse is terrible. From this time forward we have no such scenes between her and her husband; he performs all his other murders alone, without her knowledge or connivance.

And here the main feature of this play must be kept in mind. Lady Macbeth dies of remorse for this her crime; she cannot forget it; it haunts her in her sleep; the damned spot cannot be washed from her conscience or her hand. What a fearful cry of remorse and agony is that of hers in her dream!

"Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this *little* hand! Oh! oh! oh!"

There is no poetising here, no sentimental and figurative personifications; it is the cry of a wounded heart and conscience. It is written too in prose, not in verse. It is real, and not fantastic like the rant and poetry of *Macbeth*. That terrible night remains with her, and haunts her, and tears her like a demon, and at last she dies of it.

How is it with *Macbeth*? does the memory of that night torture him? Never for a moment. He plots new murders. He has tasted blood, and cannot live without it. On, on, he goes, deeper and deeper into blood; till he is slain, and never to the last one cry of conscience.

Yet it is thought that Lady *Macbeth* urged on this amiable man, so infirm of purpose, so filled with the milk of human kindness, and was the main-spring of his crimes. Suffice it to say, in answer to this view, that after Duncan is killed he keeps her in complete ignorance of all he does, and his murders are thenceforward more terrible and pitiless, and with no faint shadow of excuse or apology. This cold-hearted villain stops at nothing; even her death does not awaken a throb in his heart. Is it not preposterous to suppose that the so-called fiend of the play, she who instigates and drives an unwilling victim to crime, should die of remorse for that crime; while the amiable victim, far from sharing any such feeling, only plunges deeper into crime when she does not instigate him, and develops at every step an increasing brutality and savageness of nature?

No; it is not the tall, dark, commanding, and imperious figure of Mrs. Siddons, with threatening brow and inflated nostrils, that represents Lady *Macbeth*; she is not at all of that character or features. She is of rather a delicate organisation, of medium height, her hair inclining to red, her temperament nervous and sanguine, with a florid complexion, and "little hands." So was *Lucrezia Borgia*; and so was Lady *Macbeth*. She was personally fair and attractive. Can any one imagine *Macbeth* calling the dark, towering, imperious woman like Mrs. Siddons his "dearest love," "dear wife," or his "dearest chuck"?

But it is commonly thought that the murder of Duncan was suggested and planned by Lady *Macbeth*, and he was urged into it against his will and contrary to his nature. Such a view is utterly in contradiction of the play itself. The suggestion is entirely *Macbeth's*, and he has resolved upon it before he sees her. The witches are a projection of his own desires and superstitions. They meet him at the commencement of the play, prophesying, in response to his own desires, that he is thane of Cawdor, and "shall be king hereafter;" but they

respond also to his fears, by adding that Banquo's "children shall be kings." Those are the very points upon which all his thoughts hinge—his ambition to be king, his fears lest the throne shall pass from his family. Hence his hate of Banquo and Fleance. From this time forward he thinks of nothing else. As he rides across the heath, he is self-involved, abstracted, silent, sullen, revolving in his mind how to compass his designs, which are nothing less than the murder of the king. He does not dream that the prophecies of the weird women will accomplish themselves without his assistance, for they are projections of his own thoughts. He instantly receives news that he is made thane of Cawdor, and scarcely gives a thought to this honour, scarcely expresses his satisfaction; when the news is announced he says,

"Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :  
*The greatest is behind.*—Thanks for your pains."

And then immediately his mind reverts to the promise that Banquo's children shall be kings:

"Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to thee?"

Then he falls again into gloomy silence, and talks to himself inwardly. What does he say and think? He resolves to murder the king:

"This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor :  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings;  
My thought, whose *murder* yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is  
But what is not."

Yes, already he dreams of murder. He sees not his way clear; he will trust to chance; but he dreams of murder. And full of these thoughts, he rushes to his wife to fill her mind with his project, to consult her as to how it can be carried into execution; for he cannot plan in detail; and though the thought crosses him, that

"If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me,  
Without my stir."

Yet this is but a hope; for in the next scene he has deter-

mined to take the matter into his own hands and trust nothing to chance. As soon as he hears that Malcolm is made prince of Cumberland and heir to the throne, he determines absolutely to kill the king:

"The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand. Yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

He has already written to Lady Macbeth; and his letter has but one thought and one theme,—the promise that he shall be king. Much as she "fears his nature," she knows thoroughly his desires, and has faint glimpses of his real character; she knows that he *means* to be king, and sees that he would "wrongly win;" that his ambition is great, and that his mind is filled solely with one idea. But she fears that he is "too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way;" and when she hears that Duncan is coming to the castle, and that Macbeth is hurrying to see her before the king's arrival, she doubts no longer his plan. For a moment she is aghast. "Thou'rt mad to say it," she says to the messenger who announces the king's approach; for she sees that he comes to his death:

"The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements."

He has been lured here by Macbeth to compass his destruction; and in a moment Macbeth will be with her. Then, summoning up all her courage at once, she resolves to aid him in his ambitious and murderous design. She calls upon "the spirits that tend on mortal thought" to "unsex her," to alter her nature, to make her cruel and remorseless, to let nothing intervene to shake her purpose; for she is not quite sure of herself. She knows what "compunctious visitings of nature" are, and she strengthens herself against them. She is not naturally cruel; and she cries out to the "spirits" to "stop up the access and passage to remorse" now open in her nature, to change her "milk for gall," and to cover her with "the dunnest smoke of hell," so that her

"keen knife *see* not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, Hold, hold."

In this tremendous apostrophe, in which she goads herself on to crime, the woman's nature is plainly seen. Macbeth never prays to have his nature altered, to have any "passages of remorse"

closed up; never fears "compunctious visitings of nature," nor desires darkness to hide his knife, so that he may not *see* the wound he makes. But she knows she is a woman, and that she needs to be "unsexed," and feels that she is doing violence to her own nature; still her will is strong, and she cries down her misgivings, and resolves to aid Macbeth in his design.

Macbeth meets her in this mood. There is no salutation or greeting on his part; he has but one idea,—Duncan is coming, and is to be murdered. His first words are:

" My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night."

To which she asks, "And when goes hence?" "To-morrow," he answers, and pauses; and adds, "as he purposes." But in the look and in the pause Lady Macbeth has read his whole soul and intent. There is murder in that look; and she cries:

" O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters."

There is no explanation between them. He has conveyed all his intention by a look and a gesture, as she herself distinctly says. He has ridden headlong, as fast as horse could carry him, away from the king full of this one idea; and the king has vainly "coursed him at his heels," having "the purpose," as he himself says, "to be his purveyor." And his thoughts have spoken in his looks so unmistakably, that they are perfectly understood. If there be any doubt by whom the murder was suggested, it is made perfectly clear by what Lady Macbeth subsequently says to him in the next scene in which they are presented. When he begins to doubt whether the murder had not better be postponed, she says:

" What beast was it, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

It was not of my plotting, but of your own: "Nor time nor place did then adhere, and yet you would make both;" you desired it and still desire it, but are afraid of consequences. These words of hers would indeed seem to indicate that he had urged the crime upon her against her will at a previous interview not reported in the play, or perhaps by a letter; for she says distinctly, that when he broke the enterprise to her,

" Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet *you would make both* :  
They have made themselves."

It would, therefore, plainly seem that Macbeth had broken this enterprise to her, and urged it on her, even before the king had

determined to come to his castle, and that he intended to "make time and place." This would account for her opening speech completely, and for the fact that he does not make any explanation to her of his intentions other than by his look and intonation when they first meet; for certainly there is nothing in the play about the "time and place" of the murder except as herein indicated. It would also explain the surprise of Lady Macbeth when she hears her husband is coming, and the king after him: "Thou'rt mad to say it," she says; and "the raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements." The time and place had made themselves, then; and on hearing this it is that she suddenly changes from calm to vehement emotion, and makes that wonderful apostrophe to the spirits to "unsex her." She sees that all has been resolved, and that she has need of her utmost resolution.

There is no warrant of any kind that she, in the simple words, "And when goes hence," meant more than she said. It was the most natural question that she could possibly ask. Granting that she intended equally with him to commit the murder, what is more natural than that she should wish to know how long the king was to stay, so as to know how soon it was necessary to carry out the plan of murder, and what time there was in which to make all the arrangements? Not only Macbeth pauses after saying "To-morrow" (so, at least, is the punctuation in all editions), before adding "as he purposes," but Lady Macbeth, in her answer, says that she sees in his face that he intends that "never shall sun that morrow see." Yet, in the recitation of these parts on the stage, and as generally read, the meaning is given to Lady Macbeth's simple words; and Macbeth is made perfectly innocently to answer without showing in his look any "strange matter." But the king is coming close on his heels; there is no time to arrange details; and Macbeth goes away to receive him, saying, "We will speak further."

The characters, as exhibited in the next scenes, have been already sufficiently discussed. He, with his superstitions, his visions, his poetry, and his hesitations; she, with the stern determination of a woman who has "screwed her courage to the sticking point," is agitated by no visions; but who, feeling the necessity of immediate action, occupies herself in the arrangements of details, and thus dulls her conscience.

After all the excitements which have agitated Macbeth—after his soliloquy, in which he says, "there is no spur to prick the sides of his intent but only vaulting ambition;" but if he were sure of "success," he'd "jump the life to come"—there comes a moment when he either has or pretends to have a hesitation about "proceeding further in this business." He does

not hesitate for conscience-sake, but because, being ambitious, he now would like to wear the golden opinions he has won, "in their newest gloss," and not "cast them aside so soon," before he has had the satisfaction of being wondered at and admired a little longer. Praise and high position he had gained, and his vanity was gratified. Before committing a hideous murder he naturally would pause. But he never pretends that this feeling comes from any moral sense. His mind had been too long strained with one thought; and, as in all men of excitable brain, there was a moment of reaction. He cannot see his way clear. He fears the effect of his crime. He does not see how it can be done so that he may avoid suspicion, and attain the object beyond the murder, and for which he commits it, without running too great risks, and thus exposing himself to the vengeance of the king's friends. He fears that his "bloody instructions may return to plague the inventor"—not hereafter, but "*here*." But what most troubles him is, that he cannot see the practical way, cannot arrange the details so as to secure a chance of avoiding suspicion. Here his wife comes to his aid. She has thought out a plan and arranged the details. She opposes sternly his proposal to abandon his design, for she knows that his hesitation is only for a moment, and that nothing less than to be king can ever satisfy him. Better, then, do the deed at once. His only opposition after this is, "If we should fail?" But as soon as he sees the feasibility of her plan, all his scruples are gone; he is more than convinced, he is delighted, and enters upon it with a joy which he does not pretend to conceal.

During all these scenes, up to the murder of Duncan, Lady Macbeth is labouring under an excitement of mind which sustains her in carrying out the design of her husband. The time is purposely made very short—only a few hours between the arrival of Duncan and his death—so that she may not break down. All is hurry and movement, and arrangement of detail. There is no time for reaction. The very necessity for immediate action acts as an irritant on the nerves, and strains all her thoughts and feelings to an unnatural pitch. Still, when the murder is on the point of being done, she keeps up her courage by drink; for the strain is almost too great. In this excited state her inflamed will has got completely the command of her; and to have it all over, and not caring about the dreadful design longer, she says, that had Duncan "not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it." But though she can talk of dashing out the brains of her babe while it was smiling in her face, she was not, even in this excitement, able to strike Duncan, because she thought he looked like her father. Her woman's hand would have failed her had she attempted it. But all her powers are

bound up in this one design. She has come to a violent determination, and this she will carry out, come what may. She thrusts aside all compunction of conscience, and makes such a noise by action in her brain, that its still small voice cannot be heard.

Macbeth, on the contrary, is of a colder and more brutal nature. His determination is sullen, and it lies like an immovable rock, on which the flames of his imagination burn like momentary fires of straw, and over which his superstitious visions pass like clouds or fogs, and then clear away, leaving the rock unchanged. Just before he commits the murder, Banquo comes in and tells him that the king

"hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content."

But this does not touch Macbeth, nor induce a moment's hesitation. Banquo then speaks of the three weird sisters, and says, "To you they have show'd some truth;" and Macbeth answers falsely:

"I think not of them;  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time."

Thus, cold and collected, he bids him "Good repose," sends off the servant, and waits for the bell to ring, which is the sign that all is ready for him to murder Duncan. In this interval we have his three characteristic features brought out one after the other: the cloudy vision of the air-drawn dagger; then the straw-fire of his poetry about Hecate and withered murder's sentinel the wolf, and "Tarquin's ravishing strides;" and, as these clear off, the stern sullen resolution underneath—"Whiles I threat he lives;" "I go, and it is done."

When the murder is done, they are equally distinct in character; she energetic and practical, he visionary and superstitious; and so they part.

Thus far, be it observed, Lady Macbeth has supposed her husband to be merely "infirm of purpose;" but the next scene is to open her eyes to a glimpse of his real character.

Macbeth has become perfectly calm and cold again in a few minutes, and makes his appearance immediately after the knocking. He is completely master of himself, offers to conduct Macduff to the king, and when Macduff says he knows "it will be a joyful trouble" to him, answers like a proverb, calmly, "The labour we delight in physics pain." The king is then found

dead, and the noise brings Lady Macbeth from her room. What a difference is now visible in the way in which she and he speak and act! When Banquo says, "Our royal master's murdered," she cries out, "Woe! alas! what, in our house?" and says not a word more. Macbeth, however, who is only afraid of shadows, but who, with the daylight, has no fear of looking at dead bodies, or adding one or two more with his sword, goes to the room of Duncan, and then reappears, without the faintest shadow of feeling, and makes a little hypocritical poem on the event:

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

What is amiss?" (says Donalbain).

And Macbeth cries, "You are, and do not know it. The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood is stopped; the very source of it is stopped."

This is Macbeth's rant and fustian. He has no feeling, and, as usual, he makes the pretence of poetry serve him. The head, the spring, the fountain, the source is stopped, is stopped.

And this stuff he recites coolly, although he has but a moment before wantonly killed the two grooms; nay, he does not mention it until afterwards, on their being spoken of by Lenox, when this hypocritical villain cries:

"Oh, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.*

Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.*

Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,  
His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make his love known?"

During this amazing speech, in which he poetises so elaborately, and with such curious artifice coldly paints the picture of the man and friend he had just murdered, Lady Macbeth had been looking and listening in silence. Suddenly, for the first time, she sees what her husband really is; she sees that he has neither heart nor conscience; for no man possessing either could have acted or talked as he has since the murder of Duncan. So

far from having any feeling of shame or remorse, he, without provocation, wantonly, and with no sufficient object, has added two other murders to it; and, with a cold-blooded artificial hypocrisy, he paints in his stilted way the scene of Duncan's death, and has command of himself enough to seek out elaborate and high-flown phrases. But Lady Macbeth, whose courage, stimulated by excitement, had carried her through the murder, now suddenly breaks down. This new revelation of her husband's character, and the ghastly picture which he summons up before her of the scene of the murder, are too much for her. She swoons, loses all consciousness, and is carried out. In her violent excitement, while there was something practical to busy her mind and her body with, she could carry back the daggers and smear the grooms with blood; but she could not bear the vivid remembrance of it when there was nothing to do, and when the excitement was over: as women will go through extreme dangers, stand at the surgeon's table during terrible operations, be great and strong in a great crisis, and then suddenly faint and fall when the work is over, unable to bear the remembrance of what they have gone through.

This swooning of Lady Macbeth is the crisis of her nature. From this time forward she is no more what she has appeared; we hear no more urging of Macbeth to strengthen his throne by other crimes; no more taunts by her that he is infirm of purpose; no more allusions to his amiable weaknesses of character. She has begun to know him and to fear him. She only endeavours to tranquillise him and content him with what he has got. But still she does not know him; for his nature, before hidden, like secret writing, comes out little by little before the fire of his heated ambition and superstitious fears.

At this swooning-point the two characters of Lady Macbeth and her husband cross each other. She has thus far only made the running for Macbeth, and he now takes up the race and passes her; she not only does not follow, but withdraws. Henceforth he rushes to his goal alone; alone he arranges the death of Banquo and Fleance.

When next they meet she is no longer the same person we have known; she feels the gnawing tooth of remorse; she is calmed and cowed by what she has done:

"Nought's had, all's spent,  
When our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy."

And as Macbeth enters she endeavours to tranquillise his mind. She has his confidence no longer; he avoids her, and keeps alone after the murder of the king. She, not yet aware of the

abysses of his nature, and little imagining that he has been plotting the murder of Banquo, supposes that the secret of his perturbations, of the solitude he now seeks, and of his avoidance of her, is the remorse that he begins to feel, and says as he enters:

"How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
With them they think on. Things without remedy  
Should be without regard: what's done is done."

His answer shows it is no remorse which is haunting him; his sorry fancies are new plots of murder:

"We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;"

and we are still "in danger of her former tooth."

"But let  
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meals in *fear*, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!"

Here is one of those cases where he uses his poetry as a cloak to his real thoughts. Yet despite his hypocrisy, which takes in his wife, his real meaning is clear. He would rather die than go on in this fear: rather be like Duncan, whom they have at all events "sent to peace," and whom nothing can "touch further," than on "this torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy." What is this "fear"? what is this "torture of the mind"? Is it, as Lady Macbeth supposes, from remorse? Oh, no! he tells us himself what it is; it is solely because Banquo and Fleance are alive:

"O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives."

This it is that tortures him, and this only.

"But in them nature's copy's not eterne,"

says she; meaning, as she has throughout this scene, solely to console him and draw his thoughts away. They may die; a thousand accidents may happen to them; you may outlive them; don't torture yourself with vain fears. "*There's comfort yet,*" he cries, "they are assailable;" and now, after his old fashion, he breaks into poetry:

"Then be thou *jocond*: ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,  
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note."

"What's to be done?" she cries; for having completely misunderstood him through all the previous part of this interview, she completely fails to see what he now means. But he has no longer confidence in her; he knows she would not uphold him in this new crime; and so, with caressing words, and probably with some caressing act, he answers her:

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed."

How could she suspect his real meaning? This murdering hypocrite had just told her that Banquo was coming to the feast that night, and bade her be jovial, and said to her,

"Let your remembrances apply to Banquo,  
Present him eminence both with eye and tongue."

And this he proposes to her after having just left the murderers whom he has hired to waylay and kill Banquo, and entertaining no real doubt in his mind that Banquo will never reach the supper—certainly never reach it unless his plot miscarries. Well might she "marvel at his words." What follows is full of poetry and wickedness; but it is plain that he was a mystery to her now, a riddle which she could not read.

The banquet-scene now comes, and Macbeth, believing that he has secured the death of Banquo and Fleance, is happy, until the murderers come in and tell him that Fleance has escaped. This upsets him:

"Then comes *my fit* again: I had else been perfect:  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;  
As broad, and general, as the casing air:  
Now I am cabin'd, cribbed, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears."

So he poetises his condition, for superstitious fears always inflame his imagination; but he cannot regain his composure; his "fit" is on him, as "it hath been from his youth." He conjures up the phantom of Banquo to threaten him and his throne, and this ghost shakes him with superstitious terror. Lady Macbeth, to whom it is invisible, rouses herself at this; and not only not comprehending these starts and flaws of fear, but having a contempt for him, endeavours to recall him to himself by sharp words; but it is useless, his fit will not leave him, and the company is dismissed in confusion. When they have gone, Lady Macbeth's spirit and courage, which were momentary, have fled. She does not taunt him, but soothes him. He, as soon as he

recovers himself, begins with Macduff, whom he also means to murder :

"Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd."

To this she only says, not imagining his meaning,

"You lack the season of all natures, sleep."

Henceforward Lady Macbeth disappears; we hear nothing of her save in the terrible sleep-walking scene; she is dying of remorse. But Macbeth goes to the weird sisters, to learn whether "Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom." They answer, "Seek not to know:" and he cries out, "I *will* be satisfied; deny me this, and our eternal curse fall on you." And when they show him the issue of Banquo, kings, he is enraged beyond control, and curses them. Henceforth for him no hesitations, no delays. He speaks directly enough now. From this moment,

"The firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;  
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool ;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool :  
But no more *sights* !"

And no more *sights* he has ; but he is still haunted by fears. And when "the English power is near, led on by Malcolm, his uncle Siward, and the good Macduff," burning for revenge, Macbeth's spirit falters. He rushes into violent rages and then subsides into vague fears, and then endeavours to strengthen his heart by recalling the mysterious promises of the weird sisters that he shall not fall by the hand of any man of woman born, or before Birnam wood come to Dunsinane; but, do all he can, "he cannot buckle his distempered cause within the belt of rule," though he declares,

"The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear."

Still he does fear; and in one of his dispirited moods, after blazing out at the messenger who tells him of the approach of Birnam wood,

"The devil damn the black, thou cream-fac'd loon !  
Where got'st thou that goose look ?"

He says, finding that there are ten thousand men coming to attack him, and his followers are not stanch :

"This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough : my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf :  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny."

But in a moment he is himself again, and cries :

"I'll fight till from my bones the flesh be hack'd.—  
Give me my armour."

In this mood the illness and death of the queen is nothing to him: he fights bravely to the end; though, superstitious to the last, "his better part of man" is cowed by the knowledge that Macduff "was from his mother's womb untimely ripped," and so not of woman born.

And so, by the sword of Macduff, perishes the worst villain, save Iago, that Shakespeare ever drew.

We have called the witches the projections of Macbeth's evil thoughts, and suggested that they were only objective representations of his inward being. To this it may be objected that they were seen also by Banquo. But this may well be; for Banquo also seems to have had evil intentions, which are vaguely hinted at in the play. He constantly harps on the idea that his children are to be kings. Approaching the castle of Inverness at night, before the murder of the king, he says:

"Hold, take my sword. . . .  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep :—Merciful powers !  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose !—Give me my sword."

Meeting then Macbeth, he gives him the diamond sent by the king to Lady Macbeth; and after speaking of Duncan's "measureless content," he says :

"I dreamt last night of the weird sisters:  
To you they have shown some truth."

At which Macbeth proposes an interview, to

"Spend it in some words upon *that* business."

To which he readily consents.

The "cursed thoughts," then, are connected with his dreams about the weird sisters.

At his next appearance the same thoughts agitate him in Macbeth's palace at Fores. His first words are—in soliloquy—

"Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,  
Thou play'd'st most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more."

When it is recollected that, after this scene on the heath with the soldiers, these are nearly all the words we have from Banquo, it seems to be pretty clearly indicated that his thoughts at least were not perfectly honest and what they should have been.

The weird sisters are but outward personifications of the evil thoughts conceived and fermenting in the brains of Banquo and Macbeth; both high in station, both generals in the king's army, both friends, and both nourishing evil wishes. They are visible only to these two friends; and though they are represented as having an outer existence independent of them, they are, metaphysically speaking, but embodiments of the hidden thoughts and desires of Banquo and Macbeth: as such they are a new and terrible creation, differing from the vulgar flesh-and-blood witches of Middleton. They look not like the inhabitants of the earth; they vanish into thin air; wild, vague, mysterious, they come and go, like devilish thoughts that tempt us, and take shape before us, as if they had come from the other world. The devils that haunt us and tempt us come out of ourselves, like the weird sisters of Macbeth.

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ART. III.—HEALTH OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT HOME  
AND ABROAD.

*Report of Commissioners on the Sanitary Condition of the Army.*  
Parliamentary Proceedings. 1858.

*Report of Commissioners on the Sanitary State of the Army in India.*  
Parliamentary Proceedings. 1863.

*Army Sanitary Administration, and its Reform under the late Lord Herbert.* By Florence Nightingale. 1862.

*Sanitary Condition of the Army.* By the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert. 1859.

*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* Vol. clxv., pp. 966 et seq. 1862.

*Mortality of the British Army.* Illustrated by Diagrams and Tables.  
Prepared by Miss Nightingale.

To a people whose civil rights are secure, whose political liberties have been long established and are now beyond the reach of imaginable danger, whose Government provides them peace and order, and among whom the administration of justice is prompt, efficient, and beyond suspicion, it would seem that scarcely any subject of public importance remains which concerns them more closely, or ought to interest them more vividly, than the condition of the army which defends their homes and is recruited from their ranks. It is the guardian of their national security; it is intrusted with the vindication of their national honour; their power and grandeur, the extension of their empire, the maintenance of their influence in the councils of the world, the protection of their citizens in distant lands, depend in the last resort upon its efficiency; they are taxed for its support, and taxed to such an extent that every man of property, and almost every consumer of ordinary commodities, actually feels the burden. Of an Englishman's annual contributions to the *active* expenditure of the State, about three-fifths go to the military and naval forces of the country. All classes are concerned: the army is recruited from the lower class; it is paid, clothed, and fed by the middle class; and it is officered from the higher class.

Again: if there be any section of the community whom we are bound by every motive to care for with the greatest vigilance, on whose condition the best forethought, the keenest science, the most conscientious moral consideration, should be ceaselessly and anxiously brought to bear, it is the army. And this for three

special reasons. The soldier is a peculiarly valuable, a peculiarly costly, and a peculiarly helpless animal. If he be not courageous, stubborn, admirably disciplined, and thoroughly effective, he may be the cause of much turbulence and mischief at home, and our dearest and highest national concerns will suffer—nay, even our national position and security may be endangered. Of all our creations he is, when perfect, that in which the best result is produced out of the poorest materials. Most recruits are drawn from the class of whom all communities are ashamed and afraid. The finished first-rate British soldiers, into whom such recruits are often formed, are citizens of whom any community might be proud. The process is a costly one, so costly and so troublesome that the article, when produced, ought to be hoarded almost like a gem. A thoroughly trained and disciplined soldier, any thing like a veteran, takes many years to create, and costs about 100*l.* every year. He is worth all that and more when obtained and perfected; but if he dies or is squandered, the raw recruit who is to replace him is comparatively of the scantiest value. Then, again, of all classes there is none whose individuality is so completely merged and taken from him as the soldier. Every thing is ordered for him, every thing is done for him; he is allowed no will of his own; the place in which he is to sleep, the food he is to eat, the clothes he is to wear, the mode in which he is to employ every moment of time, are all regulated for him by absolute decree; he may not murmur, he may not remonstrate, he may not give an opinion, he is never taken into council; he is at the total and despotic disposal of another; he is literally and almost dreadfully at the mercy of the ignorance, caprice, injustice, temper, or want of consideration of his immediate superior. We need scarcely point out what a terrible weight of responsibility this absorbed and dictated existence imposes on those superiors, and how heavy is the sin of those who from selfishness, or thoughtlessness, or avoidable errors, or obstinate ignorance and wilfulness, or bad passions, or any other defect, either neglect their duties or abuse their powers. Those who have fellow-creatures so utterly and helplessly dependent upon them ought of all men to be most unselfish, most vigilant, most scrupulously considerate and just.

But this is not all. The life of the British soldier is an unnatural one,—actually to a sad extent, necessarily perhaps to a great extent. At the age of the most imperious passions he is precluded from marrying save in rare exceptions; at the age of temptation he is thrown where temptations are rife, and where there is little or nothing to counteract them, among hundreds of others as weak, as ill-educated, and as tempted as himself; at a most impressive period of life he is removed from

domestic influences, and submitted to barrack influences; at the age of activity and mobility of mind he is subjected to a daily routine rife with the most dreary and killing *ennui*,—divided between tedious formalities and absolute inaction. Probably nothing could go far to counteract the evil effects of this unnatural life except war and work; but war comes seldom, and work our military authorities appear resolutely, and, as we believe, insanelly and wickedly, to oppose.

“It must be remembered that an army is a body to which the state stands in peculiar relations. It is the instrument by which the state protects itself, and for this purpose of protecting the community the army—and the same remark applies to the navy—is placed in circumstances of life which are totally different from those of the rest of the community, and are quite exceptional and abnormal. There can be no doubt that the natural life of man is domestic; as a rule, every grown-up man in town and country has his wife and children about him. The army is cut off from this domestic state, and put into a wholly artificial form of life. We mould our instrument exactly according to our own uses, without reference to the wants within the instrument itself, the natural individual requirements of those whom we use as our instrument. There can be no doubt that we *must* have a standing army, and that an army cannot be a community living in a domestic manner. But this being the case, the state is certainly under peculiar obligations to these men, whom it thus uses as one great corporate tool. It places these men, entirely for its own convenience, in circumstances of the greatest peril to themselves—peril moral and physical. These men, who are no better than the rest of the community, and a certain proportion of them very wild and impulsive fellows, must either exert such a command over their passions as belongs to philosophers—we might almost say anchorites—or they fall into vice, and, with vice, into terrible disease. That is the alternative which the state puts before them. The alternative is undoubtedly a hard one, a very hard one; and the power which imposes it upon them is under an obligation, as a matter of common benevolence, to see that it does not work more mischievously than can be helped; that it does not produce a greater amount of disaster than by reasonable expedients it can be restricted to. The state has brought these men together, has placed them in this abnormal and eccentric condition, has made them its own instrument for one great purpose. Having made the life of these men, then, thus irregular and exceptional, and exposed them to peculiar danger, the state is especially bound to look after their health, to counteract the bad causes at work as much as it can, and to reduce the source of disease to the

smallest possible dimensions. We can hardly think of immense physical evil, and of physical evil brought on to a large extent by our own arrangements, made in subservience to the necessities of the community, but still our own arrangements, without feeling that we are bound to take all the precautions possible to modify this evil. Society at large must look after itself, its temptations are of its own raising, and it has no right to expect the state to look after it; but here is an exceptional body, a creature of state necessity. It has peculiar claims on the state. If remedial hospitals, then, devoted to the reception of an unfortunate class, can largely modify this danger and diminish the root of disease in the army and navy, there can be no serious objection to the state supporting such institutions in the quarters where they are wanted."

Well: all subjects have their innings in England sooner or later. Sooner or later Englishmen always awake to their duties and responsibilities. And some years ago they did awake—some of them at least, and the late Sidney Herbert among the first—to a sense of the condition of the soldier, to a perception of how much they owed him, and how little they had paid. A searching inquiry was instituted into the matter, especially in reference to his health and comfort, and the result was sufficiently startling. Since then the matter has not slept, and the Blue Books just issued on the "Sanitary State of the Indian Army" are the last consequence of the public attention which was aroused some years ago. Before examining these, however, we wish to recall to the recollection of our readers the facts in reference to the mortality of the English army at home which came to light in 1859, and the practical effect which has followed those disclosures. The various publications we have placed at the head of this article give us ample materials for a very definite picture of the state of affairs; which is appalling enough.

The idea which naturally occurs to the uninformed mind, when the mortality of the army is mentioned, is that soldiers die because they are killed; that they are slain in battle or die of their wounds; and that it is their *métier*, a natural concomitant of their profession, thus to end their days. Nothing can be further from the truth. It has been stated by the sanitary reformers, with Mr. Chadwick at their head, that during all our Napoleonic wars, which lasted on and off for twenty years, we only lost 19,000 men upon the field; and the statement, startling as it is, was authenticated by reference to official documents, and, so far as we are aware, has never been contradicted. Sidney Herbert reminds us that of 405,000 French troops that crossed the Niemen to invade Russia in 1812, only

55,000 re-crossed it five months afterwards; and that of the balance of 350,000 lost, only 54,000 fell of killed and wounded at Borodino, and not more, it is believed, than 46,000 in minor actions. Miss Nightingale shows in carefully constructed tables that in the Crimean war, which lasted two and a quarter years, and included one of the most disastrous sieges and three of the hardest battles we have ever fought, the aggregate annual mortality among our troops reached 22·78 per cent—only 3 per cent of which came under the denomination of violent deaths. Lastly, it appears from the Report of the Royal Commission just published, that even our bloodiest wars in India seldom raised the average mortality more than from 70 to 84 per 1000, or in former days from 90 to 117. “Out of 9467 men dying among regiments in India prior to the mutiny, or sent out in 1857-58, only 586 were killed in action or died of wounds”—scarcely more than 6 per cent. Our soldiers die of disease, and of preventible disease; and they die—or at least used to die—at a fearful rate—far faster than any other class of their countrymen. Yet they ought to be peculiarly healthy. They are all picked men, and are subjected to a rigorous medical examination before they are borne upon the rolls; they have the best medical attendance gratis; and they are clothed, lodged, and fed at the cost of the nation, and with no sparing of expense, as our annual estimates testify. The following comparison, which we extract from Sidney Herbert’s paper, gives the main facts:

*Annual Deaths per 1000 of Men at the Soldiers’ Ages.*

London fire-brigade . . . . .	7·0
Metropolitan police . . . . .	7·6
Navy on home stations . . . . .	8·8
City police . . . . .	8·9
Healthy districts of England . . . . .	7·7
Agricultural labourers . . . . .	8·0
All England . . . . .	9·2
Twenty-five large towns . . . . .	12·0
Household cavalry . . . . .	11·0
Dragoon-guards . . . . .	13·3
Infantry of the line . . . . .	18·7
Foot-guards . . . . .	20·4

The mean rate of mortality of the entire army was 17·5 per 1000. Thus the British troops—a body of men out of whom all diseased and ill-organised subjects have been carefully eliminated to begin with, and who enjoy the special supervision of the state—die twice as fast as average Englishmen, and more than twice as fast as policemen and other selected bodies; while

the Foot-Guards, the finest and most carefully chosen of all our troops, die faster than any other, and nearly three times as fast as the corps commanded by Sir Richard Mayne, which lives in the same city and performs nearly the same duties.

The causes of this excess of mortality were easily discoverable, and were clearly pointed out, and the existence and tolerated continuance of them were in the highest degree discreditable to the authorities. We have no intention of doing more than simply enumerate them. It was shown that the food of the soldiers, though ample in quantity and not defective in kind, was so unvaried as to become almost unsanitary, through monotonous insipidity; their daily life was so dreadfully idle and irksome as to affect materially the vital energies; they had few duties, little amusement, and no work; and, as a natural result, intemperance and debauchery were their habitual resources, and the number always in hospital from syphilitic affections was enormous. But the *teterrima causa* was the condition of the hospitals and barracks, and mainly the bad construction and defective ventilation of the latter. The degree to which the most ordinary and best-established principles of *hygiène* had been perpetually neglected in these buildings, when once made public, appeared utterly incredible.

The late Lord Herbert perceived the full importance of the subject, and devoted his whole energies, both in and out of office, to the rectification of the evils which had been brought to light: and among all his assistants in this great work none were more efficient or more indefatigable than Florence Nightingale. It is scarcely too much to say that the life of the one and the health of the other have been sacrificed in the soldier's cause. The success which has attended their exertions has been signal and most encouraging. By simply following out the plainest rules of health, by carrying common sense and common science into the daily routine and daily *entourage* of the soldier's life—though regular and full work, the most efficient of all sanitary influences, is still withheld through the irrational prejudices prevalent in high quarters—they have succeeded in reducing the mortality of the troops at home *below* that which obtains in ordinary civil occupations, instead of being, as formerly, more than double. The annual deaths per 1000 among the infantry of the line *was* 18, it *is* now  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ; the rate among the English male population between fifteen and forty-five years of age is  $9\frac{3}{4}$ . Sir G. C. Lewis, in moving the army estimates in March 1862, gave the following most encouraging contrast between the present and the past. More attention has been paid to cleanliness and ventilation in barracks; marriage has been less discouraged; hospital and medical at-

tendance has been improved; clothing and diet have been amended; and recreations of various sorts have been provided; and the result has been as follows:

*Annual Deaths per 1000 among Troops serving at Home.*

	1830-36.	1859-60.
Household cavalry . . . .	14	6
Cavalry of the line . . . .	15	7
Royal artillery . . . .	15	6
Foot-guards . . . .	21	9
Infantry of the line . . . .	18	9

*Annual Deaths per 1000 Soldiers in the Colonies.*

	1837-56.	1859-60.
Gibraltar . . . . .	13	9
Malta . . . . .	18	14
Ionian Islands . . . . .	16	10
Bermuda . . . . .	35	11
Canada . . . . .	17	10
Jamaica . . . . .	60	17
Ceylon . . . . .	39	27

In a word, before the Crimean war we *murdered* our troops at home, by mismanagement and neglect, to the number of more than 2000 annually. The deaths in fifteen years, 1839-1853, were 58,139; they ought only to have been, and would now be, 16,211. In those years, therefore, official ignorance, incapacity, and carelessness *slew* 41,928 trained soldiers, and kept at least an equal number constantly in hospital; costing the country a sum probably not less in that period than 5,000,000*l.* sterling.

What has been done in Great Britain and in the Colonies may be done, on an equivalent scale, in India also; and reform is even more needed there than here, for that country will henceforth be, in all likelihood, our chief military field, and the great drain upon our recruiting powers. From 70,000 to 80,000 men we shall require always to maintain there, and at times even more. The lives of our soldiers, therefore, in India are peculiarly valuable, and hitherto seem to have been peculiarly disregarded. The commission issued by Lord Stanley in 1859 has not reported one hour too soon; but it has reported well, and in great detail. It has laid before the public a series of facts which will arouse the most painful interest, and it has concluded its labours with a number of practical recommendations, which the circumstances it has brought to light naturally suggest and irresistibly enforce.

It was to be expected that nearly all the causes of military sickness and mortality which prevail at home would prevail in India in an aggravated form. The climate is dangerous in itself, and neither official vigilance nor official skill and knowledge are likely to be increased by distance from home. Of course, therefore, the mortality in regiments stationed in the East was sure to be much greater than at home, for India is dangerous even to civilians; but *how* much greater the public could scarcely have anticipated. The deaths in the British army at home were 17 per 1000; those in the British troops serving in India for forty years averaged 69 per 1000; of which, according to Sir A. Tulloch, about 10 per 1000 were attributable to our wars. That is to say, the mortality was four times greater than among soldiers in England, and eight times greater than among ordinary Englishmen at the soldier's period of life. But this is not the whole extent of the mischief; for it appears that out of an aggregate force of 73,000, nearly one-twelfth, or 5880 men, are always in hospital, which is about six regiments out of *seventy*. Now, as the commissioners show conclusively that both the sickness and the mortality might be reduced to the rate which prevails among civilians in India, it follows that the excess of sickness is equal to a loss of 3800 men, and the excess of annual deaths is equal to 3500 men; that the two together amount to the strength of more than *seven* entire regiments, and that the cost thus incurred to the public is not short of 800,000*l.* per annum.

The Commissioners first explain their grounds for assuming why the rate of mortality might be vastly reduced, and then enumerate the causes which make it now so high. It is excessive, it is gratuitous, it is clearly not attributable to unavoidable influences of climate, because it varies enormously at different stations in India, among different ranks, and in different occupations. Thus, "the station at Trichinopoly is within the tropics, in Southern India, and is reckoned one of the hottest to which troops are exposed. The mean temperature is 82°." Yet the rate of mortality per 1000 was 44 for 19 years, 31 for 11 years, and only 20 for the last 4 years (1850-1853) of which we have returns. "Crossing the Ghauts, we come to Cannanmore, low on the Malabar coast, where the rain-fall is 140 inches, and the temperature still tropical; the mean rate was 21 per 1000 for 10 years." At Bangalore it was 20; at Belgaum, where it used to be 28, and even 41, it has fallen to 19; at Kirkee it ranged from 6 to 19; and at Poonah from 11 to 26. Now compare these figures with those recorded of the various stations on the Ganges, by the unhealthy delta of which river all the Bengal regiments enter India, and in which they con-

tract diseases which they carry with them to other districts. At Fort-William the mortality was 102 per 1000 during 10 years, and for longer periods has seldom ranged below 60 or 70. At Dumdum it was 77; at Chinsurah 54 and 70; at Dinapore 78; at Cawnpore from 66 to 91; at Meerut from 32 to 44. The Calcutta stations are naturally the worst. "The 29th regiment of foot arrived in India on July 29, 1842, and was stationed at Chinsurah, where it lost 106 men before April 1843. Proceeding to Ghazeeepore, it lost 158 men one year, and 260 the next." It then went into a bloody campaign, and lost 190 more in action. It remained in India 17 years, losing 1091 men in that time, of whom one half died in the first three years.

The health of the officers is far better than that of the rank and file. Yet they are not originally more carefully selected or endowed with better constitutions; and they are subject to the same severe heat, and to perhaps even greater exposure, and certainly to more anxiety. While the soldiers die at the rate of 69 per 1000, the officers only die at the rate of 38 per 1000; and even this proportion varies greatly in the several presidencies, and in the two divisions of the army. Thus, among the military officers of the Company, the annual mortality was 31 for Bengal, 39 for Bombay, and 45 for Madras. Among the officers of the Royal army, it was 34 in Bengal, 33 in Bombay, and 36 in Madras. The case of the civil servants of the Company is still more instructive. They are as a rule pretty hard-worked men; they have often to sit whole days together in crowded courts; they are dispersed over all districts, and generally in the same stations and towns as the military men with whose sanitary condition theirs is brought into comparison, and of course the climate is just as trying and insalubrious to civilians as to soldiers. Yet their death-rate has only averaged, for a long series of years, 20 per 1000; or, to give it more in detail, it ranges from 20 to 41 according to age, in the Bengal presidency; from 24 to 26 in Bombay; and from 14 to 18 in Madras. The Commissioners therefore conclude, and we think with perfect justice, that "the experience of the civil service, of the military officers, and their wives and children, of the English troops in many stations, and of the native troops, proves that in the present state of India the mortality of the British troops there can be reduced to the rate of 20 in 1000. Any excess beyond this is due, not to the climate, but to other causes."

What are these causes? There seems to be little doubt and little difference of opinion on this branch of the subject, either among the experienced witnesses or the judicial Commissioners.

The bad influences to which the excessive military mortality in India is to be attributed are very obvious, very powerful, all greatly mitigable, and nearly all removable with time, care, sense, and science.

1. In the first place, it is found that very young soldiers suffer most and die fastest in the climate of Hindoostan, and that the longer a man stays there, the more severely does the climate tell upon him. Nearly all observers agree on this point, which may be considered to be established beyond dispute. Every year the soldier becomes less and less able to resist the enervating combination of heat and moisture. He becomes enfeebled by it, not inured to it. The Commissioners, therefore, recommend that in future no recruits shall be sent out under the age of 21 years, that they shall complete their drill at home, and, in order that they may arrive in good health, that they shall be shipped so as to reach India in November, and that no spirits, but only malt-liquor, shall be served out to them during the voyage. It is also thought desirable that, as a rule, service in India should not be prolonged beyond ten years.

2. The locality and the construction of the barracks in which the troops are placed are unanimously pronounced to be the most fatal influences to which they are exposed. It appears that most of the military stations were not *selected* at all, in any intelligible meaning of the word, but were retained and made permanent simply because they chanced to be the spots on which the troops were first landed or located, or where temporary accommodation was most easily found. Others were chosen for purely strategic or political reasons, without the slightest reference to sanitary considerations, and without any consultation with the medical authorities, and have since been kept up, as those in the West Indies were for so long a period, in spite of every warning, and from pure stupid and wilful inertia. It happens, therefore, as might be anticipated, that a great proportion of these stations "are situated in low, damp, unhealthy positions, deficient in means of natural drainage, or on river-banks, close to unwholesome native cities or towns." A more careful selection of the locality for our barracks is therefore the first point to be attended to. "Hill stations" are strongly urged by Sir Ronald Martin; and no doubt, as a rule, these have been found more healthy, *cæteris paribus*, than those on the plains, though by no means invariably so; but political and military authorities both agree that, in order to hold the country and govern it effectually, not more than one-third of our whole force could be stationed in the hilly districts, properly so called. This, however, would of itself be a vast resource, by reason of the frequent reliefs of enfeebled or invalided regiments which it

would render possible. Independently, however, of such stations, an immense change might be effected by removing the troops who must continue to be stationed in the plains to the *highest ground in the vicinity* of their duties and their dangers, instead of (as is often the case now) placing them in the lowest and the worst. It appears that such moderate elevations are to be found scattered over even the flattest parts of India, and a very few thousand, or even hundred, feet are sufficient to rise out of the malaria of the plains, as well as to afford facilities for thorough drainage and sewerage, and other sanitary arrangements. Many of the most pestiferous stations might probably be abandoned at once.

At the same time the Commissioners declare that it is not easy to pronounce what stations are necessarily and inherently insalubrious, since nearly all are surrounded by removable and gratuitous sources of disease. The description given of the beastly and wretched condition of the generality of the stations, and the ground immediately around them, is actually sickening and most disgraceful. The filth from both camps and towns is allowed to soak into the soil, and thus to poison both the air and the water for acres and for miles around;—and this in a moist climate and under a tropical sun! Indian cities are proverbially nasty, British camps in India appear not to be much better; the two together would seem to be carefully contrived hot-beds of pestilence. The following is the summary given in the Report:

“The towns and bazaars in the vicinity of lines are in the worst possible sanitary state, undrained, unpaved, badly cleansed, often teeming with offensive and dangerous nuisances; with tanks, pools, and badly-made surface-gutters, containing filth and foul water; the area overcrowded with houses put up without order or regularity; the external ventilation obstructed, and the houses overcrowded with people; no public latrines, and every square plot of ground covered with filth in consequence; no water-supply, except what is obtained from bad shallow wells and unwholesome or doubtful tanks. These towns and bazaars are the earliest seats of epidemics, especially of cholera, before their ravages extended to the European troops in the vicinity.

*None of the stations have any subsoil drainage;* and there are no other means of removing the rain-fall except surface gutters. The ground about the lines is often broken up in pits and hollows filled with stagnant water, or it is traversed by unwholesome ravines or nullahs. In certain states of the weather and wind, nuisance is experienced in the lines from these causes, and from the foul state of neighbouring native dwellings. Many of the older stations are irregularly built; and the buildings are so arranged as to interfere with each other's ventilation.”

In all these respects the hill stations are often as bad as those on the plains. The Simla stations, as well as some of those in

the Neilgherries, are disgraceful. At Simla, which should be the sanatorium of India, "the 'conservancy' is described as having been as bad as could be; the ravines full of dead animals and the ordure of many thousand natives. There are no public conveniences. The water supply was scanty, and liable to pollution. The effluvia from the ravines was as strong as on going into a sewer." . . . "At Mount Aboo (in the Simla group) the barracks are erected in a malarious gully; at Nynce Tâl, 7600 feet above the sea, the huts have been built in a narrow defile, where the earth is damp, and a perfect marsh during rains, and where the huts are exposed to violent gusts of wind. The bazaars are filthy and overcrowded. There are neither drains nor latrines, and the stench is at times overpowering, causing nuisance in the barracks." Generally speaking, the hospitals are about as ill-situated and ill-drained as the barracks. Was there ever such a sinful state of things?

3. The barracks in which the troops in India reside are stated to be, almost without exception, constructed in either simple ignorance or in open neglect of the most recognised and rudimentary principles of *hygiène*. "Raising the floors (says the Report), with free passage of air underneath, is necessary not only to avoid malaria, but to avoid damp, in flat or low-lying districts, where there are small natural facilities for drainage. The stational returns show that the barracks throughout India have been constructed without reference to this primary condition of health. While it is a native habit to sleep only on upper floors, in order to avoid malaria, the European soldier, who is a much more susceptible subject, has all along slept at or near the level of the ground. The usual mode of constructing barrack-floors has been to raise a plinth a foot or two in height, *to fill up the space with earth* or some other material, and to lay the floor upon it. . . . Major-General Goodwyn states that he knows of only one instance (at Calcutta) in which the barracks are raised above the ground; and that he considers the absence of arcaded basements as a great fault; they should be raised at least twelve feet from the ground."

Having provided for the barracks being damp and malarious, the next care of our military authorities appears to have been to provide for their being ill-ventilated. Now bad ventilation—the necessity for breathing insufficient or vitiated air—is noxious and enfeebling in any country: in a climate like that of India it is simple poison. It is found impossible to secure a flow of pure air into the rooms, especially during the night, if the rooms are above a certain size and contain above a certain number of men. "The healthiest of all sleeping-rooms are those which, like the huts of the native troops, contain only one or

two people, because they are so easily ventilated. Whenever the number of inmates exceeds 20 or 30 per room, it is practically far more difficult to ensure fresh air, and beyond that number it soon becomes impossible. Sad experience has proved that long rooms, like passages, with 100 or more persons sleeping in them, may become highly dangerous during epidemics, and absolutely pestilential if occupied by sick." Yet nearly every barrack in India, even the most recent and those built on the most admired models, has been constructed in open defiance of this warning. Among the smallest rooms are those at Mean Meer, a new station, and these are 48 feet long by 24 wide; at Secunderabad they range from 124 to 274 feet long; at Allahabad they are 335 feet long; at Trichinopoly 1000 feet; at Fort St. George, Madras, there is one 2124 feet long. In rooms like these the only choice is found to lie between breathing a thoroughly impure air, or lying in a thorough draught—either alternative about equally fatal. Then, again, the natives, we have seen, seldom sleep more than two or three in a room; at home the barrack-rooms rarely hold more than ten, fifteen, or twenty men; but at Secunderabad they hold 104; at Allahabad 100; at the Dalhousie barracks, at Fort William (the newest of all), 306 men; at Fort St. George 400 and 600.

4. After this, we shall not be surprised to learn that the supply of water—which next to air is most essential to life and health—is in the Indian barracks almost invariably inadequate in quantity and bad in quality. The water in India is seldom very good or very abundant; when not obtained from the rivers, it is collected in tanks, or drawn from shallow wells, twenty or thirty feet deep. To many of our stations it is conveyed by bullocks, and often in skins. It is usually full of impurities and organic matter, to a degree which scandalises even men accustomed to our London element. The water from shallow wells is in most countries impure—in India particularly so. The nasty habits of the natives aggravate the evil both in well and tank water. The obvious remedy is to sink wells of sufficient depth, and to filter all suspicious water before use;—and these precautions the Commissioners urge should be insisted on in future. Better cooking and more careful clothing are also recommended as likely to be attended with the happiest results.

5. We now come to the moral causes of the excessive sickness and mortality of the troops in India—intemperance, debauchery, and ennui. We will take the last first, as one of the chief inducements to the others. No one who reads the following passage can wonder that the British soldier in India is both drunken and licentious:

"There is no period of military service in which the soldier is thrown more upon his own resources, and has fewer opportunities of employing them advantageously, than during his service in India. He rises at gun-fire, attends his parade or drill, over soon after sun-rise. He then returns to his barrack, and during the hot season he is not allowed to leave it till late in the afternoon. At one o'clock he consumes a large amount of both animal food and vegetables, porter (perhaps a quart), and spirits. He has few or no means of occupying himself rationally. He lies on his bed and perhaps sleeps most of the day. He has his evening parade or drill, and his turn of guard-duty once in every five, seven, or ten days. Even at home this kind of regimen would be far from conducive to health. In India, both physically and morally, it helps to destroy health in men in the prime of life, with abundance of nervous power to dispose of.

The whole of this unwholesome proceeding is considered necessary for preserving the soldier; but it is not considered necessary to subject the officer to the same ordeal. He goes about, and even goes shooting, not only without detriment, but with great advantage to health, for the officers are much more healthy than the men.

The men's amusements, such as they are, are always connected more or less with drink; and they are every where most deficient in amount. The men suffer much from ennui. For all practical purposes, they are entirely idle, and they complain of what they feel every where, 'the weary idleness' of their lives, and that so little has been done in the way of giving them occupation.

The want of exercise, and a coincident high rate of sickness and mortality, falls most heavily on the infantry. The cavalry regiments and artillery, who have, one way or other, much more physical exertion to undergo, are much more healthy."

Now soldiers are rarely reading men, and though libraries and reading-rooms ought, no doubt, to be provided for them, and to a certain limited extent have been, yet we cannot say that we anticipate any vast improvement from the acquisition of this sort of recreation. Nor will the artificial contrivance of theatres do much. Gardens they might have, and do have occasionally; and the slight practical difficulties in the way might easily be overcome. But two things might and ought to be provided, and between them would do much to remedy the evil complained of—the insupportable irksomeness of life. The soldiers ought to be allowed and encouraged, and even made to work, and they ought to be subjected to gymnastic training. The value of this last resource can scarcely be over-estimated. It would render the soldier a far more valuable man professionally. Indeed, without it he is and must remain professionally very imperfect. The French understand this well; and their picked troops go through almost the training of athletes and acrobats. Gymnastics, too, would harmonise well with the soldier's tastes and habits. Both the evidence

and the Report are very clear and strong upon this head. Such discipline would be popular as well as salutary, and would supply the exercise so much needed. All the best officers agree that there need not be, and should not be, any strict confinement to barracks; even shooting should be encouraged—indeed, any activity and any amusement that is innocent. Wherever this system has been tried, as Colonel Greathed shows, it has been attended with the best results. It is clear, too, that work should be both encouraged and rewarded. There can be no reason why the soldier should not employ those long hours during which he is now absolutely idle and useless in labouring for himself and his regiment, in working at some trade, in producing articles wanted by the troops,—such as cabinet-making, shoe-making, iron-work, &c. We quite agree, moreover, with those witnesses and Commissioners who would extend this permission still further, and employ the men, wherever practicable, in out-door work—in building, carpentering, road-making, &c. If they were paid for it, they would like it; and they would become instantaneously incomparably more moral, more contented, and more sober. This is no mere theory: the trial has already been made in some districts, and has succeeded admirably. Every barrack in the Punjab has a workshop attached to it.

Intemperance would diminish enormously and rapidly with the introduction of employment and recreation. At present the soldier in India is driven to drink by the insupportable irksomeness of his idle hours, and encouraged to drink by the canteen system, as it is called, under which spirits are provided for the soldier, and brought close within his reach, on the plea that if the authorities did not supply him with good liquor, he would buy worse stuff from the natives. The Commissioners, while admitting the difficulty of the case, are of opinion—in which they are supported by much testimony—that if, instead of spirits, malt-liquor, acidulated drinks, and light wines, were provided in ample quantities at the cantonments, the consumption of ardent spirits would be much reduced, and that, whatever the original cost, the diminution of sickness among the men would render the measure one of wise and certain economy.

6. The next point is a matter difficult to deal with, both in life and on paper. A very large proportion of the disabling sickness which prevails in the Indian army arises from debauchery. Nearly one-fourth of the men in hospital are there for syphilitic affections. Altogether, one-third of the entire force is said to suffer from this class of disease, viz.—345 per 1000 in Bengal; 314 in Bombay; and 249 in Madras. Not only are the soldiers thus temporarily rendered useless, but they are often permanently invalided by this wretched malady,

and may trace their premature death by other diseases to the enfeebling of their constitution by this one. Now, as long as the great majority of the army consists of young and unmarried men (and we suppose it must always consist of such), no one appears to believe that the licentious habits from which these disorders spring can be effectually cured. But all military witnesses and authorities agree that much might be done to mitigate the evil. In the first place, a greater number of the men might be allowed to marry, and to have their wives accompany them. It is purely a question of trouble and expense; or rather of trouble only, for every one bears testimony to the fact, that the married soldiers are by far the steadiest and most healthy; and the extra cost, therefore, would be more than counterbalanced by the increased efficiency and the diminished sickness of the force. At present the number of married soldiers who have a claim to accommodation in the barracks for their wives at home is six per cent. In India the proportion has been augmented to twelve per cent. The best authorities advise a still further enlargement of the limit up to 25 per cent, and the provision of better quarters for the women. Considerable reduction in the severity of the scourge might also be secured by the establishment of lock hospitals under strict and cogent regulations. But, as General Jacob declared, moral forces alone are of much value, and these must act both slowly and, for the most part, indirectly. Occupation, instruction, and recreation, brought within the soldier's reach, urged upon him, and made agreeable to him, would do more than any thing else to reduce the force of those temptations to illicit indulgence which now entail such deplorable results. Licentiousness and intemperance would be brought within much narrower limits than at present, if the men could employ their time pleasantly and profitably without being driven by the *tedium vite* to the brothel and the canteen.

To sum up the whole: three or four points are made perfectly clear by the Report of the Commissioners, and by the other authentic documents to which we have referred. *First*, That the excessive mortality and sickness which has hitherto prevailed in the Indian Army taxes our recruiting power to a dangerous extent, and may make it a very difficult matter to maintain there a sufficient force for the security of our dominion. *Secondly*, That this excessive mortality might, with absolute certainty, and with no insuperable difficulties, be removed in India, as it has been among the British troops serving at home and at other foreign stations. *Thirdly*, That it would pay splendidly to introduce the needed sanitary reforms. And, *fourthly*, That the simplest dictates of common sense, common

justice, and common morality, demand that we should set about the incumbent and very feasible work without an hour's delay. The guilt of manslaughter on a portentous scale will lie at the door of all who can be fairly chargeable with either neglect, opposition, or avoidable procrastination.

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ART. IV.—MR. FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

*History of Federal Government.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Vol. I. General Introduction; History of the Greek Federations. Macmillan & Co.

To the reader of a work on a subject of great and permanent interest there is something very unsatisfactory in the impression that it has owed its origin to the excitement of events passing at or immediately before the time when it was written. And it must be confessed that a title-page which begins with "History of Federal Government," and ends with the date 1863, is not unlikely to convey this impression. It is, therefore, with no common pleasure that we notice the disclaimer which Mr. Freeman has placed in the opening sentences of his Preface:

"I trust that no one will think that the present work owes its origin to the excitement of the War of Secession in America. It is the first instalment of a scheme formed long ago, and it represents the thought and reading of more than ten years. All that late events in America have done has been to increase my interest in a subject which had already long occupied my thoughts, and, in some degree, to determine me to write at once what might otherwise have been postponed for some time longer" (p. ix.).

Nor is it possible to read Mr. Freeman's volume carefully without feeling that in this statement he has done himself no more than justice, and that what he has written is the product of substantial learning and independent research. Thus in the discussion of the characteristics of federal government, which precedes the more strictly historical part of the book, the opinions which he expresses are formed on much broader grounds, and deserve a much larger measure of our respect, than the hasty diatribes, either in favour of federalism or against it, with which newspapers and pamphlets have made us only too familiar. And if in the course of the history itself allusions to modern politics are occasionally unduly frequent, it is much rather of

references to French imperialism than to American federalism that we have to complain.

The present volume is apparently the first of a series of four, devoted respectively to the histories of the four greatest federal commonwealths which the world has yet seen: the Achaian League, the Confederation of the Swiss Cantons, the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, and the United States of America. Mr. Freeman tells us that his object is "to exhibit the actual working of federal government in ages and countries widely removed from each other;" and he proposes, while considering in detail only the preëminent four which we have mentioned, to complete his treatment of the subject by giving some account of the minor federations, of which history presents so many examples to us. Thus with the Achaian League he couples notices, first, of the imperfect federal unions, or attempts at federal union, which existed in Greece in the pre-Macedonian times; secondly, of the numerous federations of the Macedonians in the federal period (as it may fairly be called) of Greek history; and lastly, of one outside the limits of Greece proper, the Lycian League, the independence of which dates from the fall of the kingdom of Macedon, and lasted to the reign of the Emperor Claudius. Similarly, with the Swiss Confederation he proposes to join the Hanseatic and other German leagues of the middle ages; and with the great American union the hitherto unsuccessful federal unions which have been formed in imitation of it in various parts of Spanish America. The only federations omitted from this list are those of ancient Italy, of which, however, the nature and institutions are, as Mr. Freeman may justly plead, too obscure to be treated historically.

We are not disposed to underrate the interest attaching to the theory of federalism. But it may well be doubted whether that interest is sufficient to give unity to a work comprising four such different subjects as the history of federal Greece, of Switzerland, of the Netherlands, and of the United States. To us this seems a weak point in Mr. Freeman's extensive plan. The single point of resemblance, the federal form of government, is not in itself of such overwhelming importance, and cannot so far counterbalance the innumerable diversities in the national life of these great republics, as to make it easy for us to look upon them simply as manifestations of one and the same political phenomenon. All that interests us most in each of them is peculiar to it; to make their histories into one, by means of the principle of federalism, seems arbitrary and unnatural. Nor is it only this want of unity of which we complain; for, after all, the want of sufficient connexion between the four

volumes of a work is a very tolerable evil. We could well be content to receive from Mr. Freeman four separate histories each complete in itself, and we should willingly allow him to bind them together, if he pleases, by a slender thread of federal ideas. But it is, as we conceive, in the execution of the separate parts of his design that he is placed at a very serious disadvantage by the nature of the object which he proposes to himself. Such, at least, is certainly the case in the volume before us. A history of the Achaian League, written to illustrate federal principles, is not the history of that league which English readers will care to have. The period during which the league existed is one well worthy the pains of the writer and reader of history; and one, though only one, of its claims to attention is that in it, for the first time, we meet with an important and successful development of federal institutions. It may even be admitted that more of direct political instruction is to be obtained by regarding it from this point of view than from any other. But while few will care to open a history of Greece during the Macedonian period, in order to study in it the uncertain outlines of imperfectly known federal institutions; a comparatively numerous class will be attracted by the melancholy interest with which we must ever regard the closing scenes of Hellenic independence. Again, the minor confederations of ancient Greece, those of Phocis, Acarnania, Epirus, and Boeotia, are of interest and importance to the scholar who wishes to have the whole history of Greece before him; but surely they yield no lessons to the student of federal polity, who can derive but little edification from the scanty and imperfect accounts we possess of their constitutions. To scholars we can confidently recommend the pages which Mr. Freeman has devoted to the Amphiktyonic council, and to the place of Boeotia in Greek history; but we can hardly imagine that any searcher for political instruction will find that his conception of the actual working of federal institutions is rendered any clearer by them. When we have been told that the fate of Boeotia is a warning against the danger of allowing an over-powerful capital in a federal state, and that the Lycian League was the only federation of ancient times which adopted the simple plan of giving to cities of unequal size unequal numbers of votes in the national assembly, we believe that we have learnt the only lessons on federal politics which are to be found in a considerable, and far from uninteresting, part of Mr. Freeman's work. Nor can we but expect that in other parts of his great task, Mr. Freeman will find himself equally embarrassed by having to write from a federal point of view of important events in which federalism plays but an accidental part. One exception, indeed, we must

make to this remark. The United States of America, owing to their isolated position on that continent, have experienced but few external embarrassments, while, in consequence of the political and social diversities originally existing among them, aggravated by their rapid and unequal development, they have never been free from abundant sources of internal disturbance. Thus a history of federal government in the United States will tell us all that we most care to know concerning them, and, indeed, will come very near to a complete history of the nation. But a history of federal government in the Netherlands, if it be strictly confined within the limits which the title prescribes, will certainly miss all that most interests us in a people whose place in the world's history cannot be said to depend on the peculiarity of their internal polity. The heroic struggles of the Dutch against Spain and France for existence, and against ourselves for maritime dominion; the religious and literary activity of the days when they printed for all Europe; the growth of their commerce and colonial empire,—these are things which have but a remote connexion with federal government, and which even singly, and much more taken together, surpass in interest and importance all the political knowledge we are likely to derive from the most luminous exposition of the details of the Dutch constitution.

"As a historian of federalism" (writes Mr. Freeman, in words which seem to us to imply a consciousness of the difficulty in the task before him), "I look to every thing mainly as illustrating or not illustrating the progress of federal ideas. I dwell upon events, or I hurry over them, not according to their intrinsic importance, but according to their importance for my particular purpose. I have disposed in a line or two of battles which were of high moment in the history of the world, and I have dwelt at length on obscure debates and embassies, when their details happened to throw light on the Achaian constitution, or on the mode of proceeding in the Achaian assembly. It so happens that much of the information most valuable for my purpose comes in the form of details of this kind, which a general historian would, naturally and properly, cut very short" (p. x.).

It is a consequence of the intention which is here so frankly avowed, that Mr. Freeman is occasionally led to rely too much on the knowledge of his readers, or, at least, on their spirit of research. Every educated Englishman can read a constitutional history of England with pleasure and with profit, because he is sufficiently acquainted with the general history of his country, which is the framework of its constitutional history. But a constitutional history of the Achaian League, unless it be accompanied by and intermingled with a general history of the period, can only be approached by the readers of Polybius and Plutarch,

or at least by those who are willing to take the pains to prepare themselves for it by a preliminary reference to Bishop Thirlwall's eighth volume. We cannot but regret that Mr. Freeman should have moulded his work in a form calculated to diminish so seriously the number of his readers. The extent to which the histories of Bishop Thirlwall, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Merivale are read by persons who are not scholars by profession, shows that there is nothing in classical history, even when treated with the profoundest research and the greatest fulness of detail, which is repulsive to the educated feeling of our days; and it is a pity that Mr. Freeman should have missed the opportunity of doing for the federal period of Greece what Mr. Grote has done for its earlier and greater days. Fortunately, however, as we think, for his readers, he has not found it possible to adhere quite rigorously to the principle laid down in his preface; and the spirit and animation of the considerable amount of direct narrative which he has given us (it occupies nearly one-half of the volume), only make us regret the more the lacunæ which here and there he somewhat arbitrarily leaves in it.\* We venture to hope that in Mr. Freeman's second volume he will find it still less practicable, than in his first, to be simply the historian of Federalism. We believe we are right in asserting that the history of Switzerland (excepting a few brilliant passages here and there) is a sealed book in England; and as we do not know of any English work to which Mr. Freeman can refer his readers for information on the affairs of Switzerland, as he does to Bishop Thirlwall on those of Peloponnesus, we trust that he will be tempted to write a history of Switzerland for us himself.

Mr. Freeman's introductory discussion of the characteristics of a federal government is conceived throughout in the spirit of a historian, and not of a jurist. His definition of a perfect federal government comes to this, that it is one in which each member of the federation is sovereign in all internal matters, and the federation is sovereign in all external matters. For the purposes of history we believe that this definition, if rightly understood, will be found sufficient. But the use which is made in it of the term "sovereign" is open to some objections. It raises the very difficult question, "what is the sovereign power in a federal state?" a question which, for the right understanding

\* For example, Mr. Freeman purposely omits to give us any account of the brilliant adventures by which Aratus liberates Sicyon and Corinth. It is a little hard upon the reader, unless he happens to be in a library, to be told that "the Greek of Plutarch, the German of Droysen, and the English of Thirlwall are enough." Besides, the omission is important, as bearing on the character of Aratus for skill and courage; for Mr. Freeman gives us the details of his failures, and thus an impression unduly adverse to him is created.

of the history of some federations, it is quite unnecessary to raise, and which in the case of very many it is quite impossible to answer. And unfortunately the answer which the definition suggests is untenable. It recognises a plurality of sovereignties—that of the federal government, and those of the component states—within the federation; and this consequence of his definition Mr. Freeman explicitly admits. "The sovereignty is in fact divided; the government of the federation and the government of the state have a coördinate authority, each equally claiming allegiance within its own range" (p. 15). The coexistence of coördinate authorities under a common superior is a matter of every-day occurrence, and presents no speculative or practical difficulty; but it hardly needs the irrefutable logic of Mr. Austin to convince us that the coexistence of two independent sovereignties in the same state implies a contradiction in terms.\* A state, on entering a federation, either retains its sovereignty or relinquishes it; for sovereignty is a thing which cannot really be divided,—it cannot be half relinquished and half retained. If the states of a union retain their separate sovereignties, they do not form a composite state, or a true federal union, at all, but are simply a confederation (intended to be permanent) of independent states; in a true federal union the sovereignty resides not in the individual states, but in the aggregate of the states. But it is difficult to apply this abstract doctrine (which has the high authority of Mr. Austin) to the federations we meet with in history. It would probably reduce the number of true federal unions to a very few; and it would certainly compel us to class either with mere confederations or with consolidated states, states the whole political history of which has the closest analogy to that of states certainly federal. It is also specially inapplicable to ancient times, not only because our knowledge of the constitution of ancient federal states is too imperfect to admit of our applying it, but also because it would seem that the importance of the question of sovereignty in a federal union had not (in ancient times) as yet made itself practically felt; although, as we see from the *Politics* of Aristotle, the nature and attributes of sovereignty had been, by him at least, carefully considered.

A set of Greek independent communities, in forming themselves into a league, had, we may be quite sure, a clear conception of the motives which induced them to take this step; but they are very likely to have had no clear conception of its legal effect on their position as sovereign states. The league was intended to be permanent; it was also intended that the common government should have the sole management of foreign

\* Austin's *Province of Jurisprudence determined*, cap. vi.

relations, and that it should not interfere with the domestic affairs of individual states. That these points should be secured by the constitution of the league was the important object. Probably none of the states intended to relinquish its sovereignty; but probably also no one thought of inquiring whether that sovereignty had or had not been relinquished. Nor was the inquiry likely to be of practical importance until a time came when a state seceded, or when it was proposed to introduce an amendment into the constitution. And we may add, that in ancient times even an act of secession would not go very far to raise the question of sovereignty; for whether a seceding state were sovereign or not, the league would equally make war upon it,—in the one case for a breach of treaty, in the other for rebellion; a distinction which, in the state of international law in those days, may well have seemed evanescent. On the other hand, we have unfortunately no record of any amendment to the constitution of the Achaian league, with which we are so much better acquainted than with any other Greek federation. The result on the whole probably was, that, conscious of subjection to a double government, the people divided their allegiance in very uncertain proportions between the two. If circumstances fostered a tendency to union, the sovereignty of the individual state may have come to be wholly forgotten, and that of the league to be admitted as supreme; if disintegrating influences prevailed, the state governments were always there, ready to resume the authority they had delegated to the federal government. In the particular case of the Achaian league, it would appear that the consciousness of imminent peril from powerful neighbours occasioned, on the part of the majority of the Achaian people, a gradual transference of their allegiance from their respective states to the league; a transference which no doubt was greatly facilitated by the circumstance, that in Greek democratic communities the sovereignty always resided in a general assembly of all the citizens, and that the legislature of the league was such an assembly. We cannot imagine that before the Cleomeneic war Aratus could have attempted, in carrying out a course of federal policy, to partition a loyal state of the league. Yet this Philopœmen, a generation later, did at Megalopolis. If this measure was carried out without the consent of Megalopolis (and any other supposition seems inconceivable), it must have been done by the sole authority of the general assembly of the Achaian states; from which we may safely infer that at the time in question that assembly regarded itself, and was regarded by the people, as sovereign in the states as well as in the league. But it is not in the leagues of the ancient world alone that we find the allegiance of the people

wavering between the state and the federation. Of this we have ample evidence in the Sonderbund war of Switzerland, and in the American war of secession. Probably at this moment the idea which a citizen of New York, or even of Berne, forms of the government under which he lives, is in most cases adequately represented by Mr. Freeman's phrase, however illogical we may think it,—a divided sovereignty. And it is precisely because the interpretation which the popular feeling of a nation puts upon its constitution is at least as important in its history as the more accurate interpretation of it which would be given by a jurist, that we accept Mr. Freeman's definition, with all the vagueness which he has intentionally left in it, as more really applicable to the facts of history than the precise and carefully-reasoned statement of Mr. Austin. Nevertheless, it is not uninteresting to observe how the progress of political experience has forced more and more clearly on federal statesmen the conviction that a federation cannot "serve two masters," and that it is requisite, for the preservation of its institutions, to define clearly the political body or bodies in which the sovereignty is vested. The fifth article of the constitution of the United States of America\* gives the ultimate power of altering the constitution to a majority of not less than three-fourths of the states; and it cannot be doubted that the effect of this article is to substitute for the sovereignty of the separate states the sovereignty of the aggregate of them. Similarly, in the constitution of Switzerland now in force, the power of altering the constitution, and with that power the sovereignty of the Swiss Confederation, is given to a majority of the cantons and a majority of the Swiss people.† Thus, in the United States the sovereignty resides in a body which is wholly distinct, not only from the legislatures of the individual states, but also from the federal legislature; whereas the Demos at Athens, and the Queen, Lords, and Commons in England, combine the ordinary functions of a legislature with the exercise of sovereign power. Hence the necessity in the United States for a supreme federal court,—an institution which has no parallel either in Athens or in England. It is necessary in the United States to prevent the legislature from usurping the sovereign power, or, which is the same thing, from making laws which change or violate the constitution. And this necessary check

\* "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this constitution; or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments: which amendments in either case shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as parts of this constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, or by convention in three-fourths thereof."

† This is the effect of arts. 111-114 of the Swiss Constitution of 1848.

is provided by the institution of a court, which may be said to represent the sovereignty of the nation, so far as it can be represented by a judicial tribunal, and which has the right to pronounce acts of the federal legislature or of the state legislatures illegal, and to direct the inferior tribunals to disregard them. By this memorable institution the constitution of the United States is differenced not only from non-federal states, but also from the less perfectly organised federations of ancient times. It is at least certain that we find no trace of any such institution in the Achaian League; nor, indeed, can there have been any room for it there, if we suppose the sovereignty of the league to have resided in the general assembly, which formed the federal legislature. We wish to direct attention to this circumstance, because Mr. Freeman (who, in his comparison of the Achaian constitution with that of the United States, chiefly fixes his attention on administrative arrangements) has omitted to take notice of it.

It has been proposed to divide federations into two classes: those in which the federal government acts on the people only indirectly and through the state governments, and those in which it acts directly and independently of the state governments. Theoretically the distinction is of little importance, because the authority of the federal government may be greater under a constitution of the first than under one of the second kind; and also because it is possible that neither of the two principles may be adopted to the exclusion of the other. For example, the taxes may be federal, and the military force may be raised by requisitions from the federal government to the state governments. It is therefore certainly erroneous to confuse this distinction with that other and more important distinction between a composite state and a confederacy of states. Nevertheless the practical experience of the American confederation of 1778, which preceded the Union of 1787, clearly showed that it was impossible, at least under the circumstances of that country, to make the federal government a reality to the people, so long as its action upon them was only exerted through the state governments. We may therefore, on the whole, agree with Mr. Freeman's judgment, though it is a little vaguely expressed, that "the real difference between the two classes is, that the one is a good, the other a bad, way of compassing the same objects" (p. 12). To show how really ignorant we are of the constitution of the Achaian League, and of the other leagues of ancient Greece, we may observe that it is impossible from the evidence before us to decide to which of the two classes they belonged. We know indeed that the Achaian League had a federal revenue, but we do not know whether this revenue was raised

by federal tax-collectors or by requisition to the different towns. Perhaps, however, we have the less reason to be surprised at our want of information on this head, when we remember how imperfect our knowledge is of the fiscal arrangements of the ancient world. We know that the league had a federal army; but the vague phrases of Polybius\* do not enable us to conjecture in what manner this force (so far as it consisted of a militia, and not of mercenaries) was levied upon the different municipalities. We should have been glad to have known something of the courts of judicature in the Achaian League, but on this subject our authorities are silent. We certainly hear nothing of federal courts, any more than of a supreme federal court. Polybius indeed tells us† that the union of the Peloponnesians was so complete, that they had the same laws, the same weights, measures, and currency, the same magistrates, senators, and judges. But we believe that in this passage Polybius is speaking not of the Achaian League in the days of its independence, but of the Roman times, when, after the nominal restoration of the constitution, the union was probably more perfect than it had ever been before.‡ It is hardly conceivable that, while the feeling of city independence was in vigour, Corinth or Megalopolis would have admitted a federal jurisdiction within its domain. The strength of the tradition in Greece in favour of "autonomy" would rather lead us to imagine that the Achaian League adopted the less perfect form of federal administration, in which the action of the federal government is only indirect. But it is probable that this imperfection, if it is to be considered as such, tended to impair the federal unity much less than was found to be the case in the American confederation of 1778. In a territory so small as that of the Achaian League, the federal government came much nearer to every man's home; and besides, the league was almost always at war, and we know that in military

\* Lib. v. 91.

† Lib. ii. 37,—Freeman, p. 259; and compare Polyb. ii. 62 and iv. 32.

‡ The league, however, had a federal coinage during the period of its independence. The coins were struck by the cities, but were all of one type; the copper coins, for example, having on one side a full-length Zeus Homagyrus holding a Victory, with the name of a magistrate generally at full, and on the other side a Demeter Panachaia seated, with the names of the Achaians and of the coining city, thus—ΑΧΑΙΩΝ ΚΟΡΙΝΘΙΩΝ. The magistrates whose names appear are municipal and not federal officers, so that numismatic evidence does not help us to complete the list of the generals of the league. But it supplies many names to the list of cities: thus we learn from coins the names of six of the townships separated from Megalopolis by Philipæmen, and united as independent cities with the league. We learn also from coins inscribed ΑΧΑΙΩΝ ΠΑΤΑΙΩΝ, ΑΧΑΙΩΝ ΕΛΙΦΑΣΙΩΝ, that Pagæ and Eliphasia had similarly been separated from Megara and Mantinea respectively. In all, there are about forty cities of the league, of which federal coins are extant. (See the truly excellent Essay on Greek Federal Coinage, which Mr. Leicester Warren has written for the express purpose of illustrating Mr. Freeman's work.)

affairs the authority of the general of the league was supreme. There is a remarkable passage in the *Federalist*, which Mr. Freeman has taken for the motto of his volume: "Could the interior structure and regular operation of the Achaian League be ascertained, it is probable that more light might be thrown by it on the science of federal government than by any of the like experiments with which we are acquainted." We feel that so long as we are obliged to give purely conjectural answers to questions such as we have been here considering, the *desideratum* of the *Federalist* remains a *desideratum* still, and that we must not entertain exaggerated expectations of the political lessons to be learned from institutions which have to be completed by guess.

But, after all, the most important question that can be asked with regard to any form of government is, whether it is calculated to promote the well-being of its subjects; and Mr. Freeman has done well in addressing himself principally to this question, though perhaps we have a right to complain that he has a little neglected in its favour some legal and constitutional points. His theory is, that federalism is a compromise between the systems of large and small states; an effort to secure, so far as possible, the advantages and avoid the disadvantages of both; and the pages in which these advantages and disadvantages are enumerated are among the most interesting in the volume. The comparison evidently reduces itself to one between the political system of Greece in its best days, and that with which we are familiar in modern Europe. Such a comparison has of course often been attempted before, but we do not know where we can find it drawn out with so much completeness, or with greater impartiality and care. It is perhaps the favourite bias of Mr. Freeman's taste to compare continually remote parts of history with one another; and what he is so fond of doing he naturally does extremely well. His account of the Greek conception of "an autonomous city community" is well worth reading, even after the lavish illustration which the subject has received from Mr. Grote. Some points in the working of the constitution natural to an independent town community are placed by him in a clearer light than even by that great historian.

That the great advantage of the Athenian constitution was the high intellectual and political education which its operation conferred on all Athenian citizens has often been pointed out; and the words of De Tocqueville, quoted by Mr. Freeman (p. 40),—"C'est en participant à la législation que l'Américain apprend à connaître les lois, c'est en gouvernant qu'il s'instruit des formes du gouvernement,"—are applicable with tenfold force to the Athenian. But it is a somewhat hazardous step to compare the political education which an Athenian might derive from attend-

ance at the meetings of the assembly with that which a member of the House of Commons receives by virtue of his parliamentary position. Nevertheless, Mr. Freeman succeeds, we think, in showing that, in one respect at least, the former had the advantage of the latter. The existence of a ministry in modern representative constitutions, coupled with the system of government by party, practically takes the responsibility of deciding on almost all very important questions out of the hands of individual members of the legislature. Many most important acts of the administration are never submitted to the House of Commons beforehand; the House has only the power of approving and disapproving after the fact; and the effect of a vote of disapproval is probably simply to remove ministers from office, and not to obtain a reversal of what has been already done. Thus it comes that the cases in which a member of Parliament has to express a really independent opinion are not usually questions of the highest national importance. He has to decide whether he will keep a ministry in office; and this decision he practically makes once for all when he decides on the party to which he will belong. Widely different from this was the position of the Athenian in the Pnyx. He sat there not to approve or disapprove of the policy of officers of state, but to give them directions as to the policy they were to pursue. The Demos had of course the power of electing its officers, and held them responsible for their conduct in office; but it did not trust its interests to their discretion in the same way in which those of a modern state are intrusted to its cabinet of ministers. It discharged itself many of the functions of a government as well as of a parliament. It listened to its officers, but it also listened to, and often preferred, the plans proposed by private citizens, without its being thought in the least necessary for its officers to resign, and indeed without its being implied that they had forfeited the confidence of the nation. One striking instance of this is presented by the case of Nicias, who, after opposing the Sicilian expedition to the uttermost, was sent himself to command it; and sent too with every mark of popular confidence. Such an occurrence would be impossible in our days, whose political morality will allow a soldier, but not a statesman, to carry out measures of which he disapproves. But it is clear that the Athenian's position required a greater and more frequent exercise of his private judgment; he had to judge for himself of important questions, perhaps affecting the highest interests of the state, each on its own merits; while, no less than the English member of Parliament, he had the advantage of hearing all that could be said on either side by great orators and statesmen.

Mr. Freeman, however, does not forget the dark side of the picture. It may fairly be questioned whether a town community is more liable to internal revolutions than a larger state; and whether its revolutions are, in proportion to its size, more sanguinary than those which are enacted on a larger scale. Except in this one respect of scale, there is not much to choose between the Corcyraean revolution described by Thucydides, and the scenes of the Reign of Terror. But there can be no doubt that a system of independent town communities is more liable to foreign war than a system of larger states; and that in a system of the former kind war produces an incalculably greater amount of misery in proportion to the number of the belligerent populations. The tendency of a system of large states, as the experience of modern Europe shows, is to confine the worst evils of war within limits increasingly narrow. There has been a tendency in recent times to strain to the utmost every point of public law affording protection to non-combatants. And this has been done not so much, we may fear, from an increasing reverence for principles of right, as from a conviction that such a course is in the long run for the interest of all; and in large states the calculations of interest are powerful enough to make themselves heard, in some measure, above the passions which produce war and are produced by it. On the other hand, the public law of a system of small states is less open to humanising influences. Struggles between neighbouring city communities are for life or death, not for dominion—the injuries received and inflicted on either side are such as are felt by the whole people—and the passions roused far surpass in intensity the national hatreds of which we have any experience in the present day. In Greece, the rights of non-combatants had absolutely no existence, under a public law which at least tolerated the killing of the adult male inhabitants of a conquered town in cold blood, and the selling of the women and children into slavery. It is of course difficult to estimate how much of the great improvement which has taken place in this respect is due to the influence of Christianity, and how much to that diminution of the bitterness of the passions of war which is consequent on the substitution of large states for single cities. But we cannot doubt that Mr. Freeman is right in attributing much importance to the latter cause.

Between these two political systems federal government occupies a middle place. It proposes, so far as possible, to combine the local and municipal independence, which a small state or a town community guards so jealously, with the external and massive strength which is characteristic of a large state. Of course this combination is, rigorously speaking, impossible. The

individual state on entering the federation relinquishes its sovereignty, or promises not to exercise it; and the resulting federation is weak as compared with a consolidated state, though strong as compared with the isolated units which it has absorbed into itself. But, in truth, federations are formed, not upon any calculation of a balance of advantages or disadvantages, but from the strongest of all possible motives—the instinct of self-preservation. A federation is the natural, and even the only, resource of small states threatened by the proximity of larger ones. The leagues of the federal period of Greece owed their origin to the fact that the independent city communities had come in contact with large states, and that they must either unite or perish. Consolidation was impossible, as well as repulsive to the old feeling of the nation; they could do nothing but form a league. This, no doubt, is the explanation of the fact, that federalism became as characteristic of Greece during the Macedonian period as town autonomy had previously been. In like manner, the origin of the Swiss and Dutch leagues is attributable simply to the fear of their Austrian and Spanish enemies. The American colonies, after the War of Independence, must have felt that a union of some kind was essential to their preservation. There is something almost unmeaning in a discussion of the strength or weakness of the principle of federalism. It may be weakness as compared with consolidation, but it is strength compared with total disunion; and, above all, it is the only possible course by which a system of smaller nations can maintain their independence in the presence of more powerful enemies—a condition of things which has over and over again occurred in the world's history.

Mr. Freeman complains more than once that the federal period of Greek history is neglected in England. If this complaint refers to English scholars, so few works on ancient history are published in England, that it is very hard to say whether any one part of it has been more neglected than another. We are not a learned nation, nor is this generation a learned generation. And yet, what with Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Freeman, we think as much has now been done for the federal period as can be expected from the not very numerous body of English scholars. But if the meaning of the complaint is, that the history of federal Greece forms no part of English classical education, the fact is undeniable—Polybius is not read in English schools and universities. But we are not prepared to concede that a change in this respect is desirable. If Polybius is to be read, at least let it be the Punic wars, and not the affairs of Greece, that we may be sure of having a great subject, even if we have not a great author. The truth is, that there is an im-

measurable inferiority in the later as compared with the earlier Greece. The causes of this inferiority may be obscure, but the fact itself is certain. All that has made Greece the admiration of the world and the teacher of the world ceases, with a surprising suddenness, within a generation or two at most from the beginning of the Macedonian ascendancy. On this point it is impossible not to sympathise with Mr. Grote as against Mr. Freeman. It is not a question of Greek democracy against Greek federalism, but of national greatness against national mediocrity. We find the same sudden falling-off in art, in poetry, in eloquence, in philosophy. The last name of commanding greatness in the long catalogue of Greek sculptors is Lysippus, and Lysippus is not Phidias or Praxiteles. "The list of mighty poets is made up" when the names of Theocritus and of the masters of the new comedy have been added to the roll. After Demosthenes and his contemporaries there is not a single orator who can be named beside them. After the founders of the Stoic school (and the speculation of the Stoic school is feeble compared with Plato or Aristotle), philosophy dwindles more and more. It is singular that science, which had begun latest, survived longest. The old man who defended Syracuse against Marcellus, and who perished at its capture, was probably the last of the many Greeks whose lives have marked an epoch in the intellectual development of mankind. The history of Greece is no longer the history of a people unrivalled among the nations of the world for its fertility of men of genius; it is the history of a people which is resplendent only with the light reflected on it from its past. The Greece which created human civilisation is gone; we have instead a race of men able indeed to preserve and to appreciate, but unable to increase the intellectual wealth transmitted to them by their forefathers. Outside of Peloponnesus there is not during the whole federal period a single general or statesman whose name is worth preserving from oblivion. Inside the Isthmus there is not quite the same blank: we have the Spartan kings Agis and Cleomenes, and the Achaian generals Aratus and Philopœmen,—all four deserving to be placed where Plutarch has placed them, by the side of their great countrymen in former generations. Many incidents which we find in Polybius and Plutarch show that, if the genius of the people was gone, the old "greatness of heart" was still to be found here and there among them. No one can read the story of the death of Agis, or of Cleomenes and the Spartan exiles who accompanied him to Egypt, without feeling that the true Spartan spirit had revived in them, rendered perhaps less rugged, but not less devoted, by the softening influences of an increased civilisation. Nor are the simple words

with which Philopœmen takes the cup of poison unworthy of the last of the Greeks, or of the pupil of a school of philosophy which had learnt from Socrates how to die. But, notwithstanding individual instances of true nobleness, it is clear that the spirit of the people, as a whole, had sunk deplorably. And it is in this, even more than in the want of great men, that the inferiority of federal Greece manifests itself. The Achæians, it is true, never sank to the depths of degradation into which Athens had now fallen. But the spirit by which they were animated at the best of times was never comparable to that of the great Athenian days. They seem to have cared much for good government, but much less for that perfect independence from their powerful neighbours without which national greatness was an impossibility. Above all, they do not seem to have felt the duty and necessity of fighting for themselves; or that freedom is, and can be, nothing if men are not willing to defend it with their own hands and at the risk of their own lives. They paid mercenaries in an enormous disproportion to their citizen forces. We hear, on one occasion, that the troops voted for the year were 10,000 mercenaries and 3300 citizens. They were only too ready to get a king to fight for them, even when they had to pay and support his army. Doubtless Aratus was a bad teacher for them; but the Athenian people in their best days would never have learned the evil lesson. One useful political quality the Achæians did possess—that of keeping a great leader when they had found him; and for this they receive and deserve the approbation both of Polybius and of Plutarch. But this quality did not depend on the simple appreciation of greatness; there was a kind of docility in it which is not a national merit of a very high order. It led them to obey the call of Philopœmen, when, a generation too late, he tried to rouse the martial spirit of his countrymen. But it also led them to cleave to Aratus through a course of policy which was fatal to their independence; and at last it led them, at the bidding of men like Critolaus and Diæus, to rush headlong into a war with Rome. Of all historical speculations, the most worthless are those on what might have been; but, without risking any such conjectures, it is at least certain that, in an age when it was universally felt that union and vigour alone could preserve the independence of Greece, the Greek nation displayed but imperfect tendencies to union, and but little vigour. And what vigour they did display was against themselves, and not against their enemies; not a single exploit of Philopœmen was directed against the external enemies of Greece. The growth of a Panhellenic spirit is clearly visible all the time; the misfortune is, that it grew too slowly, and that, with the Macedonian and the

Roman at their gates, the Achaian League and Sparta could not keep from an internecine war.

The comparison between the "Greece of Thucydides" and the "Greece of Polybius" naturally suggests to Mr. Freeman a comparison between Thucydides and Polybius themselves.

"Thucydides never went out of the immediate Greek world ; but for his fortunate exile, he might never have gone out of the dominions of Athens ; his reading was necessarily small ; he spoke only one language ; he knew only one form of political and civilised life. But an inborn genius, an intuitive wisdom, a life spent amid the full youth and freshness of the first of nations, set him at once above all who have come after him in ages of greater experience. Polybius, on the other hand, is like a writer of our own times ; with far less of inborn genius, he possessed a mass of acquired knowledge of which Thucydides would never have dreamed. He had, like a modern historian, read many books and seen many lands ; one language at least besides his own must have been perfectly familiar to him ; he had conversed with men of various nations, living in various states of society and under various forms of government. He had himself personally a wider political existence than fell to the lot of any historian before or after him. The son of a statesman of Megalopolis, he could remember Achaia a powerful federation, Macedonia a powerful monarchy, Carthage still free, Syria still threatening ; he lived to see them all subject provinces or trembling allies of the great municipality of Rome. In his youth he bore to the grave the ashes of Philopoimén, a Grecian hero slain in purely Grecian warfare ; he lived to secure some little fragments of Grecian freedom as contemptuous alms from the Roman conqueror. A man must have lived through a millennium in any other portion of the world's history to have gained with his own eyes and his own ears such a mass of varied political knowledge as the historian of the decline and fall of ancient Greece acquired within the limits of an ordinary life" (p. 226).

For our part, we should be disposed to put the contrast briefly thus : Thucydides is a great historian, a great thinker, and a great writer. Polybius is a good historian, a feeble thinker, and an indifferent writer. There is, therefore, much in Mr. Freeman's estimate of him with which we cannot agree. To recommend an ancient historian to the notice of modern readers because he had read many books and seen many lands, and because he was perfectly familiar with one language at least beside his own, is to suggest a comparison between ancient and modern historians which is not likely to turn out to the advantage of the former. But it is undeniable that Polybius lived in an age of great events, that he was an eye-witness of some of them, and that he had had himself experience of the transaction of affairs — advantages of which we should, perhaps, have thought more highly, if there were not something offensively self-sufficient in

his consciousness of them, and in his criticisms on less fortunate historians. His one transcendent merit is, that he is careful to ascertain the truth, and to tell it when he has ascertained it; he is not only a great authority when we have others beside him, but he is also of incalculable value to us as our only authority for the history of many important events. His style is free from rhetorical affectation, but it is often cumbrous and unpleasant. He is perfectly destitute of imagination, yet his use of language is certainly not remarkable for precision. His reflections are commonplace, and withal pedantically expressed, even when they are just; and they are not always just. Perhaps, of all writers of a reputation comparable to his, he is the one to whom the words "inborn genius" are the least applicable. There is also something in the tone of his history not altogether creditable to him. That he should regard with complacency the condition of his country under the Romans; that he should look upon it as the crowning result of the lives and labours of Aratus, Philopœmen, and Lycortas, argues indeed that "utter absence of all merely sentimental patriotism" for which Mr. Freeman elsewhere gives him credit. Plutarch tells us that when an orator in the Achaian assembly was insisting on the necessity of a policy of subserviency to Rome, Philopœmen interrupted him with the exclamation, "Man, why do you hasten to look upon the fate of Greece?" The youth who carried the ashes of Philopœmen to his tomb lived to look upon the fate of Greece, and thought it the best thing that could have happened.\* Again, it is certain that in his history of Achaian affairs he is not exempt from partiality. If his account were the only one that had reached us, we should never have recognised the noble patriotism of Cleomenes, and we should never have suspected the grave faults in the public character of Aratus. The policy of the latter in the Cleomenic war placed the Achaian League at the mercy of the Macedonian kings, yet it is represented by Polybius as a masterpiece of diplomatic skill, without the slightest inti-

\* This feeling of Polybius would be inexplicable, if we did not bear in mind that the result of the Achaian war with Rome, though fatal to the city of Corinth, and though leading to the temporary dissolution of the league, did not in a technical sense deprive the Greek communities of their freedom. "If we look to the formal sovereignty of the free communities, it must be granted that the position of Greece was not altered in point of constitutional law by the events of the year 146 B.C. It was a difference *de facto* rather than *de jure*, when, instead of the Achaian League, the individual communities of Achaia now appeared by the side of Rome as tributary protected states." Mommsen's *History of Rome*, book iv. cap. 1, note.—[Engl. Trans.] We must remember also that Polybius was the legislator of the Achaian cities, and that he naturally looked with favour on the work of his own hands. Of the catastrophe itself, as opposed to the restoration which followed it, he speaks in terms which imply perhaps too keen a perception of the demerits of his countrymen, but which, on the whole, do him no dishonour. See the Vatican Excerpts, lib. xxxviii.

mation that it was even misdirected. The wide discrepancy, with respect to that policy, between the judgment of Polybius on the one hand, and of Plutarch and nearly all modern historians on the other, cannot be explained by the Achaian or Megalopolitan patriotism of Polybius; it is simply a result of that imperfect perception of moral greatness, or, indeed, of any moral element in human affairs, which is conspicuous in his history. The passage in which he justifies the infliction of death by torture on the Argive Aristomachus, is perhaps a fair example of the worst faults of which he is capable. It is evidently prompted by a desire to criticise the historian Phylarchus; it is historically disingenuous, inasmuch as the fact is half admitted and half denied, and inasmuch as the charge against Aristomachus, which is alleged in justification of his punishment, is, as Mr. Freeman has shown, of very questionable truth; while the vindication of torture at all is unworthy of Greek humanity, and reminds us that Polybius was a Romanised Achaian, and accustomed to the barbarity of Roman punishments. In striking contrast to all this, it is impossible not to admire the impartiality of his attitude with regard to the Roman power, the establishment of which in the world is the subject of his history. It is to him simply a great fact, the causes of which he does his best to analyse. "In all great matters," says Mommsen, "he has no interest for one state or against another, for this man or against that." This is true, if we remember that with Mommsen, Achaian matters, and others standing on the same level, are not great matters.

If Mr. Freeman overvalues Polybius, he makes up for it by undervaluing Livy. Thus he tells us that "there are several narratives in Livy which are translated from Polybius to the best of Livy's small ability." He is "tempted to believe that Livy had never heard of either Aratus till he came to the events of B.C. 208." The temptation to which Mr. Freeman has in this instance succumbed we do not quite understand; but we must admit that Livy blunders when, speaking of the year B.C. 195, he tells us that Sparta had been subject to tyrants *per aliquot ætates*; the truth being that Sparta at that time had been subject to tyrants for about thirty years. Other charges of Mr. Freeman's against Livy do not seem so clearly made out. It is surely unfair to infer from the words "*Eleorum accensi odio quod à cæteris Achæis dissentirent*," that Livy had an "idea that Elis was a state which had seceded from the Achaian League," and to ask, "What can he have found and misunderstood in his Polybius?" Elis had never as yet belonged to the Achaian League, and therefore the expression "*cæteris*

Achæis" is strictly speaking incorrect; but we submit Livy's obvious meaning is the truth, that Elis sympathised with the enemies of the Achaian League. We deprecate altogether the fashion of decrying Livy which has set in since the time of Niebuhr, though we do not hold Niebuhr responsible for it. There are few historians indeed whose character for accuracy would stand the microscopic scrutiny which it is occasionally in our power to bring to bear on Livy. We would remind Mr. Freeman that he himself has made it very probable that his favourite Polybius has confounded the Argive Aristomachus, whom we have already mentioned, with one of his predecessors, and that he has thus attributed to the Aristomachus who was put to death by torture a crime which he never committed. Yet this error in a Peloponnesian historian would imply far greater carelessness than Livy's incidental confusion of the great Cleomenes with one of his successors.

We have already had occasion to observe how imperfect our knowledge is of the constitution of the Achaian League. Like the constitutions of the United States and of the Swiss Confederation, it must have been formally enacted and accepted by the cities of the league at some definite period of its history. Unfortunately for us, this original treaty of union has not been preserved, and we have to infer its provisions from incidental notices in Polybius, Livy, Plutarch, and Pausanias. One source of difficulty in the attempt to put these notices together is, that they relate to very different periods of Achaian history; and it is possible that the constitution may have undergone modifications more or less important. Another is, that Polybius (himself an Achaian statesman, and perfectly familiar with every detail of the constitution) is not very careful in his use of words;\* and when we find that Polybius is occasionally confusing, we cannot expect less from those who used him as an authority. The supreme power of the league resided in an assembly, in which every citizen of the age of thirty years, of

\* Mr. Freeman tells us that Polybius speaks of the assembly as Ἀχαιοί, ἔθνος, συνέδριον, πλῆθος, οἱ πολλοί, ἐκκλησία, ὄχλος, ἀγορά. Of these, Ἀχαιοί, ἔθνος, πλῆθος, οἱ πολλοί, ὄχλος, are evidently not constitutional names. But whether the assembly was properly called συνέδριον ἐκκλησία or ἀγορά we cannot make out. Yet it is inconceivable that it should not have had some proper constitutional name; and if so, a really careful writer would have let us know it. The word oftenest used by Polybius is συνέδριον; but perhaps the chances are in favour of ἀγορά. An extraordinary meeting is called σύγκλητος by Polybius, which may or may not have been its formal name. Τὸ κοινὸν τῶν Ἀχαιῶν is not the formal title of the Achaian assembly, but of the Achaian state. Again, such an expression as οἱ τῆς γερουσίας (Polyb. xxxviii. 5) must mean either the body which is elsewhere called βουλὴ, or the council of officers of state elsewhere called ἄρχοντες or ἀρχαί. In either case the plurality of names for the same political body is probably attributable to a not very culpable carelessness in Polybius's way of writing.

any city of the league, had a vote. The limitation of age appears requisite to explain an obscure passage in Polybius, to which we shall presently refer. As the constitution of the cities of the league was in all cases more or less democratic, the assembly was itself in theory a democratic body. But the provisions of the constitution and the circumstances of the country rendered the assembly at once less powerful and less democratic than it was theoretically. The Athenian "ecclesia" met every ten days in the Pnyx. The Achaian assembly met regularly only twice a year, in spring and autumn; and as its extraordinary sessions were limited by law to three days, we may presume that its ordinary meetings were similarly limited to a certain number of days. Thus, it can never have attempted to exercise those administrative functions which the Athenian assembly took upon itself, but must have entrusted the whole executive power to the annually elected officers of the league, who thus became a government in the constitutional sense of that term. These officers were a general, an under-general, a general of cavalry, a secretary, and ten demiurgi.\* The general was the president of the league; his office was civil as well as military; he was the keeper of the common seal of the league; and we find the curiously modern phrases "to lay down the seal," "to receive the seal," used as equivalent for resigning and entering on the office. On the other hand, the functions of the under-general and general of cavalry seem to have been purely military. Those of the secretary are probably sufficiently characterised by the title of the office. The demiurgi appear, from one or two narratives in Polybius, to have formed a kind of cabinet council for the general, though it does not appear how far his power in time of peace was limited by theirs. It would seem that the important power of summoning extraordinary meetings of the assembly was vested, not in the general alone, but in the general and demiurgi.† The demiurgi, not the general, presided in the assembly, and put questions to the vote. They could refuse to put an illegal question to the assembly at all. We may infer, from the whole tenor of the history,

\* An "admiral of the Achaians" is mentioned, Polyb. v. 94. But as it does not appear that the Achaians maintained a fleet, although we hear afterwards of royal presents of ships accepted by them, these words are probably to be understood with reference to the six ships mentioned in cap. 91. In the difficult passage in cap. 94, *αὐτὸς μὲν ἦκε πρὸς τὴν τῶν Ἀχαιῶν σύνοδον, τοὺς δὲ μισθοφόρους συνέστησε Δικίππῳ Φαραίει, διὰ τὸ τοῦτον ὑποστράτηγον εἶναι τότε τῆς συντελείας τῆς πατρικῆς* (quoted by Mr. Freeman at p. 281), it is surely simplest to interpret the words *τῆς συντελείας τῆς πατρικῆς* of the national contingent (see cap. 91), as opposed to the mercenary forces. If this interpretation be correct, it would imply that the under-general was ordinarily commander of the national forces, and that, as the name of the office implies, he was the natural person to take the chief command in the absence of the general.

† Polyb. xxiii. 10.

that the general was supreme in time of war, and that his cabinet council had then no power to control him. But what the ordinary powers of the government were, we have no means of ascertaining with precision; only it is clear that an assembly, whose session lasted but a few days, must have left a large discretion to its officers. The assembly voted the supplies of men and money for the year; it gave audience to ambassadors, and declared peace or war; it elected its officers, and no doubt called them to account when their year of office was over; but beyond this it can have interfered very little. In these circumstances Mr. Freeman justly discerns a nearer approximation to what we term constitutional government than is elsewhere to be found in ancient history.

If the meetings of the assembly had really been attended by the whole adult population, they would have been of ungovernable size, and unfit for the despatch of business. But, except on very rare and stirring occasions, it is not to be supposed that any such concourse took place. In its later days the league included the whole of Peloponnesus, and even at the beginning of the Cleomeneic war it included Megara and the north-eastern half of the peninsula. The citizens of the town in which the assembly was held might be present *en masse*, but only a fractional part of the citizens of any other state could attend; only those, in fact, who had time and money to spare. The assembly thus acquired, as Mr. Freeman clearly shows, an aristocratic and conservative tendency; though the danger of an oligarchical development of this tendency was obviated by the certainty that the democracies which were left at home could come at any time they pleased, and outvote their *quasi*-aristocratic representatives. The attendance at the meetings of the assembly was often very thin: it would even seem that sometimes none but members of the senate or council (a body which we have not yet mentioned) were present. A proposal to send an auxiliary force to the Ptolemies is thrown out because it could not lawfully be considered in an ordinary assembly; some time after an extraordinary assembly is held; and there come together to it, so Polybius tells us, not only the council, but also all the citizens of thirty years of age.\* The inference is obvious: that meetings commonly were not so well attended. Under these circumstances, it was natural that considerable precautions should be taken to prevent a surprise of the majority by a minority. We have just seen that there were some matters which could

\* The word which we have ventured to translate an "ordinary meeting" is ἀγορά. It is very improbable that it means a market-place, as Tittmann supposes. It will be remembered that ἡ πρώτη ἀγορά is elsewhere used for the spring meeting.

not be taken into consideration at an ordinary meeting; and we know from Livy that it was unlawful to submit to an extraordinary meeting a resolution foreign to the matters which it was convened to consider.

The vote of the assembly appears to have been taken by cities, and the vote of each city to have been given by the majority of its citizens present. This is nowhere distinctly stated; but it is not in itself improbable, and is perhaps implied by the passages cited from Livy. To take the vote of the majority of those present by heads would have been more conformable to the practice of Greek democracies; but when the assembly met at Corinth or Megalopolis it would have been swamped by Corinthian or Megalopolitan citizens. The vote by cities must have had the effect of giving something of a representative character to the assembly; for though the voters who attended from each city did not attend as delegates from the city, yet we may be quite sure that if an important question arose on which opinion in a particular city was divided, the majority in the city took care that its vote in the assembly was not given in favour of the minority. An obvious disadvantage of the vote by cities was, that it placed great states, like Argos or Corinth on a par with little townships whose names are almost unknown to history. This inequality might easily have been compensated by allowing, as was done in the Lycian League, a plurality of votes to the larger cities; but if this had been the case, we can hardly imagine that Polybius, where he extols the generosity of the Achaïans to those whom they admitted into their league, would have omitted to mention this signal instance of it. It may well surprise even those who remember an unreformed parliament that such a state of things could have been tolerated by the larger cities. Yet we cannot show historically that any evil consequences came of it; a fact which we can only attribute to the spirit of fairness and moderation (unexampled in the ancient world) which characterised the Achaïan people. And when we find that in the later times of the league Philopœmen and Lycortas pursued a policy of dismemberment with regard to such states as Megalopolis, Sparta, and Messene, we believe that this was done much more to break the power of those states than to swamp the original Achaïan cities by increasing the total number of votes; especially as every such increase put unpartitioned states, like Corinth and Argos, in a worse position than they were in before.

The functions of the senate or council cannot, we think, be divined from the casual expressions of Polybius. Such, indeed, is the vagueness of his phraseology, that the passage which we

have already quoted is probably the only one which clearly proves its existence as a separate body. In other places it seems to be confused with the general assembly. Mr. Freeman infers its functions from those of the bodies similarly named in other Greek states, and supposes "that the government brought their proposals before it to be discussed, and perhaps amended, by this smaller body before they were submitted to the final decision of the assembly." His statement, that it consisted of 120 members, is, if we are not mistaken, without any foundation in the passage to which he refers in proof of it. King Eumenes offers a present of 120 talents to the Achaian League, which they are to invest, using the interest to pay the councillors for their attendance at the public meetings of the assembly. The offer, much to the honour of the Achaians, was declined, with a very emphatic intimation that they were not grateful for it; but the interesting debate which Polybius records does not inform us either of the number or of the duties of the council. It is not even quite certain, though it is very probable, that the councillors were unpaid; for the proposal of Eumenes may have gone to relieve the league from a burden, and not to introduce an entirely new practice into the constitution. Whether the high Achaian offices were paid or unpaid must also be left undecided, and we think that Mr. Freeman has over-estimated the evidence on this point. But that they were not remuneratively paid we may be sure, not only because we find them uniformly in the hands of men of wealth and position, but also from a particular case in which it is mentioned, that Archon, a general of the league, had incurred such heavy expenses in his year of office, that he was unwilling to support an application of King Attalus, for fear it should be thought that he wished to indemnify himself by accepting a royal present; a thing which, as we learn from the debate on the offer of Eumenes, was forbidden by law not only to officers of the league, but also to private citizens. So long as office could only be held at a pecuniary loss, it is not surprising that the administration of the league remained constantly in the hands of the upper classes, and that we hear of nothing resembling the demagogy of the earlier periods of Greek history. It is also remarkable, and greatly to the credit of the Achaian people, that we hear nothing of bribery being employed at elections, though in the worst days of the league we find federal officials, even federal generals, taking bribes. The instance of a corrupt election, which Mr. Freeman mentions, is not really one. Polybius does not say that Callicrates had used bribery to carry his election, which is attributed to other causes, but that he had

himself been bribed, probably by the Spartan and Messenian exiles, whose restitution, on entering upon his office, he immediately effects.

With regard to the precise relation of the federal authority to the individual cities, we are again left to draw our inference from the incidents of the history itself. It would seem that the act by which a new city entered the league took the form of a treaty with the league—a treaty recorded in the usual Greek manner, upon a monumental pillar. These pillars are frequently alluded to in the course of the history. Unfortunately, not one of the inscriptions on them has been preserved to our time. One thing, however, is perfectly clear, that the management of foreign affairs was vested absolutely in the federal government, and that each city on entering the league simply ceased to exist as an independent state in the presence of foreign nations. One of the most striking proofs that this was the rule is presented by an exception to it. The city of Megalopolis, in the Cleomenic war, sends an embassy to Antigonos Doson to ask for his help. But it asks and obtains the leave of the federal assembly before it takes this step. And the reply of Antigonos is, that he will send the assistance requested, "if the Achaians give their consent." Later, however, when Rome was preparing the way for the dissolution of the Achaian League, we hear of frequent embassies from discontented states (as Lacedæmon and Messene) to Rome. But this, it cannot be doubted, was a violation of the federal constitution, as it also was of the treaty with Rome, in which, according to Pausanias,\* it was expressly provided that ambassadors should be received at Rome only from the federal government, and not from the individual states. In earlier times, we hear of cities belonging to the league sending ambassadors to represent them at the assembly (see the cases of Mantinea and Megalopolis, in Mr. Freeman's work, pp. 448-466). In this (though it is contrary to the usage of the United States of America) there is clearly nothing contrary to the principle of a federal union: nor do we quite understand the surprise at it which Mr. Freeman expresses. Since the Mantinean or Megalopolitan citizens who attended a meeting of the assembly, attended only as private citizens, and not as accredited representatives of their city, it is clear that, in order to address the assembly in the name of the city, special commissioners were necessary. This necessity is not felt in America, where the states are represented in Congress, not only as populations, in the House of Representatives, but as states, in the Senate. In Switzerland, however, although the cantons are represented precisely as the states in America, it is,

\* Paus. vii. 9, 12.

nevertheless, in addition provided that a canton shall have the right of communicating directly, by correspondence, with either house of the legislature.

We should gladly, if our limits had permitted, have followed Mr. Freeman's course through the events of the Achaian history, as well as through the somewhat dry details of the Achaian constitution. We can only refer to one or two points. Few histories are so biographical as that of the Achaian League. The lives of Aratus and Philopœmen exhaust between them nearly the whole story. To these names the filial piety of Polybius has induced him to add that of his own father Lycortas, who, after the death of Philopœmen, endeavoured steadily to carry out his policy of temperate resistance to Roman aggression. Mr. Freeman, we are sure, would wish to complete the list with Markos, the first general of the Achaians, and Lydiadas, the tyrant of Megalopolis, who voluntarily laid down his tyranny, and united the "great city" to the league. On Aratus Mr. Freeman is severe, perhaps even hardly just. The picture that he gives us of his military character is certainly over-coloured. "No man," we are told, "risked his life more freely in a surprise, in an ambuscade, in a night assault;" but "this man, so fearless in one sort of warfare, was in the open field as timid as a woman or a slave. . . . History puts the fact itself beyond a doubt: Aratus in the open field was a coward." Human nature presents many strange contradictions; but the contradiction here described seems to us to pass the bounds of credibility. The fact, which history puts beyond a doubt, is, that Aratus lost almost every battle that he fought, and never fought a battle when he could help it. What he was afraid to risk was the Achaian army, and with it the Achaian commonwealth; his own life he probably held as cheap by day as by night. And something might be said in his defence. The Achaian troops were not to be depended on; they had confidence neither in their leaders nor in one another. It is true that, under Philopœmen's training, they showed that they could become good soldiers; but Aratus did not possess Philopœmen's military genius. In one instance, at least, the military demerits of Aratus are exaggerated by Mr. Freeman. At the battle of Ladocea he is accused of halting his heavy-armed troops on the brink of a trench, and refusing to allow them to cross it. In this he was probably wrong, though Plutarch says he was inferior in numbers to Cleomenes. But, at any rate, it is fair to observe that the obstacle which, in Mr. Freeman's English is a trench, in the Greek of Plutarch is a deep ravine. Lydiadas, perhaps with more courage than judgment, called to the cavalry to follow him, and charged the enemy. Still Aratus

did not stir. In the broken ground Lydiadas was overpowered and killed. The popular judgment of the Achaians was probably the truth; it was, that Aratus had not supported Lydiadas as he ought to have done, and that through his fault Lydiadas had perished.

Lydiadas is a great favourite with Mr. Freeman; he places him "among the first of men." It is disappointing, after his ardent panegyric, to turn to Polybius, or even to Plutarch; we are made to feel how scanty the materials are for so much enthusiasm. Something of greatness there must have been about this man, or he could not have divided with Aratus the affections of the Achaian people. We feel that Cleomenes did well when he wrapped the body of the fallen hero in a kingly robe and sent it crowned to Megalopolis. We wish to believe all that Mr. Freeman has found to say about him; but the utmost that we can bring ourselves to credit is, that it may be true. We read in Plutarch that Lydiadas, when he was yet a youth, made himself tyrant of Megalopolis. On this text we have the following comment:

"In his youth he seized the tyranny of his native city; but he seized it with no ignoble or unworthy aim. We know not the date or the circumstances of his rise to sovereign power, but there is at least nothing to mark him as one of those tyrants who were the destroyers of freedom. He is not painted to us as a midnight conspirator, plotting rebellion against a state of things which made him only one free citizen among many. Still less is he painted as the chief magistrate of a free state, bound by the most solemn oaths to be faithful to its freedom, and then turning the limited powers with which his country had intrusted him to overthrow the liberties of which he was the chosen guardian. We do not read that he rose to power by driving a lawful senate from their hall by the spears of mercenaries, or by an indiscriminate massacre of this fellow-citizens in the streets of the Great City. We do not read that he reigned by crushing every noble feeling, and by flattering every baser passion, of his subjects; we are not told that every man of worth or talent shrank from his service, and left him only hirelings and flatterers as the agents of his will. There is no evidence that the dungeons of Megalopolis or the cities of free Greece were filled with men whose genius or whose virtue was found inconsistent with his rule. We do not hear that his foreign policy was one of faithless aggression; that he gave out that tyranny should be peace, and then filled Peloponnésos with needless wars. It is not told us that he seized on city after city, prefacing every act of plunder with solemn protestations that nothing was further from his thoughts. Still less do we find that he ever played the basest part to which tyranny itself can sink; that he stretched forth his hand to give a hypocritical aid to struggling freedom, and then drew back, that he might glut his eyes with the sight of a land wasted by anarchy and brigandage, to which a word from him would at any moment put an end. No; Lydiadas was" &c.

For Mr. Freeman's sake, no less than for that of his readers, we enter our protest against this mode of writing history. We have no partiality for Louis Napoleon, nor have we any wish to spare him a single invective, so long as invective does not intrude into history. But we instinctively feel that invectives against him, which might suit the columns of the *Saturday Review*, are out of place in a history of the Achaian League. To tell us what Louis Napoleon has done, under pretence of telling us what Lydiadas did not do, neither helps us to understand Achaian history, nor really does any honour to Lydiadas. Unfortunately the passage we have cited is not the only instance of the fault—so grave, and yet so easy to avoid—of carrying the passions and the language of a journalist into history. It is a real blemish in Mr. Freeman's book; it is a serious drawback to the pleasure with which we read his comparisons of the ancient and modern world, and it gives an ephemeral character to a work the interest of which is not, and ought not to be, ephemeral.

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#### ART. V.—POLAND AS IT IS.

[It may be right to say that we give in the following Article the exact words of a most intelligent eye-witness of the Polish Revolution. The policy of this country with regard to Poland is discussed in Article IX.]

*La Pologne Contemporaine.* Par Charles de Mazade. Paris : Michel Lévy.

*Recueil des principaux Traités.* Par Martens. Vols. VIII. and X.

THE saying of the Emperor Nicholas, "there is no Poland except among the *émigrés*," may now take place with the similar aphorism of Metternich, that Italy was only a geographical expression. At the very moment when the work of the Holy Alliance seemed to be complete, the accident of a political dinner among a few third-rate politicians in Paris shook it to the ground. The first Italian War, and the reappearance of a Napoleon in France, led up so naturally to Sebastopol and Solferino, that the new order might almost seem to have been inherited. The instinctive hatred which the Tory and Legitimist party every where have felt for the Crimean War, and their unreasoning previsions of evil, have been fully justified by the results on the absolutist system. We are making a new world every where in Europe; or rather, perhaps, we are stripping off the lath-and-plaster with which

certain kingly architects defaced the natural work of time nearly fifty years ago. There has been much bloodshed in the operation, and not a little blundering and intrigue. But the final results at present attained have been Italian liberty, serf-emancipation in Russia, a constitution in Austria, and a great expansion of material progress in France and England. Perhaps fifteen years could hardly have been expected to do more.

With the first beginnings of troubles, all eyes were turned upon Russian Poland. To the surprise of all, it remained quiet. There was insurrection in Posen and a war in Hungary, in which Poles did gallant service; but they seemed still to be the true countrymen of Sobieski, doing battle for every banner except their own. The Crimean War came and passed with no armed uprising against the Russian yoke in Warsaw. The campaign of Solferino had almost produced an insurrection in Hungary; but Poland was still apathetic, or at least peaceful. Suddenly, in 1861, the news came, not of insurrection, but of massacre. Europe heard with consternation of an unarmed crowd shot down in a public square without warning, and, as it seemed, with no better motive than the caprice of a subaltern of police. Presently, however, it appeared that a struggle of a kind never yet known had commenced throughout the Polish provinces of Russia. On the one hand, the Russians were striving to provoke a revolt, in order, as Wielopolski once expressed it, that they might bring the abscess to a head. On the other hand, the Poles had resolved to offer themselves to death on every possible occasion, in the belief that the spirit of martyrdom would at length be too strong for despotism itself. The parallel steadily kept in view, and unflinchingly acted up to, was that of the early Christians under the Empire. "The crown of thorns," said a manifesto, "has been our emblem for a century: . . . it means patience in grief, self-sacrifice, deliverance, and pardon." The crown of thorns is never long waited for. Not two months after the first massacre a second crowd assembled near the castle, refused to disperse, and received fifteen volleys with the solidity of veterans. Only prayers and hymns answered the roll of musketry. It might seem that this enthusiasm would be as short-lived as all violent emotions commonly are. But months passed; and the Poles were still readier to offer themselves to death than the Russians to slay. The whole country wore the garb and the aspect of a funeral. Such depth of national sentiment, the growth of long misery, confounded observers in happier distant countries, and was at first mistaken for a mere masquerade. The *Saturday Review*, which is professedly incapable of understanding that

there is a noble side to humanity, accused the Poles of acting like petulant children. That fatal contempt for weakness, which clings to Englishmen, added to the general misconception of the drama whose first scenes had been already acted, and the demonstrations were disregarded precisely because the actors were unarmed. At last the fatality of great crimes hurried the Russian Government into a new step. It was resolved to draw the new conscription entirely from the towns, with the double view of sparing the peasantry and of thinning the educated class, who are the eternal enemies of misgovernment. The deed seemed to be done, when some unlucky official conceived the idea of insulting the victims. Europe was told in a telegram that the conscription had been carried out in perfect tranquillity. The jest was one of questionable good taste even for an *employé* of the school of Nicholas, and its results were disastrous. A majority of one in the secret government decided that war at any hazards was preferable to extinction without a sign; and the conscripts not already in custody were instructed to take to the forests, and defend themselves as they could, unarmed in mid-winter, against a disciplined army. "And now," a Polish gentleman lately said to us, "Europe believes that we are alive because we are fighting. Is it not horrible that all our sufferings, all our struggles after constitutional reform, were actually unheeded till we appealed to arms,—the last argument of the barbarian?"

Without wishing to defend English apathy on the Polish question, we are constrained to admit that it is not quite excusable. The Poles have been too apt to rest their cause primarily on the injustice of the two partitions of Poland, and to date all their demands for redress from 1772. We believe this to be a mistake in principle. The spoilers of Poland were certainly not sovereigns of high character, and they carried out their designs with a mixture of low intrigue, hypocrisy, and brutal violence, which made the injustice additionally revolting. Perhaps the only extenuating circumstance was, that they did not invoke a blessing upon their plunder, like the Congress of Vienna a little later, in the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity. But their victim deserved its fate. Since the rescue of Vienna by Sobieski, Poland had governed itself worse than any nation is permitted to do and live. It had the most disorderly form of government, the most intolerant Church, and the most degraded peasantry in Europe. Its one redeeming virtue was the courage of its people, and, thanks to its nobles, it had no army. It was a perpetual occasion of war on the confines of countries that might wish to be at peace. To have saved such a nation from its natural fate, foreseen for more

than a century, and to have propped up its decrepitude by European guarantees, would have been policy eminently worthy of the cabinet that now keeps the Turks in Constantinople. But it was not the statesmanship of Chatham or his contemporaries in England, any more than of Choiseul in France. Sensible men regretted that another bulwark against the Muscovite had been broken down, and that even such a shadow of freedom as the Polish constitution had been was replaced by very actual tyrannies. But it would have been the extreme of political quixotism for England to declare war against Russia and Prussia, its old and late allies, in behalf of a people who scarcely protested by words, and in no wise protested by acts, against the usurpation. At the time of the second partition we were in no condition to interfere, if we had wished it; the war with France absorbed every energy.

The real second life of Poland dates from the second partition. Short-lived as the struggle for liberty was, it had a few glorious memories. A body of insurgents in Warsaw, never stronger than 1500, by the admissions of the Russian general opposed to them, drove out a garrison of more than 10,000 disciplined troops from the town. Kosciuszko invented the terrible Polish scythemen,—imitated, perhaps, from the old flailmen of Ziska, who are still the only known instances of peasants that have been able to cope with regular troops. Crushed by overwhelming forces, and by the ferocious energy of Suvarof, the insurrection now became an emigration, and traversed Europe under the banners of Napoleon. But Napoleon in his heart regarded Polish nationality as a chimera, useful only as a phrase in bulletins and a stalking-horse in diplomacy. He consented at the treaty of Tilsit to dismember the country for the benefit of the man he most hated and despised, the King of Prussia; he declared Lithuania Russian; and in reconstituting a sort of shadowy Poland in the grand duchy of Warsaw he made it the appanage of a petty German prince, the King of Saxony. Nevertheless, under all discouragements, the Polish name made itself so well respected, that the conquerors of Vienna, who punished Saxony and Denmark for adherence to the fortunes of the fallen chief, were well disposed to reconstitute Poland. The time was eminently favourable for reconstruction, and Austria and Prussia would have made sacrifices to keep a few hundred miles of neutral ground between themselves and their Muscovite ally. To Russia alone Poland was too important to be given up. It was the richest province of the empire, the point of contact with the West, the advance-post upon Europe, and it symbolised Russia's retribution on an old foe. In face of the colossal Russian force

occupying the country, and bound as they were by recent obligations to the Czar, the allies did not care to enter upon a war for the sake of reconstituting a fallen nationality. But they made it the very first article in the treaty of Vienna, that "the Poles, the respective subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall obtain a representation and national institutions;" and, in the peculiar phraseology, "the duchy of Warsaw" "shall be united irrevocably by its constitution" "to the empire of Russia," they implied, as Lord Russell has well observed in his despatch of August 11, that the constitution was the consideration for which Poland was surrendered. Europe wished to mitigate as much as possible the sacrifices it was obliged to ratify.

But the allies did even more than this. By the 14th article they decreed that the regulations for free trade and free use of rivers, canals, and ports throughout the whole extent of ancient Poland,—that is to say, the Poland of 1772,—which Russia, Austria, and Prussia had agreed to by private treaties, should become of international force, and be maintained inviolably. The intention obviously was to minimise the evils of the partition, and preserve a shadow as it were of the old Poland, which might some day, under favourable chances, become a reality. If therefore the persistence of the Poles in claiming Lithuania and parts of Little Russia is to be treated as irrational, it must be remembered that the chimera has been sanctioned by the public law of Europe, and agreed to by the spoilers. In the same spirit, no doubt, article 6 decreed the independence of the free town of Cracow under the protection of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The royal town was left inviolate, as a sort of symbol of the unimpaired right of the nation to exist. Its seizure in 1846 by its protectors was a flagrant violation of the compact; and Prince Metternich's explanation, that the treaty only gave a hypothetical right of inquiry and remonstrance, was enough to sap the foundations of all international good faith. In saying this, however, we are not caring to waste regret upon the fallen fortunes of Cracow. Its position fitted it for nothing but to be an emporium of smuggling, of secret presses, and of conspiracies; and it fully availed itself of its position. A free town of Cracow between three enslaved provinces was an anomaly; and more tolerant men than Metternich and Nicholas I. might have been tempted to suppress it. Still in 1815 its establishment was one of several articles that all tended to the same end,—the ultimate restoration of the old Poland,—every one of which has been violated.

Up to a certain point, then, the efforts of the Polish patriots,

if not altogether successful, had not been useless. Poland was once more a name in Europe, and a name for which those who bore it need not blush. The next fifteen years were the *Lehr-Jahre* of the people born again. If the constitution given them by Alexander had been loyally carried out, the Poles would have been mad indeed to try the chances of war for the mere phantom of nationality. That memorable instrument must, as Lord Russell has observed, "when once promulgated, be taken to be the constitution meant by the framers of the treaty," and as such, we may add, cannot be revoked arbitrarily. It guaranteed freedom of the press, freedom from arrest before conviction, and the secure possession of property, confining the government to natives, and making the ministers responsible to the bicameral parliament. The functions of the Czar as king were virtually confined to proposing laws, nominating life-judges and life-senators, and commanding a native army within the country. The whole reads like Utopia or England. The system at first worked so well that opposition was scarcely known in the Chambers; and Alexander declared his intentions of extending representative institutions to Russia. Population and wealth increased as it were by miracle. But the beginnings of evil were soon evident. We do not wish to hold the Poles blameless. These were times of revolution every where, of Carbonari, and Turn-vereine, and Luddites. There were men in Poland for whom every thing was insufficient short of national independence. In England such dissentients would have been allowed to talk till they were dumb, or the public tired out. The Russian Government at once established a censorship of the press (1819). Opposition transferred itself to the parliament, and the parliament was no longer summoned, or when it met, once in ten years, was packed. Readers of De Custine, who may perhaps be trusted when he reports conversations, will remember how he admires the remark of Nicholas, that all representative monarchy was "the government of falsehood, fraud, corruption." It was so in Poland, because the Czar, who never recovered the panic of Pestal's conspiracy, degraded it by intrigues and violence; but after all said he could never fashion it to his pleasure. The case for Poland, however, is best summed up in the manifesto which the Polish Committee issued in 1831 (Jan. 10): "The union of the crown of an autocrat and of a constitutional king is one of those political anomalies which cannot long exist. Every body foresaw that the kingdom would become the germ of liberal institutions for Russia, or succumb under the iron hand of its despotism. The question was soon decided. Public instruction was corrupted . . . The people were shut out from all

means of obtaining instruction. An entire palatinate was deprived of its representatives in the council. The Chamber lost the power of voting the budget. Monopolies were created calculated to dry up the resources of national wealth . . . Calumny and espionage had penetrated even into the privacy of families. . . . Personal freedom, which had been solemnly guaranteed, was violated; the prisons were crowded; courts-martial were appointed to decide in civil causes, and imposed infamous punishments on citizens whose only crime was that of having attempted to save from corruption the spirit and character of the nation."

Nevertheless, whatever its excuses may have been, the insurrection of 1831 had the worst of all faults,—it was a political blunder. The revolution in Paris had by this time died out, with no better issue than that of replacing M. Sotenville by Jérôme Paturot,—the most foolish of sovereigns by the most undignified. Never man was less disposed to risk his family fortunes for any abstract principle of good, or more inclined to pay his debts of honour with frothy phrases, than was Louis Philippe. He had studied the English constitution with no other result than to believe that corruption was the main-spring of representative government. He cheated in statesmanship from a simple feeling that life was a sharper's game, and that it was due to himself to have the winning hand. In one respect, however, he was beyond his country and his time. The principle of non-intervention, which he first put forward as a European programme, was so little appreciated in 1831 that it only provoked contempt and incredulity. Men persisted in believing that the strong nation ought to protect the weak, and that the interests of Belgium and Poland were those of free countries every where. For a moment it seemed as if the little province of Luxembourg would be the apple of discord between West and East, Russia and the German Empire maintaining the principles of the Holy Alliance against France, and perhaps England. We know now that Louis Philippe would have blustered up to the last moment, and truckled at the last; but it was not so understood then, and the Czar prepared for a campaign on the Rhine. The whole forces of the empire were actually in march to the frontier when the insurrection in Warsaw broke out. Well might Marshal Diebitsch say to the Polish deputies that their movement at least had not the merit of being *à propos*. But if the blunder was a great, it was also a splendid one. Never men fought with more reckless heroism than the Poles of that generation. At Grochow less than 50,000 men repelled the main Russian army of 180,000, under Diebitsch. On one occasion 500 Polish gentlemen, in court-

dress and armed with small swords, threw themselves in mere wantonness of battle on a detachment of the Russian guards, and were cut to pieces to a man, not unavenged. The population of Warsaw by the time order was restored in it had sunk from 140,000 to 75,000. Had Prussia been neutral, or Poland itself more firmly united, the issue might still have been different; for the Russian army was almost disorganised by the loss of officers, who have always been disproportionately few in its ranks. As it was, fortune remained on the side of great battalions.

The wrongs of the present generation of Poles may be said to date from the surrender of Warsaw. Nicholas told the deputies, in language strangely characteristic of the man, that he would destroy Warsaw at the first symptom of an outbreak; and that it was a real happiness to belong to Russia. A single incident of the punishment dealt out to the conquered will illustrate the absolutist conception of happiness. The mother of Prince Roman Sanguszko addressed a petition to the Czar, imploring mercy for her son, who had been condemned to Siberia. The Czar wrote at the bottom of the petition, "He shall go on foot." The leader of the convoy in which the prince actually went, with a sort of grim poetry, led a riderless horse, to the saddle of which a huge knout was attached, and from time to time pointing to it, with the words "The Czar's instrument," forced the prisoners to make genuflexions before it, as to a cross. Even in Siberia the exiles found that there were distinctions in misery, and that Poles and Russians were on a very different footing. Generally all depended on the character of the governor of the district, from whose caprice no appeal was possible. An exile who spent seventeen years in the country assured the author that six of his companions had been punished with six thousand blows a-piece. Horrible to state, one of them survived the infliction for years with a broken spine. Nevertheless the Emperor was so well satisfied with the expedient of transportation, that he actually issued an order to transfer five thousand families, by force if necessary, to the crown lands on the frontier of the Caucasus, the latter position being of course exposed to all the horrors of a border war. In the kingdom itself all independence was destroyed. The government recoiled indeed before a total change of the laws, and the Code Napoléon still subsists accordingly. But the troops were incorporated in the Russian army, where there is no distinction of nationality in the regiments, but all are arranged by height. Russian officials were introduced; the Chambers dissolved; the Catholic religion persecuted; the university and upper schools abolished or put under control;

and an attempt was even made to force the Russian costume upon the peasantry. But the most effectual engine of despotism undoubtedly was the conscription. Throughout the reign of Nicholas it was maintained at the rate of fifteen in the thousand, ten in the thousand being the highest proportion which statisticians regard as consistent with steady increase. In fact the population of the country districts remained almost stationary throughout the reign. The present insurrection would scarcely have been possible if the Treaty of Paris had not stipulated that the Russian army should be reduced within limits which practically made it impossible to draught soldiers during the last six years. That breathing-time has given the country a new generation of combatants.

Englishmen are not inclined to extenuate the vices of such government as this. But there is a tendency to look back on the stormy past of Poland,—an almost unbroken history, for two centuries before the partition, of wars, or civil feuds, or internal anarchy,—and to ask if such a people, however chivalrous and richly endowed, can ever be capable of self-government. There are races which seem fitted only for peculiar phases of civilisation, and which die out by some natural process when the appointed term has expired. The Pole, like the Hungarian and the Spaniard, was eminently a warrior; his very tribe-name, *Lech*, means "soldier." He bivouacked in the broad plains which the Vistula and the Bug water, and held his own manfully, without mountain fastnesses or fortified towns, against all comers. Once, indeed, the Tartar swept over him; but the wave of conquest broke as it passed on, and ebbed back again. Placed between the heathen Prussian, the barbarous Muscovite, and the fanatical Turk, Poland was for ages the border-garrison of Latin civilisation. But for more than three centuries a change has been coming upon the world; and the tradesman is supplanting the feudal soldier, buying him out of his estates, multiplying in terrible disproportion around him, and at last beating him in the field by dint of endurance and drill. The Pole did not move with a moving earth. His country, admirable for corn and timber, was comparatively unfitted for commerce, and had never been studded with towns instinct with municipal life. In the absence of a middle class the peasantry will always be unduly depressed; and in the old Polish provinces there was a difference of race between them and their nobility sufficient to widen the gulf between high and low. They were not lower than the Irish peasantry of the last century; perhaps not than the Continental peasantry generally, whom the Hohenzollerns kidnapped or an Elector of Hesse sold; but there was less chance that they would ever be ele-

vated. Meanwhile the Pole was the Frenchman of Eastern Europe,—gay-hearted, prodigal, thoughtless, dividing his time between the faro-table and his seraglio. But whereas the French nobility—held in check by the towns, decimated by civil war, and controlled by able sovereigns—had surrendered the essentials of power and clung only to the most meaningless and vexatious privileges, the Polish nobles had seized the opportunity of the dying out of the Jagellons to establish their own power on the ruins of the throne. In 1572 the crown for the first time was thrown open to the world by the fatal advice of a Zamoiski, and the right of election extended to the lesser nobility; that is, from 200 or 300 magnates to 100,000 gentlemen. From that hour the ruin of Poland was sealed. Under competent kingship it might have done almost any thing in the sixteenth century, at the period of Russia's greatest weakness and of the Thirty Years' War. But with its kings mere titular presidents it lost provinces even under the ablest: under Sigismund III., who burned Moscow, and under John Sobieski, who saved Vienna.

Admitting all this, and without seeking to extenuate the excesses of a rampant liberty, we can hardly regard it as the very worst form of political error. The Polish nobles were perhaps not more factious than the Swedish; the difference was that the former were placed between great powers, whose interest it was to maintain disorder. From the time of Sobieski to the first partition, the country had three sovereigns; the first an Elector of Saxony, nominated by Austria and maintained by Russia; the second his son, nominated by Russia and Austria; and the third an old lover of Catherine II., nominated by a Muscovite army. Great political virtue in all classes of the nation might still have saved the country, or retarded its fall; but the eighteenth century was not the epoch of great political virtues in Europe generally. The Poles fell, as we have said, unjustly, but not undeservedly. The question really is, whether they are to be condemned to all time for having committed a gross political blunder in the sixteenth century, which they clung to as a privilege in the seventeenth, and which they were not allowed to reform in the eighteenth. For the influence of the Saxon court and Russian arms were steadily employed to maintain the Polish constitution in its most obnoxious form. In 1773 the partitioning powers declared, as fundamental laws which they would not allow to be disputed, that the crown should be elective for ever, and that no son or grandson should succeed his father until after an interval of two reigns; and further, that the republican form of government should be maintained. In 1788-1791 the Polish

Diet, notwithstanding, declared the throne hereditary, gave political rights to the middle classes and peasants, and reformed other flagrant abuses of the old system. The reforms were made the excuse of the second partition.

There is a common idea in England that nations are born free, and without special natural endowment cannot be made fit for constitutional government. It is the fashion to assume, accordingly, that the past failures of the Poles are decisive against them; that having enjoyed and lost liberty, they are clearly unfit for it. We venture to think that this view is at least overstrained. Even, taking our own country, it may fairly be asked whether an observer in 1689, recalling the history of the past fifty years,—the misgovernment of Charles I., the rebellion, Cromwell's military government, the servility of all classes under Charles II., and the open defiance of law by his Catholic brother,—might not have pronounced representative institutions an utter failure in England, and only possible in states like Holland or Sweden. But there are even better instances at hand. Down to 1815 Norway was a Danish province, with absolutely no rights; since then it has had the freest government in Europe. Spain failed for forty years, and has yet succeeded within the last ten in making her constitution work. Italy seemed to want almost every element of the system; the people were of the Latin race, unused to self-government, with the aristocracy abased, and the peasantry uneducated; yet the Italian Chambers are not sensibly below the English standard. The fact is, Europe generally has become familiarised with the parliamentary system, and the errors of the first French experimentalists have been fruitful of good to their successors. But, besides this, there is a sensible difference between generations of the same people. The pictures of Vandyke and Reynolds tell their own tale. The Polish gentleman would be more or less than human, if the events of the last century, the struggles and sufferings of at least three generations, had not left their impress on the national character. A French traveller in the seventeenth century remarked a general carelessness about religion; the *Times* correspondent now speaks of a morbidly religious sentiment. The people was the most outspoken of all; it is now one vast conspiracy under a secret government. Two generations have grown up under the Code Napoléon. But, above all, the position of classes is changed. There is now a large middle class of native tradesmen and artisans; it is, in fact, the only part of the population that tends steadily to increase. The peasants were serfs; they are now not only free, but copyhold proprietors, the only question unadjusted being that of compensation to their landlords.

Railroads and steamers are binding the different provinces together. A national literature of singular fertility and depth has grown up. It is, of course, impossible to say beforehand that even these advantages would enable the Poles to govern themselves well; but we may fairly regard them as elements of hope, if a new trial were given. That trial, be it remembered, has never been vouchsafed since the Treaty of Vienna, except for a few years under Alexander; and the success then was considerable. Even the secret government may be fairly cited as proof of the people's capacity. In spite of its immense difficulties, it commands the entire confidence of the nation, and beats the Russian police on their own ground. We are constantly told, in "inspired" newspapers, of disunion among the leaders. Differences of opinion there no doubt are and must be, but there are no signs as yet of disunion, or even of such opposition as Fox and his followers maintained throughout our greatest national struggle. Even the class jealousies which have existed in Poland, as every where, and which the Russian government has steadily fostered, appear to melt away before partnership in danger.

Assuming, however, that the Poles have been misgoverned, and that they are capable of self-government, the question still remains whether they were justified in insurrection. We are most of us apt to think that it is better to endure certain grievances than to redress them at the risk of extinction. Could not the Poles have developed the institutions actually conceded to them by a certain exercise of political tact and long-suffering? And, if so, is Europe to bear the penalty of the impatience that preferred appealing to arms? A glance at the relations of Poland with Russia, and at the history of the last seven years, will answer this question. Poland and Russia represent two opposite civilisations. The central idea of Russian government, from time immemorial, has been the Czar-father, the paternal despot; of the Polish, the independence of a large governing class. Distinctions of rank in Russia are bureaucratic, and the pride of family is a modern exotic; in Poland, the feeling of race has often bordered on insanity. Leave a Russian village to itself, and its peasants organise a communistic system; in a Polish settlement the divisions of land are broadly marked and jealously guarded. Traditions and immobility are the principles of the Russian Church, and of its most powerful sectaries; it has no political ambition, except so far as its patriarch and priests are the instruments of the Czar. In Poland, the adopted land of Socinus, Catholicism has constantly represented, as it does even now, the divorce of church and state, and has thus been a principle of spiritual liberty. Lastly,

Polish civilisation has been Latin from the earliest times, and that of Russia has been Byzantine. Each nation, therefore, represents opposite principles of life. The experiment of Russian civilisation is one to which every thinking man must heartily wish success, not only for the sixty millions whose happiness is involved in it, but because the very novelty of the conditions under which it has been developed, promises to throw new light on the whole history of man. But the possession of Poland rather hinders than assists the working out of the problem. It produces the worst antagonism of all, the bitterness of the conqueror towards the conquered; and Russia, having reached a point where contact with the West has become necessary, is in danger of isolating herself from the sympathies and influences of all Europe. Political liberty and freedom of thought will be for ever proscribed in St. Petersburg, if they are put down at Warsaw.

We dwell upon this antagonism of character between the two nations because we believe it explains in great measure why they have never been able to assimilate. The idea at St. Petersburg has been that a propaganda of Panslavism would finally remove all difficulties. There have been moments when it had some chance of success. In 1846, when Austria encouraged the *Jacquerie* of the Gallician peasants against their landlords, Wielopolski called upon all his countrymen to sink their nationality in the Russian, that they might be revenged on their German enemies, and a deputation waited upon the Czar offering to put Galicia into his hands; receiving the characteristic answer, that if he wished for the province he would conquer it, but would never take it as the gift of revolted subjects. At the accession of Alexander II., when milder measures were promulgated, the exiles released, and a certain liberty allowed, the comparison of Russia to Austria, not yet chastened by Solferino, was more than ever favourable to the former. Men hoped every thing from a young prince. But Alexander II., himself a partisan of new ideas, was under the influence of men of the old order. Poland, to the generation of Russians that has grown up under Nicholas, is a conquered province that must be absorbed. These men know nothing, think nothing, of the Treaty of Vienna, and of international obligations. They imagine that the war of 1831 has annulled all; as if a revolt provoked by misgovernment could cancel Russia's obligations to France, England, and Germany. Alexander II., reluctantly, it is said, but resolutely, made himself the mouthpiece of the old Muscovite party. Addressing a people who had thronged to do honour to him, he told them: "I mean the order established by my father to be maintained.

Therefore, gentlemen, and before all, no dreams, no illusions. The happiness of Poland depends on its entire fusion with the other peoples of my empire. What my father has done, therefore, was well done, and I will maintain it. My reign shall be the continuation of his. . . Have you understood me? I love better to reward than to punish; but know, and take it as my word, gentlemen, that if need be, I shall know how to repress and to punish, and it shall be seen that I will punish severely." This speech, to say the least, was ungracious and unkingly from a sovereign to the subjects whom he saw for the first time. But words, after all, are words. It remains to be seen by what acts that declaration was commented on and explained.

The leading man among Poles for the last thirty years, and therefore a fair type of the national aspirations and character, on one side at least, has been the Count André Zamoiski. He belongs to a family which is professedly *Anglomane*, and several of whose members have been educated in England, while some of them are said to speak English better than their native tongue. Certainly no man could better represent than Count André the English horror of war, or our belief in material progress and in all gradual processes of constitutional growth. In Count Cavour, also a student of English institutions, the acquired culture was only subservient to a passionate Machiavellic Italian temperament, that would have wrapped Europe in flames at any moment to save a single province of Italy. But to Count André Zamoiski's temperament peace was necessary, as the condition of self-culture and self-government. His great works have been industrial enterprises: stud-stables, a line of steamers on the Vistula, a society for lending money on mortgage, and the famous Agricultural Society for improving the staple of Polish industry. In England such a man, however respected and respectable, would have no great political influence. In Poland he was regarded by his countrymen as the leader of the patriotic party, and by the Russians as a conspirator; the more dangerous because acting with steady legality. In fact, the Agricultural Society served first as a small bond of union between Polish gentlemen in distant counties, then as an excuse for meetings in which social questions, such as self-emancipation, were discussed privately, within the limits of the existing laws. That a portion of its members would have liked to go further, and give the society a distinctly political character, is no doubt true; but their president never permitted this deviation from their statutes. At last, after the massacre of February, Prince Gortschakoff, trembling for the safety of the town, invited Count André to provide for public security. The result was, that during a week of unparalleled

ferment, with a crowd of 100,000 spectators invited to assist in the funeral of the victims, perfect order was maintained. The success was a fatal one. "All the town obeys you," said Prince Gortschakoff, indignantly. "Things cannot remain in this state; I do not fear you; I have troops now." Five weeks later the Agricultural Society was dissolved. Its dissolution occasioned the second massacre, the crime of the victims being that they petitioned for its reëstablishment. Then power passed definitely into the hands of the Marquis Wielopolski; and in August 1862 Count André, having committed the crime of encouraging some hundred gentlemen to sign a petition to the Czar for national institutions and official union with the old provinces of Poland, was insulted by the Grand Duke, sent to St. Petersburg, and dismissed into honourable exile.

Those who care to follow out at length the complications of 1861-1862 must seek them in the excellent *résumé* of M. de Mazade, from which we have drawn freely. It is perhaps a misfortune that the book is made up of articles which have not been recast, so that the whole has a rather fragmentary character; but this fault of composition is abundantly redeemed by the author's thorough knowledge of his subject, and by his candour and breadth of view. Our own object is simply to point out, that ever since April 1861 Alexander II. has been carrying out his programme to govern Poland as his father did, and that the second tyranny has been even worse than the first. Except that the commissioners of roads are now to be elected by districts instead of by provinces, a change of very doubtful value, no single organic reform has been promulgated. On the other hand, schools have been shut up by hundreds, industrial enterprise has been discouraged, the clergy have been threatened, leading nobles and authors imprisoned or transported as a precautionary measure; and finally, a conscription organised with the express object of forcing the men most averse to service into the ranks. Since the revolt provoked by these measures, the government has set no limits to its severity. Twenty-three thousand men have been imprisoned as a precautionary measure. Hundreds are sent every week to Siberia. Torture and flogging are now among the means employed to extract confessions. The country is filled with spies. In Lithuania the infamous Mouravieff has offered rewards of from three to five roubles (from nine shillings to fifteen shillings) for the head of every insurgent. He has levied a fluctuating property-tax of at least 10 per cent, or two years' income; and the goods of those who cannot at once discharge this monstrous imposition are put up to public auction at nominal prices. We have before us the list of 397 persons whose

estates, down to the 4th of July last, he had sequestered. He causes every village in which insurgents have been harboured to be burned down. For these and other such atrocities he enjoys the unbounded admiration of his countrymen, demoralised by the war, and has received the order of St. Andrew and a letter of thanks from his sovereign. Unhappily he has imitators among the Russian generals; and Annenkoff in Podolia, Kieff, and Volhynia, is said to be not inferior. But even when the Russian generals are humane, well-meaning men, they cannot control the troops under them, embittered by a guerrilla war and constantly drunk. Burning alive, burying alive, flogging, are among the horrors of the present campaign that relieve the ordinary incidents of violation and massacre. At first the Russian organs attempted to represent the revolt as excited by the emigrants, and exclusively carried on by the upper classes. Both statements have been emphatically disproved. Not only are the emigrants not in the national government, but the services of such a man as Microslawski have been steadily declined, for fear his reputation as a red republican should excite distrust in Europe. As regards the different classes of the nation, the list of official victims alone proves that all are represented, about half hitherto having been peasants, farmers, or artisans, though of course the higher heads are the first struck. But the strongest testimony has been that of the Russian general Boggawout, who excuses the disorders of his troops on the ground that the peasants burn the villages at their approach, and fly into the woods to join the insurgents. We will just add, that in two corps we ourselves saw in Poland above a third were peasants, and only a small proportion educated men. But the lower classes in towns, especially Warsaw, have no doubt furnished the chief number of combatants.

Is compromise possible? The Czar has in fact answered that question by rejecting all mediation, accepting solemnly the responsibility of his acts, and refusing to treat the insurgents as belligerents. After seven months' struggle, with from 20,000 to 30,000 men in the field against him and baffling his best troops, Alexander II. allows no exchange of prisoners, and shoots or even hangs as traitors the unhappy gentlemen who have formerly served against their will in the Russian army. Sierakofsky, who was dragged from the bed on which he lay wounded to the gallows, had made himself honourably famous through the length and breadth of the empire by procuring the abolition of corporal punishment in the army. To ask the Poles to lay down their arms after the bitterness of such a struggle, in blind reliance on the mercy of a prince who

permits these atrocities, would surely be to expect too much of human nature. Would any sane man like to pledge himself that the Czar-father would not respond to their confidence by sending them Mouravieff? But if Alexander II. were not the weak man he is,—*qui a des vellétés mais qui n'a pas de volonté*,—and who is swayed by every impulse of popular animosity or rancour, a capitulation of the weak, considered as revolted subjects, to the strong, being a foreign despot, is hardly a measure to be taken while there are yet a hundred men with arms in their hands. What the Czar really counts on is the coming winter. His troops have been repeatedly beaten, and barely keep the field in spite of numbers and superior equipment. His treasury is bankrupt, and heavy arrears of pension and pay are even now said to be due. But he believes that four months' frost will save Russia again, as in the campaign against Napoleon. Having amused and baffled the Western powers by a half-evasive, half-insolent diplomacy, he now looks forward in confidence to extirpating their *protégé* during the winter. The weak will have learned a new lesson on the value of moral sympathies.

It is not for us or for any one to predict the future. Considering the national jealousy of France, the dislike to commence a war of which the issue cannot be foreseen, and the weakness of the present ministry, who dare not have a decisive policy for good or evil, the chances are certainly considerable that England will remain at peace during the next six months, and that Austria will follow her example. We need not discuss the possibilities which are still talked of in Vienna of an Austrian army of occupation taking possession of Poland up to the gates of Warsaw. But there is more than one step short of war which would seriously derange the Russian combinations. The recall of the English, French, and Austrian ambassadors, in imitation of what was done in Naples in 1859, would be something more than a mere moral remonstrance. It would shake the prestige of the war-party; it would necessitate fresh armaments on the Baltic, and ruinous expenses throughout the empire. Another and even simpler step would be to acknowledge the Poles as a belligerent power. The *Presse* of Vienna—the Austrian *Times*—has already declared in favour of this step, and it is generally believed that Franz Joseph and his ministers only wait the signal from St. James's, and the assurance that they will not move alone. There are several precedents for this measure. In the conference held at London in July 1826, between the cabinets of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, it was postulated "that an intervention is justifiable not only when the safety and essen-

tial interests of a state are affected by the internal events taking place in a neighbouring state, but also when the rights of humanity are violated by the excesses of a cruel and barbarous government." The Porte refusing to grant an amnesty, the three powers at once recognised the belligerent rights of the Greeks. Similarly the belligerent rights of Belgium were recognised; and in this case England was not eventually drawn into any war with Holland. The insurrection of the Spanish colonies was recognised by England, the United States, and Sweden. We recognised the belligerent rights of the Southern Secessionists without even sufficient delay to show that they could hold their own against the government of Washington. Here then appears to be a distinct principle, that it is in the option of any power to recognise insurgents of any kind, and at any time during the struggle, as belligerents.

What, it may be said, would be gained by this? The immediate and immense gain would be the winter. During those very months when the Russians expect to draw their enemy, as in a net, the Polish combatants would emigrate into Austria, leaving perhaps a few of the best-seasoned bands to harass the enemy. The insurrection would become something impalpable and yet terribly near. It would buy its munitions of war at a fourth of their present price, and would recruit soldiers from every country in Europe. The men who are now imprisoned on suspicion by the Austrian police, and sent back over the frontier, would be allowed to traverse Galicia at will, so long as they did not do it in regular companies. It is not too much to say that the whole labour of subjugation would have to be recommenced. Yet in one particular at least the war would have a tendency to be less bloody. It would be difficult for the Czar's government to persist in treating as brigands men whom the rest of Europe recognised as regular belligerents. We might fairly hope to hear of flags of truce between the two combatants and of mercy to the wounded.

It rests with Russia to prevent this recognition, and to reconcile herself with civilised Europe. She is still in a position, if she will only use it, to yield with dignity. The reconstruction of Congress Poland with a native parliament, under a Russian grand duke, and with international guarantees for the honest carrying out of the amnesty that has been so often talked about, would be nothing more than the Court of Peterhof is already pledged to by the Treaty of Vienna, and yet would suffice to satisfy public opinion. France and England have nothing to gain by the continuance of an internecine struggle, which occupies their diplomacy, produces constant fluctuations in the money-market, and keeps cabinets and press

in a wearisome state of tension. The fee-simple of Poland would not pay us for the disquietude of a year's European war. That the Poles would dislike such an accommodation as we have suggested is more than probable; but there is just sufficient equity about it to make it certain that they would forfeit the sympathies on which they now rely if they refused to entertain it. Besides, their faith in cabinets must by this time have undergone several disenchantments. As the scheme is in fact that which the Russian organs steadily represent as already contemplated, the only humiliation for the Emperor would be in admitting European intervention in the case of a province which he only holds in trust for Europe. The revolt of 1831 no more transferred Poland to the Russian empire than the revolt of 1848 in the Ionian Islands changed them from a trust into a dependency of the British empire. Sooner or later the Czar's government will discover that it is not wise to disregard public opinion and European treaties; and it may have occasion to learn before many months are over that there are other means of punishing bad faith than by drawing the sword.

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ART. VI.—THE ROYAL SUPREMACY, AND THE  
HISTORY OF ITS INTRODUCTION.

*State Papers of Henry VIII., published by Royal Commission.  
Correspondence of Cromwell in the State-Paper Office.*

THE anxiety of the episcopal bench to get rid of Bishop Colenso by some legitimate means brings us once more face to face with the Act of Supremacy and its authors. Hitherto, churchmen have upheld that statute with as much vehemence and tenacity as if the existence of the Church itself depended upon it. The greatest of English theologians, from the days of Hooker, have flourished it in the face of their enemies as a weapon of proof not less effective against Romanism than Dissent. To the old thick-and-thin supporter of "Church and State," the royal supremacy seemed a tower of strength. He was not ashamed to be told that he belonged to a church which owed its superiority solely to its political advantages. He would not have flinched from the assertion, that the Reformation was a political movement; that the state church was under greater obligations to the king than the bishops. He rather gloried in the fact. He saw in this alliance a pledge that the powers of the state should be employed in securing

for the church a supremacy above all other religious societies. However they might fluctuate and decay, he was perfectly secure. It was the business of the state, not his, to see that the church sustained no damage; to prevent any attack upon its outworks, and put down the promulgators of schism from within. It was a comfortable doctrine; it saved a world of thought, of labour, and of reading; better than all, it saved him from the necessity of forming a judgment on the difficult problems sometimes thrown in his way. It is pleasant to have others to think and provide for you; it is especially pleasant when thought and labour bring with them no other reward than "laborious days," and the imputation of singularity.

There did, indeed, happen times when the church ran off the accustomed rails, and this state-support became oppressive. The yoke, which bore equally on the necks of both animals in the straight furrow, fell in rougher ground with disproportioned weight on the shoulders of the smaller beast. It was hard for the nonjuring clergy in the reign of William III. to stand up and hold their own against the whole bench of bishops; still more hard when the whole weight and influence of the crown were thrown into the scale of the stronger. Then the clergy began, if not to disavow the royal supremacy, at least to question its true and legitimate limits. The same authority which seemed unfavourable to dissent when it pleaded for liberty of conscience, was equally unfavourable to the exercise of the same liberty on the part of the clergy. Their strength was to sit still. The moment they attempted to stir a hand's-breadth beyond the established formularies of the church, the moment they attempted to walk alone, without recognising the support of the state,—that moment they received unmistakable warnings of their helplessness. The Church of England claims in its Articles the right of every individual church "to decree rites or ceremonies" as it shall think needful; and the state indorses that claim. It claims authority to determine what is right or wrong in "controversies of faith;" and the state, with equal complaisance, sanctions that authority. It denounces the man who is cut off from the unity of the church as "a heathen and a publican;" and the state has not a word to say against so wholesome and so charitable a doctrine. But the moment the church attempts to put these abstractions into practice, the state steps in with its Act of Supremacy; and woe to the unhappy churchmen, singly or collectively, who, deluded by these fair promises, should venture to act upon them. With authority to decree rites and ceremonies, rites and ceremonies have remained precisely as they were more than three centuries ago. The whole nation

has been torn with controversies of faith, almost without intermission, from the Reformation to the present hour; but the church has never ventured to interpose an authoritative voice in these matters. And as for denouncing a dissenter as "a heathen and a publican," we take it that a jury of twelve enlightened citizens would very soon show the denouncers how far such advice was allowable. In fact, the state-support is very much like Sancho Panza's state-physician in his island of Barataria. "He had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before the physician touched the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately another with meat was clapped in the place; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it, than the doctor with the wand conjured it away as fast as the first." Any actual exercise of authority on the part of the church is neutralised by the state, whether it relates to doctrine or to ceremonies; and therefore, like Sancho Panza, compelled to solace his hunger, in the absence of more savoury and substantial dishes, "with a hunch of bread and some four pounds of raisins," the action of the church rises no higher than to a crusade against pew-rents or the recommendation of thanksgiving for a plentiful harvest.

Sooner or later the whole subject will provoke, as it has long since demanded, grave consideration. Not that, in the present distracted state of religious parties, we are anxious to see those restrictions removed from the independent action of the church, which would be inevitably turned to mischief, and end in its total ruin. But, as we have stated, we are brought face to face with the practical difficulties of the question by the case of Bishop Colenso. As the law now stands, the church can pronounce no judgment on the Bishop of Natal. It has no jurisdiction over him or any other bishop, heretical or orthodox. He may write and preach as much Hoadleyism or neologianism, or any other *ism*, as he pleases. The church is absolutely powerless. Long before the Reformation the right of punishing a bishop had been vested solely in the pope. The Act of Supremacy transferred this, with other ecclesiastical privileges, to the crown; and we might live to witness the anomaly of a bishop, ordained to drive away false doctrine, maintaining it in his own person, without any power in the church to restrain or to punish it. In fact, the time cannot be long distant when a much greater amount of freedom of opinion will be claimed both by bishops and clergy. In the rapid advance of art and science, it is impossible that theology alone can remain stagnant. It is equally impossible for the clergy of the Church of England, brought up at the universities, accustomed to the broader and profounder views which a philology unknown to the sixteenth century

has opened to mankind, to remain satisfied with the theological axioms of the Reformers, often based on a total misapprehension of the original language of the New Testament, and always more or less crippled by those narrow habits of thought in which they had been trained. Of the Fathers of the Reformation, as they are called, to whom we are indebted for the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England, who is there that would now be quoted as an authority in any great question of ecclesiastical history, of philology, of philosophy, or even of theology? It is impossible to turn over a single page of their writings and not be struck with the total absence of power and originality. Even in the most learned, such as Cranmer, the learning consists mainly in scraps and commonplaces from the Latin Fathers, or miserable translations of the Greek, valued solely for their apparent efficacy in the pending controversy against Catholic opponents, but indicating the smallest possible familiarity with the true spirit of antiquity. It is impossible that the clergy can be long content to walk in the theological gyves of the sixteenth century. And unwilling as the Church of England may be, and, in its present relations with the state, unable to grapple satisfactorily with the question, the time is not far distant when it must be prepared to reconsider its past decisions on many theological difficulties, and claim for itself and its adherents a greater liberty of expression and of action.

Of the history of that Act, which has produced such important consequences, and modified the whole existence of the Church of England, we should have been glad had Mr. Froude furnished us with a little more explicit information in his history of Henry VIII. To us it is far more interesting, and in itself infinitely more important, than Anne Boleyn's robes or the feuds of the Geraldines. Whose genius was it that upset the traditions of fifteen centuries, and devised an organisation without parallel in ancient or in modern times? Who first conceived the bold idea—not of a parity of power between the spiritual and temporal jurisdictions, not Warburton's figment of an *imperium in imperio*, not modern Anglicanism, watching to steal a feather out of the tail of the imperial eagle,—but a transfer of the whole authority of the church from a spiritual to a temporal ruler? Who was it that, with one stroke of the pen, to use the phrase of Bishop Andrews, “transubstantiated Henry VIII. into the pope,” and converted the church from an independent rival to a ready and submissive dependent on the state? With all the papers and documents before him needful for the satisfaction of such an inquiry, we should have been glad if Mr. Froude had availed himself of his precious opportunities; if he had told us by what steps

the authors of such a policy arrived at this result,—how they emancipated themselves from the long prejudices of ages,—how they ventured, not only in the teeth of Roman Catholic tradition, but of that new ecclesiastical liberty then awakening in the breasts of Continental reformers, to set up an ecclesiastical headship which was neither old nor new, foreign nor Anglican, Catholic nor Puritan. Whose ingenious brain conceived, who shaped into practical form, this alliance between church and state, wherein both should seem to be equal, but one in reality was extinguished? Was it the natural consequence of English constitutional tendencies? Was it the inevitable result of English Protestantism? Did it find acceptance with the mass of the people from its own intrinsic excellence, or was it forced upon them as a state necessity by the subtle ingenuity of Cromwell, or the iron resolution of Henry VIII.? Every man who cares to read the history of those times feels at once that this is *the* question, this is the keystone of the Reformation; all other topics dwindle into insignificance beside it. This is the real point at issue between the advocates of the old and the new system; this, and not purgatory, not pilgrimages, not transubstantiation; not what Mr. Froude seems ever and anon to suppose, the different degrees of loyalty and morality in Romanist and Protestant. There were men as loyal and pure-hearted as More whose consciences would not suffer them to acknowledge that Henry VIII. was “Head of the Church;” there were men as vulgar and worldly as Bonner, leaders of rebellion, like the Bigots, the Husseys, and the Constables, who were ready to die themselves, or at least put others to death, in defence of the king’s supremacy. The coronations of kings and queens, the pomp of Cardinal Pole’s ceremonials, even the death of the unhappy monks of the Charterhouse, sink into nothing in comparison with this. They were but temporary; they scarcely stirred the hearts of men familiarised with such spectacles, and too much occupied with their own griefs and perplexities to spare much sympathy for others. This, on the other hand, has spread its broad shadow across the range of centuries. It has fallen like a thing of evil on Puritans and Romanists alike. If it brought More and Fisher to the scaffold in the reign of Henry, it wrung the hearts and wasted the life-blood of Cartwright and the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth. If it hung like a sword over the head of the Tudor bishops, and prevented all relapse to Rome, it equally drove out from the pale of the national church every conscientious nonconformist, who was a zealous Protestant in every thing with the exception of this one article. It kept the church obedient to the sovereign and to the first principles of the Reformation, but it effectually

prevented all organic expansion, whatever the circumstances of the times.

We do not hope to throw much light upon these topics; a full elucidation of them must be left to the historian of the Reformation. The acts which transferred to the king the supreme headship of the church made it treason in any one to dispute or to doubt it in writing or conversation. Further than this, and with a stretch of arbitrary power unknown even in the darkest times, it was not necessary to prove any overt offence against the statute; it was enough to involve a man in the penalties of high treason if, when examined by oath *ex officio*, his answers were not deemed satisfactory by his judges. Such powers concentrated in the hands of one man, or one set of men, could hardly escape abuse even in the most peaceful and regular times. But the great minister of Henry VIII. whose genius conceived these measures, and whose ability directed them, was, as Mr. Froude tells us, beyond the passions and temptations of ordinary statesmen. The severities occasioned by them might be bitter, but they were in his estimation necessary and salutary. He entertains a charitable hope that these powers were not abused, and that those who passed these measures were not "betraying English liberties in a spirit of careless complacency." He finds a necessity for these proceedings and excuse in the insecurity of the times; and as Romanists had been persecutors in the days of their ignorance, he reconciles himself with a sigh to the righteousness of this retaliation: "the even hand of justice was but commending the chalice to the lips of those who had made others drink it to the dregs. They only were like to fall under the Treason Act who for centuries had fed the rack and the stake with sufferers for opinion."\* In the present condition of historical literature we are not so unreasonable as to expect that no materials should escape the notice of the historian, which can throw light on his inquiries. A few years only have elapsed since the judicious liberality of the Master of the Rolls has thrown open to the student the true sources of English history, and many years must still elapse before those sources can be fully explored. But when Mr. Froude wrote his history there were materials within his reach which we think he ought to have consulted; materials of which ample use had been made by Sir Henry Ellis—we mean Cromwell's own correspondence, formerly in the State-Paper Office, now at the Record Office. The authenticity of these letters cannot be disputed. They furnish the most complete insight into the life and history of this wonderful man.

\* History of England, ii. 330.

"Cromwell," says Mr. Froude,\* "the *malleus monachorum*, was of good English family, belonging to the Cromwells of Lincolnshire. One of these, probably a younger brother, moved up to London, and conducted an iron-foundry, or other business of that description, at Putney. He married a lady of respectable connexions, of whom we know only that she was sister of the wife of a gentleman in Derbyshire, but whose name does not appear. The old Cromwell dying early, the widow was remarried to a cloth-merchant named Williams; and the child of the first husband, who made himself so great a name in English story, met with the reputed fortune of a stepson, and became a vagabond in the wide world. The chart of his course wholly fails us. One day in later life he shook by the hand an old bell-ringer at Sion House, before a crowd of courtiers, and told them that 'this man's father had given him many a dinner in his necessities.' And a strange random account is given by Foxe of his having joined a party in an expedition to Rome, to obtain a renewal from the pope of certain immunities and indulgences for the town of Boston; a story which derives some kind of credibility from its connexion with Lincolnshire, but is full of incoherence and unlikelihood. At length we catch for a moment an accurate sight of him. In the autumn of 1515 a ragged stripling appeared at the door of Frescobaldi's banking-house in Florence, begging for help. Frescobaldi had an establishment in London, with a large connexion there; and seeing an English face, and seemingly an honest one, he asked the boy who and what he was. 'I am, sir,' quoth he, 'of England, and my name is Thomas Cromwell; my father is a poor man, and by occupation a cloth-shearer; I am strayed from my country, and am now come into Italy with the camp of Frenchmen that were overthrown at Garigliano, where I was page to a footman, carrying after him his pike and burganet.' Something in the boy's manner attracted the banker's interest; he took him into his house, and after keeping him there as long as he desired to stay, he gave him a horse and sixteen ducats to help him home to England. If this story is true, the future minister must have had a rough training; and in the midst of it this noticeable fact further shows itself, that he knew by heart Erasmus's translation of the New Testament. After his return from Florence, he found employment in the household of the Marchioness of Dorset in some uncongenial capacity; and at length found his way into the general asylum of ability in want of employment, the service of Wolsey. Here he made rapid progress. Wolsey soon discovered the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, and in 1525 employed him in the most important work of visiting and breaking up the small monasteries."

Circumstantial as this narrative seems to be, there is hardly a statement in it correct, with the exception of the last. We cannot disprove every assertion made by Mr. Froude, because we cannot always discover when he speaks from authority.

\* History of England, ii. 108.

Having assumed that the minister of Henry VIII. belonged to the Cromwells of Lincolnshire, Mr. Froude assumes the probability of Foxe's story, borrowed from Bandello. And though he doubts in his notes, as reasonably he might, how Cromwell could, according to Foxe, be at the storming of Rome with the Duke of Bourbon in May 1527, when he was employed in Wolsey's household in England, Mr. Froude is inclined to prefer the more dramatic but unsubstantial narrative of the martyrologist to the drier but indisputable testimony furnished by official documents. We are sorry to dissipate such a pleasant illusion. But the whole account is little else than a mistake. If the story told by Camden and Broke, and repeated by Fuller, be true, it is certain that Cromwell did not belong to the Cromwells of Lincolnshire. "Formerly there flourished," says Fuller, "a notable family of the Cromwells at Tattershall in Lincolnshire, especially since Sir Ralph Cromwell married the youngest sister and co-heir of William, the last Lord Deincourt. Now there wanted not some flattering heralds (excellent chemists in pedigrees, to extract any thing from any thing) who would have entitled this Lord Cromwell (minister of Henry VIII.) to the arms of that ancient family. His answer unto them was, 'that he would not wear another man's coat for fear the right owner thereof should pluck it off over his ears,' and preferred rather to take a new coat." Mr. Froude describes his widowed mother as marrying again to a cloth-merchant named Williams, "and the child of the first husband, who made himself so great a name in English story, met with the reputed fortune of a stepson, and became a vagabond in the wide world." But this part of the story he fails to authenticate. Cromwell had a sister married to a man of obscure parentage, named Williams or Williamson, who died about 1533, leaving a daughter, whom the minister was anxious to place under the care of some noble lady, and induct her into the manners of fashionable society. It is possible that the mother may have been a widow and married a man of the same name as her daughter's husband, but not very probable. At all events, until better authority be forthcoming the statement must stand for what it is worth.

The facts known of Cromwell's life, so far as they can be drawn from the indisputable data furnished by his own correspondence, are briefly these. The first notice that occurs of him is that of a merchant trading in 1512, at the mart of Middleburgh, to all appearance a member even at this early period of the Society of Adventurers who had dealings with the Low Countries. Sir Henry Ellis has published a letter addressed to him, at a later date, from Antwerp, in which the

writer wishes to engage Cromwell in a speculation for buying cheese; and the whole style of the letter shows that the future minister was perfectly well versed in such operations. In 1520 and the following years he was practising in London as a scrivener and attorney, combining with his other occupations that of a cloth-dyer. He was then living in Fenchurch Street. On wandering scraps of dirty papers, and dry-as-dust heaps in the Record Office, quite beneath the notice of the hero-worship of history, we stumble upon queer bits of information relating to his early career. Here is the back of a bill for cloth-dressing and facings mixed up with items paid in the course of his business at the law-courts; here the draft of a petition in Chancery, or a list of his creditors, hopeful and desperate. As early as the year 1521 he was flourishing in business and lending money. In 1525 Lord George Grey is his debtor for 30*l.*, and Lord Harry Percy, Ann Boleyn's unfortunate suitor, for 40*l.* in 1527. Here again is a letter sent to him by one T. Tressell, dated from Worcester, 20th October 1522: "Mr. Cromwell, I commend me unto you, and I trust that ye have dressed my cloth long ere this time. I pray you to send me word what ye paid for dyeing of my cloth. But, sir, I do suppose unkindness in you that you do not send unto me my pouch of velvet, &c. Commend me to Mr. Wodall and Anthony Bonvysy." This reference to Antonio Bonvyx, a wealthy Italian merchant to whom Sir Thomas More addressed his last letter from the Tower, is worth observation. He continued a constant correspondence with Cromwell long after his greatness. And possibly it was this connexion with Bonvyx which gave occasion to the rumour that Cromwell had been an agent to the Italian merchants in Lombard Street.\* Mr. Froude refers with scorn to the conversation narrated by Cardinal Pole between himself and Cromwell in the house of Cardinal Wolsey. Pole states that in the excitement caused by the divorce, and the differences of opinion existing among the king's councillors, Cromwell took occasion to sift Pole's sentiments, then just returned from Italy. At that time it must be remembered that Wolsey was moving heaven and earth to accomplish the divorce, nervously conscious that all chance of retaining Henry's favour depended on his success. It is piteous to read his earnest appeals to the pope, and witness the excitement which dragged the omnipotent minister out of his bed before daybreak. All other business was forgotten in the one absorbing topic. If successful, he might still hope to retire and spend his declining years in the service of God, and in watch-

\* "He was a merchant's clerk," says Pole, "and kept his accounts; and I know the merchant well, a Venetian, in whose employment he was." This merchant was undoubtedly Bonvyx.

ing over the welfare of his growing colleges; if unsuccessful, no past services could protect him from the resentment of an implacable master. In this state of things Cromwell and Pole met. "I told him," says Pole, evidently alluding to the cardinal, and those who shared his sentiments, "that it was the duty of a councillor to consider above all things the honour and interests of his sovereign; I enlarged on these subjects as they are enforced by the law of nature and the writings of pious and learned men." Cromwell replied, that he did not deny that what I had urged were popular topics in the schools, and were received with great applause when uttered from the pulpit; but, he said, in the secret councils of princes such arguments were insipid; whoever attempted to urge them at the council-table must change his tone, or bring his counsels and himself into discredit; and he added that such principles rarely agreed with the tempers of sovereigns, and were entirely out of fashion at court. It was a wisdom, he said, not to be gained from the schools; and they who come fresh from college to the councils of princes often make shipwreck against these rocks from want of this experience." In the end he advised Pole to give up his studies, and read Machiavelli.\*

If this story be a mere invention of Pole's, it displays an insight into character and a power of imagination not usually found in his writings. The sentiments expressed in it are too much in accordance with the times, and the great change then rapidly approaching, to be altogether imaginary. Nothing could mark off in stronger relief the statesman of the old and the new era. It is precisely the feeling which would reign in the heart of the new man, who owed his advancement solely to his knowledge of the world, and despised the less practical wisdom of the schools. Nor, does it need much insight into Cromwell's character to perceive that there lurked in his mind this sort of contempt for learning; as a factor to Antonio Bonvix he had made himself master of Italian, probably the only language with which he was familiarly acquainted besides his own. We find him recommending the study of it to Bonner and lending

\* After giving in his text the story of Cromwell's appearing in 1515 at the door of Frescobaldi's banking-house in Florence, Mr. Froude adds, "this noticeable fact further shows itself that he (Cromwell) knew by heart Erasmus's translation of the New Testament." The fact is more noticeable than Mr. Froude seems to be aware of, and adds one more marvel to Cromwell's marvellous career; for by Mr. Froude's account he must have learned Erasmus's translation of the New Testament by heart a year before it was published. But, unconscious of his blunder, Mr. Froude continues: "A fact (this reading the translation of Erasmus) which qualifies Reginald Pole's accusation of Machiavellism against Cromwell. He says Cromwell told him to read Machiavelli. If he did, there is no occasion to be surprised. Men may read and learn from books which they do not wholly admire." A platitude no one would dispute.

him "The Triumphes of Petrarche in the Italian Tongue."\* But it was to his knowledge of men and his experience of the world that he owed his advancement. These were the qualifications which placed him at once above all his clerical rivals in the court of the cardinal. Though his person was plain and ungainly even to ugliness, the flexibility and fascination of his manners were universally admitted. His contemporaries could attribute it to nothing less than magic. And there is still preserved at the Record Office the confession of a simpleton charged with resorting to necromancy for the purpose of obtaining a magical ring such as that by which Cromwell had risen so rapidly in favour. Traces of these qualities are to be found in the following letter, which we insert entire, not only as disproving the absurd stories of Foxe, which Mr. Froude is too fond of reproducing with little embellishments of his own, but also because we believe it is the earliest letter now preserved in Cromwell's handwriting. It has other claims to attention. It gives an account of the parliament held in 1523, where Cromwell sat as a burgess. That parliament was remarkable as the scene in which Sir Thomas More, then for the first time chosen speaker, is said to have hit upon this singular device of outwitting the cardinal and preserving the privileges of the Commons: "It fortun'd at that parliament," says Roper, "a very great subsidy to be demanded, which the cardinal fearing would not pass the Commons' House, determined for the furtherance thereof to be there present himself. Before whose coming, after long debating there, whether it were better with a few of his lords, as the most opinion of the house was, or with his whole train royally, to receive him there amongst them:—'Masters,' quoth Sir Thomas More, 'for as much as my lord cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of this house, it shall not in my mind be amiss to receive him with all his pomp; with his maces, his pillars, his pole-axes, his crosses, his hat, and the great seal too; to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may be the bolder from ourselves to lay the blame on those that his grace bringeth hither with him.'"

But here is Cromwell's own account of the matter, addressed to "his especial and entirely beloved friend John Creke," then residing at "Bylbowe in Biscaye."

"Maister Creke, as herteleye as I can I commende me, and in the

\* We doubt if he understood Latin beyond what was necessary for his legal business. The letters addressed by him in that language to persons in official employment might be written by the regular clerks. But if he did, this would be an additional presumption against his shoeless and neglected condition. Very few boys in his rank of life would be taught Latin at that time.

same wise thanke yow [for your] gentill and lovyng lettres to me at sundrye tymys sent; and wher as I accordinglye have not in lyke wise remembrid and rescribid, it hath bene for that I have not hade any thing to wryt of to your advancement; whom I assure yow yf it were in my lytyll power I coulde be well contentyd to preferre as ferre as any one mann lyvyn; but at this present I being at sum layser, entendyng to remembre and also remunerate the olde acquaintaunces and to renew our not forgotten sundrye communycacions, supposing ye desyre to know the news curraunt in thes partyes, for it is said that news refresshith the spy[rit] of lyffe; wherfor ye shall understonde that by long tyme I amongst other have indured a parlyament, which conteneuid by the space of 17 hole wekes, wher we communyd of warre, pease, stryffe, contencyon, debatte, murmure, grudge, riches, poverte, penwrye, throwth, falshode, justyce, equitye, discayte, opprescyon, magnanymyte, actyvyte, force, attempraunce, treason, murder, felonye, consyli[s], and also how a commune welth myght be edeffyed and a[ls]o conteneuid within our realme. Howbeyt, in conclusyon, we have do[ne] as our predecessors have bene wont to doo, that ys to say, as well as we myght, and lefte wher we begann. Ye shall also understond the Duke of Suthffolke, furnysshyd with a gret armye, goyth over in all goodlye hast; [whit]her I know not: when I know I shall advertyse yow. Whe have in our parlyament grauntyd unto the Kinges highnes a right large subsidye, the lyke wherof was never grauntyd in this realme. All your frendes to my knowlage be in good helth, and specially thay that ye wott of; ye know what I meane: I thinke it best to wryt in parables be caus[e] I am in dowl. Maister Vawhan fareth well, and so doth Maister Munkcaste[r]. Maister Woodall is merye withowt a wyffe and commendyth hym to yow; and so ys also Nycholas Longmede, which hath payd William Wilforde. And thus as well f[are] ye as I wolde do my self. At London, the 17<sup>th</sup> daye of August by your frende to all his possible power,

THOMAS CRUMWELL."

Of his other belongings at this period it is not easy to speak with precision. But there is not a tittle of evidence to justify belief that he was an erratic and shoeless adventurer. In fact, all evidence points to an opposite conclusion. He was a steady thriving merchant, married and settled in life, at the very time when he is supposed to be wandering in Italy, dependent on the charity of the Frescobaldi. So fall all Mr. Froude's anecdotes—of the bell-ringer at Sion whom he shook by the hand, and told the crowd of courtiers that "this man's father had given him many a dinner in his necessities;" of the manner, still more romantic, in which he repaid Frescobaldi, who afterwards came to poverty—a story dressed up with great dramatic effect by Foxe.

To speak of his family. Of his wife frequent notice occurs in his correspondence; and the "tattered stripling" must have been married at the time he is described as appearing before

Frescobaldi. He had a son named Gregory, a dull boy,\* not very well educated, who had already been under several masters, when he was placed at Cambridge, under a tutor named Chekyngs. This could not have been later than 1528 or 1529, when Cromwell was in Wolsey's service. Supposing Gregory was the eldest child, and was between thirteen and fourteen at the time he was sent to the University, we must assign his birth to the year 1515, or at the latest 1516; a date much too early for Foxe's story. We find Mr. Chekyng dunning the future great man, then a wealthy merchant, for the shabby sum of 6*l*, and the repayment of thirty shillings, which he had been out of pocket for Gregory's commons; and, to add to the shabbiness of the whole affair, Cromwell, who had innumerable bags of ducats to relieve the imaginary poverty of Frescobaldi, pays the poor schoolmaster only a part of his bill, under the plea that Gregory had not "got on well with his learning."

How Cromwell was taken into Wolsey's service we have only conjecture to help us. But we cannot be far wrong in supposing that he owed this advancement to his knowledge of business, and his skill as a lawyer. From early times he had been employed in this capacity. The numerous drafts of leases and agreements in his handwriting, now at the Record Office, add probability to this conjecture. He was not admitted to any part in Wolsey's political negotiations. The cardinal was at this time busy in suppressing the smaller monasteries, and conferring their houses and estates upon the two colleges he was then erecting at Ipswich and Oxford. The transfer of the property, the settlements with the tenants, the adjustment of different claims fenced in by canon and by common law, was a work of great intricacy,—far more than the cardinal had anticipated. The suppression of the smaller religious houses roused up a host of powerful enemies, not only among the abbots and bishops, but among the most influential nobility, whose progenitors had been the founders of these houses, and who still claimed a sort of right over them by virtue of these foundations. It wanted but this one act of aggression—for aggression it was then considered—to fill up the measure of Wolsey's unpopularity, and provoke the vengeance of those who were already bent upon his destruction. Stories were industriously circulated of unhappy monks who had been turned out of their ancient homes and sent adrift upon the world to starve. The nobility and the bishops regarded the act as an unjustifiable aggression on their property, to be followed by others not less alarming. Had he succeeded in effecting the divorce, it is possible that Wolsey might have outlived this storm; de-

\* He was "almost a fool," says Hills, a stern Puritan, writing to Bullinger.

feat boded irretrievable ruin. Still this mighty man kept on his way, and concentrated all his energies for this last effort. Shorn of his strength, hated by Charles, deceived by Rome, betrayed by Suffolk (of all betrayals the most ignominious and disgraceful), detested by Anne Boleyn, and coldly supported by the king, he was not to fall an inglorious victim. His despatches, always bold, vigorous, and comprehensive, are at this time infused with the energy and rhetoric of despair. It was his last appeal; the die was cast; the world was against him. Men looked tamely on his dying struggle with a sort of curiosity, not unmixed with awe and even satisfaction. No wonder the effort was too great; and the over-strained nerves of the expiring minister gave in their reaction no other proof of what he had been except tears and imbecility. But under these overwhelming cares he had little thought or time to spare for the adjustment of leases and the settlement of rents. It was a relief to find an able man, not unambitious to please, to whom he could delegate the business. His concern for his colleges survived all other considerations. They were the last thought of his dying moments; and if any of his old affections still survived from the wear and pressure of political life, they survived to fix themselves with exclusive energy on that one object which, to Wolsey's apprehension, seemed the sole relic of his herculean labours and better aspirations. His greatness had passed away never to return; the purposes to which he had devoted his life had been shipwrecked; his colleges still survived to embalm his memory, and pray for their founder. With this anxiety strong upon him even in the heaviest moments of his life, it is not surprising that Cromwell should have attained a high place in his favour; still less that he, then a Burgess in parliament and accustomed to parliamentary business, should have been selected by the cardinal to watch the bill of attainder preferred against his master, which Mr. Froude rightly characterises as "violent, vindictive, and malevolent." It was much too violent and vindictive to have any chance of passing the House. In fact, his enemies—even the Duke of Norfolk, the most formidable—had already begun to relent. Satisfied with humbling the cardinal and removing him from the court, they had no wish to proceed to extremities. Mr. Froude is rapt in admiration at Cromwell's chivalrous and disinterested conduct on this occasion, and speaks of the gallant service rendered by him in serving Wolsey. We have no wish to detract from the merits of that service; but what other line of conduct could he have pursued with decency, and what disgrace or peril did he incur by its espousal? It might have been inferred from Mr. Froude's language that

Cromwell stood alone in this respect, but others were equally forward, and certainly quite as disinterested, in their intercessions. "Master Russell told me," says Chapuys, an authority to whom Mr. Froude will readily defer, "that, on account of a few words in favour of the cardinal which he had repeated (*porté*) to the king, *the Lady* (Anne Boleyn) had held him in great displeasure, and refused to speak to him for a whole month; and that a week ago the Duke of Norfolk told Russell how much the *said Lady*, his niece, was irritated with him, and also against the Duke, because he had not done his worst against the cardinal." We have the same authority for the assurance that, the irritation of the moment once over, the king's favour was rapidly returning. "A gentleman told me," says Chapuys, writing on the 27th of November, "that a short time ago, the king was complaining to his council of something that had not been done according to his wish, and exclaimed in great wrath, that the cardinal was a very superior man in managing business to any of them. And he repeated this twice. Since then the duke, *the Lady*, and her father have not ceased from their machinations against the cardinal, *the Lady* especially, who does not cease to bewail her lost time and her blemished reputation, threatening the king that she will leave him. They say that the king has had trouble enough to quiet her; and that he prayed her most earnestly, *with tears in his eyes*, not to talk of leaving him; but nothing would satisfy her without a promise that the cardinal should be arrested." That the king therefore should not be sorry to see that justice done to the cardinal he had not the firmness to do himself, was natural enough. Mr. Froude says, with an air of solemnity, commenting on this part of Cromwell's history, "I cannot call him ambitious; an ambitious man would scarcely have pursued so refined a policy, or have calculated on the admiration which he gained by adhering to a fallen minister." Mr. Froude seems to us simply to misapprehend the real position of parties. Such magnanimity has been as frequently exhibited in the nineteenth as it was by Cromwell in the sixteenth century. It was a struggle for preëminence between two factions: that of the nobles, headed by Norfolk, backed up by Charles, and supported by Anne Boleyn; and that of the cardinal,—a head without followers. Till the day of Wolsey's death, it was almost universally expected that he would be restored to favour; and the paroxysms of fright into which his enemies were thrown the moment the king exhibited any signs of relenting only show how well those apprehensions were founded.\* What could Cromwell expect by throwing him-

\* James Clyffe, a priest, writes to Bonner, Wolsey's chaplain: "My Lord of

self into the arms of Wolsey's opponents? He had no favour to anticipate from that quarter. He would have been looked upon as a deserter; and he had other inducements of a personal nature we cannot now stop to insist upon. He chose the more graceful and more generous path—that of supporting the cause of his old master; but in serving him he served himself.

From Wolsey's, Cromwell passed into the king's service, but how soon and by what steps we have no evidence to tell. We find him in the Michaelmas term of 1531 addressed as the king's trusty councillor, if the date be correct, and appointed to confer with the king's learned "counsall," much on the same business as he had been employed on by Wolsey. The candidates at this time for royal favour were the Duke of Norfolk, who had been mainly instrumental in Wolsey's downfall, and Stephen Gardiner, secretary of state, and bishop of Winchester. Probably both looked upon the new pretender with infinite disdain; one as a mere upstart, the other as his former inferior in Wolsey's household. Norfolk had the reputation of being hard and imperious; his treatment of Wolsey had not heightened his popularity; to Henry he was never acceptable, though he did every thing in his power to secure the king's good graces. But besides the influence of his rank, his services, and his riches, he had the support of Anne Boleyn, of her father and brother, and, such as it was, of the Duke of Suffolk. Gardiner, wily, ingenious, and supple, had recommended himself to the king by his zeal and ability in conducting the negotiations for the divorce. The confidence reposed in him by the king was unbounded; and his great experience as a diplomatist, picked up under Wolsey, gave him signal advantages. Had he combined his forces with Norfolk, the two together might have succeeded in excluding Cromwell from power. But why should they? Who would ever have dreamed of such an advancement? Had it not been the boast of the king to surround himself with scholars? to have about his court the best educated ambassadors and ministers in Europe? No one up to this time had ever been preferred to any post of importance who did not seem to possess some claim to it from the eminence of his attainments, or who did not command it by the eminence of his birth. The whole administration of the reign

Wiltshire is in the French King's court. Mr. Leye is come home; it is thought he hath not brought such news as have been longed (longyt) for. In divers pleas where my Lord Card. grace is communed of, and among lords of the council specially, they fear that they shall of necessity be compelled to ask for my Lord Card. grace again. God continue their minds in that behalf. The King's grace and the Queen as this day lie at Hampton Court, and my Lady Anne. 29 May [1530]."

had been managed by scholars and nobility. Here was a new man who could lay claim to neither distinction. He had been unknown when he made his appearance at court, except for his damaged reputation and his faithful adherence to a disgraced minister. He had no friends, and apparently he looked to none. He does not seem to have paid extraordinary court to Anne Boleyn, or any of her numerous relatives and hangers-on, who now monopolised the king. Perhaps he did not expect favours from one whose resentment was sharp, if not lasting, and who would not forget that he had been the confidant of the man she hated above all others. Possibly Mr. Froude may set down this indifference to the sense of virtue, and to a conviction in Cromwell's mind of the queen's immorality. We attribute it to lower motives; for we cannot, after due examination, accept his estimate of the character of this minister. To Mr. Froude we must apply the language he has used in examining and condemning the conduct of Queen Anne: "If Protestant legends are admitted as of authority, the Catholic legends must enter with them, and we shall only deepen the confusion. The subject is one on which rhetoric and rumour are alike unprofitable. We must confine ourselves to accounts written at the time by persons to whom, not the outline of the facts only was known, but the circumstances which surrounded them."\* We accept these conditions with pleasure, and only regret that Mr. Froude himself should so often have departed from them.

Certain it is, then, that the new candidate for power regarded Anne Boleyn with indifference, if not with positive dislike. He is even accused by Alexander Ales,† the Scotch reformer, then resident in London, with having poisoned the king's ear against her. But whatever may be thought of this charge, this very isolation of Cromwell turned to his advantage. He had but one anxiety—to please the king; and in this he was eminently successful. Whilst his two grand and learned rivals were despatched on foreign missions, he, much too humble and obscure for such splendid employments, remained at home in close attendance on the king. He might have found a dangerous rival in Sir Thomas More; and a few years before no one bid so fair as More to engross the favour of Henry. The smiles for which other men grovelled in the dust, and bartered their faith and their principles, fell unsolicited on More. On no man's neck did the king hang with greater familiarity; in no man's conversation and society did he take so much delight. If he attempted to be familiar with Wolsey, there was something in the very character and sur-

\* ii. 462. † In a letter addressed by him to Queen Elizabeth, Sept 1, 1539.

roundings of the cardinal, something perhaps in the supremacy of his intellect, which forbade ease and raised up a shadow between them. If the king was willing for a time to forget his crown and his dignity, Wolsey never forgot, in the proudest achievements of diplomacy, that he was the king's "most humble chaplain and bedesman." But More, witty, charming, easy, and refined, would not bate an iota of his principles; he had turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of courts to employ himself in writing against heretics. His opinions on the divorce were too well known; and he hastened to get away from the uncongenial atmosphere of a palace. So the whole field was left to Cromwell; and he was not a man to let his opportunities lie idle. In the autumn of 1532 he attended the king to the interview with Francis at Calais; in 1533 he was master of the jewel-house and recorder of Bristol; in 1534 he was secretary of state, chancellor of the exchequer, and master of the rolls; in 1535 and the next year visitor of all monasteries, vicar-general, or king's vicegerent in all ecclesiastical matters, and lord privy-seal. Within these few years he had engrossed in his own hands powers such as no subject and no sovereign in this country had ever possessed before or will ever possess again. As secretary of state he had the ear of the king exclusively; he opened despatches of ambassadors and dictated their instructions; he issued commissions; filled up appointments; disciplined and dictated to the House of Commons. As visitor of monasteries he appointed abbots and priors, disposed of monastic pensions, corrodies, and leases; interfered with discipline, punished offenders. As vicegerent in ecclesiastical matters he presided in person or by deputy over Convocation, taking precedence of the Archbishop of Canterbury; he summoned, dissolved, managed it at his sole will and fiat. To him archbishops and bishops rose up and bowed down as to the great golden image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up. He disposed of livings, he granted church-leases, he regulated the punishment and promotions of ecclesiastics from the highest to the lowest. Great and unconstitutional as were these powers, wielded at the will of one individual, without the check of public opinion or the control of an independent House of Commons, they were infinitely increased by the Acts of Supremacy and High Treason. By these acts any man's house could be ransacked without notice at any moment, his papers and books seized and sent to London, and himself committed to prison and the rack,\* on the

\* Notice of the use of the rack is found more than once in this minister's papers and correspondence. Few were able to resist such an argument in support of the king's supremacy.

most frivolous accusation. If at any time, in the carelessness of conversation or the heat of discussion, he had dropped an incautious or angry word which could be construed as expressing a doubt of the king's marriage, or the spiritual nature of the king's supremacy ; if he possessed a book or paper, however secret, in which these topics were discussed ; if he had by carelessness failed to obliterate the name of the pope or Thomas à Becket from every Ms. which he possessed ; if he expressed commiseration for Queen Katherine, or questioned the virtues and good qualities of Queen Anne,—he fell under the penalties of high treason ; and if he did not forfeit his life, he was committed to prison, there to remain for an indefinite period, until Cromwell sent down an order for his release or execution. Nor was it necessary that the unhappy culprit should know the offence precisely with which he was charged, or be confronted with his accuser. Malice, ignorance, even a blunder, were active causes in bringing many to gaol.

But Mr. Froude will tell us these powers were seldom abused ; at least, he has so much confidence in the goodness of Cromwell as to assure us, if any mistakes were made or any undue severity shown, they fell only on those who had monopolised for centuries religious persecution. We cannot accept such an assurance. We do not see how it would excuse the arbitrary proceedings of the times, if we did. We do not believe that the punishment fell only on men who, themselves or their forefathers, had been actively engaged in persecution ; or that these considerations weighed with those who administered the laws. Far from it. Men like Bonner and Gardiner escaped, not because they abhorred persecution, but because, if they had scruples of conscience they swallowed them, and took the oath ; More and Fisher, and men of tender and scrupulous consciences,—and there were thousands such,—whose objections to the king's supremacy did not, as Mr. Froude terms it, consist merely in sarcasm, but in a real difficulty,—these men, we say, were executed, not because they or their fathers had been persecutors for centuries, but simply because they refused to forswear themselves. A very superficial acquaintance with the correspondence of the times will show how bitterly these laws were carried into execution ;—how every parish bailiff, headborough, justice of the peace, and knight of the shire, was forward to recommend himself to the great man and his favour, and his multitudinous means of preferment, by hunting down unhappy subjects. The more numerous the victims, the more unquestionable the loyalty of the persecutor, the better his chances of promotion. Even the officious zeal of modern policemen has to be kept in

check by magisterial caution and restraint; what was it, then, when the whole kingdom was converted into spies, informers, and sharp executors of the law, stimulated to their task by the hopes of gain or distinction at court? The correspondence of Cromwell is filled with cases of this kind. Here is one instance of administering justice, for which Sir Roger Townshend doubtless expected the thanks of the minister:

"Please it your good Lordship to be advertized that there was a poor woman of Wellys beside Walsyngham that imagined a false tale of a miracle to be done by the image of Our Lady that was at Walsyngham, sith the same was brought from thence to London; and upon the trial thereof by my examination from one person to another to the number of 6 persons, at last it came to her that she was the reporter thereof and to be the very author of the same, *as far forth as my conscience and perceiving could lead me*. I committed her therefore to the ward of the constables of Walsyngham. The next day after, being market day there, I caused her to be set in stocks in the morning; and about 9 of the clock, when the said market was fullest of people, with a paper set about her head written with these words upon the same, *A reporter of false tales*, [she] was set in a cart and so carried about the market stede and other streets in the town, staying in divers places where most people assembled, young people and boys of the town casting snowballs at her; this done and executed, was brought to the stocks again and there set till the market was ended. This was her penance, for I knew no law otherwise to punish her but by discretion; trusting it shall be a warning to other light persons in such wise to order themselves. Howbeit, I cannot perceive but the said image is not yet out of some of their heads. I thought it convenient to advertize your Lordship of the truth of this matter, lest the report thereof coming in to many men's mouths might be made otherwise than the truth was: therefore I have sent to your Lordship by Robert Townshend the said examination. Thus I beseech Almighty Jesu evermore to have your good Lordship in his best preservation. Written, the 20<sup>th</sup> of January."

In another, written about the same time, from Sir Thomas Blount, we find eight poor men and two women hanged for offences against the Act of Supremacy; and a poor tailor, Miles Denison of Kidderminster, for expressing his indignation at the proceedings, was committed to prison: "Your lordship shall be advertised that Dr. Taylor, chaplain unto my Lord Bishop of Worcester (Latymer), was one which preached on Saturday, 27th July last past, at the place of execution, where eight men and two women suffered death. And his sermon did set forth the king's authority of supremacy, and persuaded the prisoners to take their death charitably, and to take the same death for the satisfaction to the world only, and Christ for the satisfaction of their sins; by reason of which sermon the prisoners so

did, and gave thanks to the king and his officers for their just execution and death." The offence of the tailor consisted merely in passing a very unceremonious remark on the preacher: "This is a foolish knave-priest, come to preach of the new learning, the which I set not by." A pewterer of Hereford was committed to gaol by the mayor for saying, "I trust to see Queen Katherine's banner spread again, and she shall be queen of England in her old place, by the grace of God." These are but a few of the numerous instances of the way in which the statutes were enforced against the laity. Those against the clergy are more numerous, but equally disproportioned to the offence. One priest is committed to prison for saying that he thought the king could not be supreme head of the church, "for he could not give a man that thing that he should have when he came into the world, nor when he went out of it," *i. e.* the sacraments;—a remark which at least indicates, what no careful student of these times will deny, a persuasion in the minds even of the educated that the king did claim by his supremacy precisely the same spiritual powers which had been exercised by the pope. On another occasion, a school-master was sent to gaol for having a Bible in his possession of which three or four lines in the preface relating to the supremacy were cancelled and blotted out, though he denied it was his doing. Two friars are subjected to the same penalty for saying that they would not for a year or two buy new habits for "by that time, perchance, there will be another change." A Cambridge undergraduate is imprisoned for saying, what nowadays few would deny: "If the pope would have consented that the king might have married Anne Boleyn, he would have been pope still, and been called holy father." Two active magistrates write to Cromwell to inform him, that they had committed to ward a curate who had confessed that his conscience would not serve him to speak against the papal supremacy, "because he heard that the Bishop of Rochester and the fathers of Sion had suffered death for it. But he confessed to us that he prayed every Sunday in the pulpit, where he was curate, for our sovereign lord King Henry VIII., supreme head of the Church of England, and for Queen Anne his wife, and the Lady Elizabeth princess their daughter." He professed his sorrow for his omission, and offered to comply; but notwithstanding he was sent to prison. Richard Thompson, a clerk, is committed to the King's Bench, for praying for the bishop of Rome "at the compulsion of his parishioners, whom he durst not contrary at that time." In some cases the statute assumes a more aggravated form: Clerk, the bishop of Bath and Wells, and whose sympathies leaned to the old religion,

informs Cromwell that he had imprisoned a priest for not having preached to his parish "against the bishop of Rome's usurped authority." Another had been committed to gaol, there to continue until Cromwell's pleasure be known, for omitting to erase the popes' names from his own private books. One minister, apparently a puritan, is brought up before the justices for exclaiming in his pulpit, "the king is naught, the bishops and abbots are naught, and himself was naught too." Another for tripping on a similar occasion: "that the holy bishop Urban, sometime *pope* of Rome, and then he advised himself and said, holy Urban *bishop* of Rome, had granted pardon," &c. Sir Anthony Brown is examined by the council solely for expressing a wish, "that God would give the Lady Mary grace to submit herself to the king;" and this was interpreted "as bold talking of the king's succession." In fact, the whole land swarmed with informations. Malice or ignorance might convert into high treason the most innocent or the most careless expressions; and men found themselves hopelessly immured in the walls of a prison, and their goods confiscated, for crimes they had never committed, solely because they had no friend at court to recommend their case to the consideration of the minister.

It is difficult to see in many of these instances, and they might be easily increased, on what fair principles of construction such offences could be legitimately interpreted as offences against the statute; and it may be urged that Cromwell must not be made accountable for the blunders and misapplied zeal of country justices and incompetent magistrates. But no one who has studied the phraseology of the act can doubt that it was thus loosely worded in order to allow of its widest possible application. It was a net intended to catch the weak equally with the subtle; an instrument which threw into the hands of an arbitrary minister indefinable powers of oppressing his enemies. This is a harsh judgment we admit. But even those who take a more favourable view must acknowledge that, though these instances of the perversion of the law were brought immediately to the notice of Cromwell, and are found in his correspondence, no attempt was ever made by him to correct the evil, or moderate the intemperate zeal of his informers. In fact, the reverse is true. He grew more arbitrary; he endeavoured to surround himself and his exorbitant authority with a sanction that should make it high treason to dispute his acts, or breathe a censure on his character. Far as the crime of treason had been extended by his legislation, he sought to extend it yet farther. There is a draft of an act among his papers in his own hand, in which, among other offences to be

punished as high treason, we find that of leaving the realm without a license; living in the dominions of a foreign prince; annoying the king, his ambassadors or servants; causing them to disclose the king's secrets;—offences even more vague than those included in the Act of Supremacy. And therefore these arbitrary extensions of the act, already too vague and comprehensive in its penalties, are not to be attributed to the subtle interpretation of the crown-lawyers, as Mr. Froude would have his readers believe, but were part of the original intention of its framer;\* and Cromwell is the first, and we believe the only minister, who placed himself on a level with the sovereign, by bringing offences and words against himself under the statute of high treason. Magistrates were taught to make no distinction. Was it likely they would? Expressions against Cromwell were visited with the same penalties as words against the king, his crown, his marriage, his supremacy. We find the justices of Ludlow acting upon this understanding. They write to Cromwell to say that they have apprehended a priest for speaking words against him, sealed his house and taken an inventory of his goods, delivered his plate and property to certain persons for the use of the king. They had searched his house and examined his papers, to find if there was "any untruth" to our lord the king, but had found nothing. From a bag belonging to the priest, containing 76*l.* 16*s.*, they had taken 20*l.* to pay their own expenses; 10*l.* for engrossing the inventory, and 10*l.* for the messenger appointed to carry this information to Cromwell!

We could easily fill the whole of our space with instances of such arbitrary proceedings, but we must press on. They show a systematic attempt to force the consciences of men, to punish them for their religious convictions, and strain the law to the utmost for this purpose. Mr. Froude will excuse it as a state necessity; he will draw a subtle distinction between punishments inflicted for offences against the state and punishments merely for religion; he will contend that these were civil, not religious crimes, and were only punished as dangerous to the safety of the state. We, on the other hand, contend that no such distinction existed at the time in the mind either of sovereign or of people; that the king, as spiritual head of the church, assumed to himself the right of punishing such offences, not as contrary to the laws of the state, but as contrary to what he was pleased to determine was the law of God,—offences as much against his spiritual as against his temporal power. He never stopped to consider how far this or that creed might be excused or condemned,

\* ii. 329.

and its assertors brought to the scaffold as rebels or as heretics. That was a distinction first set up by the subtle statesmen of the reign of Elizabeth, when persecution for religion was growing unpopular. It had no place in the mind of Henry. The passing of the Six Articles, and the punishment of those who transgressed them; the persecution of Tyndal, and the death of Frith and Barnes,—all show this. When he transferred to himself the supremacy of the church, he transferred with it all those powers which the church had ever exercised for the punishment of heresy or disobedience to its authority. If the pope was the bishop of bishops, so was he; if the pope could of himself determine controversies of faith, so did he. If the doctrine of purgatory, or the sacrament of penance, or the worship of saints, were or were not to constitute part of the creed and the teaching of the Church of England depended upon the king alone. It is true that he did not administer the sacraments and ordain priests and bishops, but if any man had questioned his power to do so, he would have incurred the penalty of high treason. "A bishop," says Cranmer, "may make a priest by the Scripture, and so may princes and governors, and by the authority of God committed to them." In common with other reformers, Cranmer looked to all spiritual functions as absolutely dependent on the will of the king, as temporal commissions, like those of any other magistrate; and consequently, when Edward VI. came to the crown, he made an offer of resigning his bishopric as if it had been extinguished by the death of the sovereign. And precisely as the power of the pope was supposed to over-ride that of the ordinary, so were the clergy taught to believe that obedience to their diocesans was superseded by the Act of Supremacy. Thus Adam Becansaw, one of Cromwell's visitors, writes to him that it was considered that no priest "was obedient to any ordinary immediately, but only unto the king's highness, as unto the supreme head, *which is one of our chief articles of visitation.*" If these facts indicate the utmost confusion in the minds of men of real religious convictions like Cranmer, to what dangerous purposes might they be applied by a minister like Cromwell, who, as Mr. Froude seems to admit,\* had no clear religious principles! They were used by

\* Mr. Froude says of Cromwell: "His Protestant tendencies were unknown as yet (1530) perhaps even to his own conscience; nor to the last could he arrive at any certain speculative convictions. He was drawn towards the Protestants as he rose into power by the integrity of his nature, which compelled him to trust only those who were honest like himself." What Mr. Froude means by "speculative convictions" must be left to others to explain. Does he mean to say that while Cromwell passed for a Protestant, and allowed his partisans to believe that he was the great champion of the reformed doctrines, he was in fact opposed to them? Are we to assume that though Cromwell was a Catholic,

him as political engines; they were employed to damage and crush his political rivals; they were made the instruments of his hate, the furtherance of his worldly interests;—not exclusively, we allow, but still they were misused to these purposes. And just as he never scrupled at the means he employed, however unconstitutional, to carry his measures in the House of Commons, so he never scrupled to make use of the spiritual power when by so doing he could obtain his purposes more speedily and more securely. If he packed the House of Commons with his own creatures, would he be more scrupulous in packing a jury? If he interfered with the functions of the bishops, was he likely to be more reserved in interfering with the freedom of elections? These are not hypothetical cases. We find him writing to the king in 1539:\* “For your grace’s parliament I have appointed your majesty’s servant Mr. Morison to be one of them; no doubt he shall be ready to answer and take up such as would crack (boast) or face with literature of learning, or by indirected ways, if any such shall be, as I think there shall be few or none; forasmuch as I and other your dedicate councillors be about to bring all things so to pass that your majesty had never more tractable parliament.” What those means were of making parliaments “tractable” we need be at no loss to divine, but they were such as had never before entered the head of the most arbitrary sovereign. It was not merely undue influence at elec-

yet, on finding that all Protestants were honest men, and all Catholics dishonest, he was drawn to the former by the integrity of his nature, and persecuted the latter in spite of his religious convictions? That is precisely what Foxe might have said in his honest, blunt, and immovable bigotry. Meanwhile there is this difficulty. Supposing that so shrewd an observer as Cromwell could have passed his life among the merchants and aldermen of London without paying any attention to the great controversy of the times, it is certain he had been in correspondence with the favourers of the new doctrines (among others, with Miles Coverdale) some years before 1530. In the first draft of his will, dated June 1529, he leaves 20*s.* to every one of the five orders of friars within the City of London to pray for his soul: and he enjoins his executors to engage a priest “to sing for my soul three years next after my death, and to give him for the same 20*l.*” The will was corrected by himself throughout some years after, to make the alterations required by the death of his two daughters, and by other circumstances. The bequests are in general increased one-third throughout, and in some instances doubled. Added to the fact of these alterations having been made in a later hand, we must infer that they were inserted some years after the original draft, unless this augmentation of his wealth was gained by indirect means. Suppose the period to be five or six years, this would bring the date of them to 1534–5, after the passing of the Act of Supremacy and the death of More and Fisher. Yet in its amended form, not only are these two bequests for his soul retained, but in the latter the term is enlarged from three years to seven, and the money from 20*l.* to 46*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* To us the inference seems to be incontrovertible, viz. that while Cromwell, like his master, was a political Protestant, he adhered in his religious belief to the ancient faith. If there was one tenet to which the Protestants of that period were most opposed, it was that of prayers for the dead.

\* State-Papers, I. 603.

tions, it was not bribery, it was not intimidation ; it was even more. On the 20th May the corporation of Canterbury write to Cromwell, then chief secretary, to say that they have complied with the king's command certified to them in Cromwell's letter, and according to the king's pleasure have chosen as their burgesses in parliament Rob. Darkenall and John Bryges, notwithstanding that on the 12th of May the sheriff had returned two other burgesses as already duly elected,—John Starky and Christopher Levyns,—whose election was thus disregarded and set aside by this unconstitutional interference. We could produce instances scarcely less flagrant of his tampering with juries and escheators in relation to crown property, but we must forbear. We have already put the patience of our readers to a severe test, and are therefore almost ashamed to beg their attention to the following paper addressed by Cromwell to Cranmer. It shall stand in its colours of good and evil without any comment, for we know of no document which sets forth in so true a light the real feelings of the nation at the time on the principles by which its rulers, civil and ecclesiastical, were actuated. We will only premise that it was written just after the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn,—that marriage which Mr. Froude insists was earnestly demanded by the people, out of deference to whose wishes the king was driven into measures often otherwise inexcusable. It is endorsed

*"Reasons to clear the Clergy for condescending to the King's second Marriage, and for abolishing the Pope's Supremacy.*

There be (I think) in this realm that be not in their minds full pleased and contented that our Sovereign hath married as he hath done, some bearing their favour to the Lady Katharine Princess Dowager, some to the Lady Mary, some because the Pope's authority was not therein; and for this they lay the blame alonely on some of the prelates. And albeit that the prelates have none otherwise done in this matter but as it became them, and according to the very law of God, yet many of the inconstant commons be not therewith satisfied. And though they forbear to speak at large for fear of punishment, yet they mutter together secretly; which muttering and secret grudge within this realm, I think, doth not a little enbolde the king's adversaries without the realm. And forsomuch as this muttering and grudge is not against our most gracious Sovereign Lord the King, for every man seeth that he is the most gentlest prince, and of the most gentlest nature, and the most upright that ever reigned among men, but only against some of the prelates, and specially against the Archbishop of Canterbury; therefore I would deem it right expedient, that he should show himself to have done nothing (as he hath not in very deed) but according to the law of God. And although the suspicion and muttering be both false and untrue, and of the people unreasonably conceived against him, yet

must he endeavour himself to pluck it out of their heads, and that by loving manner. And also if the Pope be excluded out of this realm, the Archbishop must be chief of all the clergy here, the which will not lightly be accepted in the people's hearts, because it hath of so long time continued otherwise, except that the people perceive themselves (by reason of the said alteration) to be in better case than they were before. Wherefore I think it were very necessary for those considerations that the said Archbishop should make out a book, not over long, to declare that it that he hath done is not only according to the law of God, but also for the great wealth and quietness of all this realm; and this book would be from him written to all the clergy of this realm. And in the said book let him exhort in charitable wise all the said clergy, and specially such as be in great authority and advanced to dignity in the church, as Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Deans, Provosts and such other, that they at length now call to their remembrance that they be not called unto those rooms and dignities for their own sakes but for the people—not for their own ease, rest, and quiet, but for the quiet, rest, and ease of the people—not for their own winning and lucre, but to make the people rich and plentiful—not to the intent to eschew labour and travail, but by their labour and travail to ease the people of their burthens—not to reign in abundance of all delights and pleasures and the people in misery, but by their temperance and sober living to help the people at the least to plenty of suffisaunce—and finally, not to be served worshipfully, but for Christ's sake (like as he did) to serve other; for woe to us (let him say) if we do not thus! and let him thunder out here and there the vehement exclamations of the prophets and specially of Jeremie against spiritual pastors; and let him persuade the said clergy to avoid clean all pomp, all pride, all vain glory, and specially all manner of covetousness, that hath been occasion of so many evils in the Church of Christ. Let them avoid all ambition, all delicate fare, and to be ready with heart and mind to depart and dispose among the people of this realm lands, goods, money, and whatsoever other thing they now possess superfluously, and that they never hereafter seek for the riches or lordship of this world, nor show themselves desirous of any honour in this world, but diligently to seek for the kingdom of heaven, and there to make their treasury, and cleane cast away all care of this world. And let him say:—Most dear brethren in Christ, let it never be seen in us that we seek for any ease or for any pleasure in this world, but only to joy in the cross of Christ and in the health and salvation of the people, both in body and soul; for this is our charge, and for this we shall give a straight accompt. If you, most dear brethren, will gladly go with me this way at my loving exhortation, ye shall greatly merit for your obedience; but in case ye will not, I will compel you by the law of God thus to do, and then ye shall lose your merit of obedience. Thus our Lord Jesus Christ send us grace, both you and I, to accomplish this mine intent to the wealth of all the people both in body and soul. Amen.

I am very sure if he would set out a little book after this tenour, though he could never bring his purpose about, yet should he by this

mean greatly content the people's minds and make them think that they be happy thus to be rid of the Pope's oppression, and that the Archbishop is a perfect and a good Bishop, and that he intendeth truly according to the Word of God, and that he never did any thing for his prince's pleasure so much to win him promotion as he did for the truth's sake, seeing he pretendeth to stamp under foot all pleasure, all ease, all delight of this world, and utterly give himself to travail and pain in this world: for my mind is and ever hath been that the King's highness should not be seen to be most busy to defend his most righteous cause himself, but let the Clergy specially do it, and namely, the Archbishops. But if there be any so stubborn that he will not believe the truth, then the King's highness to punish him according to the laws in that case provided. For I wote well if it come to the hearing of the Pope and the Emperor that the whole clergy of England is fully bent to defend our Sovereign Lord the King's cause to the very death, they will not meddle much further."\*

There are other points in the inquiry on which we should gladly have entered had our space permitted us; inquiries for a satisfactory solution of which we have searched Mr. Froude's pages in vain. The hero of his story is Henry VIII., and yet he seems to attribute the conception and execution of the most eventful and characteristic measures of the reign to the genius of Cromwell. We are told by Mr. Froude "that Cromwell struck the line on which the forces of nature were truly moving—the resultant, not of the victory of either of the extreme parties, but of the joint action of their opposing forces. To him belonged the rare privilege of genius, to see what other men could not see." And yet in a page or two after, it is the Tudor spirit that wakes; it is the king that speaks. We should be glad to know which was the wheel, and which the index; which the substance, and which the reflection. Did Henry set his seal to measures suggested to him by his minister, or did his minister merely carry out the ideas of his master? Mr. Froude will point out to us letters and sign-manuals; he will call our attention to passages in which *he* feels "the noble spirit" of the monarch breathing in every line. We confess we cannot be satisfied with these evidences; and we fancy—though it may only be fancy—that we trace in the laboriously corrected drafts of the secretary indications of those qualities which Mr. Froude regards as the exclusive attributes of the sovereign. It may be that the secretary was writing to dictation; it may be that he was no more than the hand upon the dial-plate.

\* With a view of making the clergy more dependent on the crown, he proposed to confiscate the episcopal revenues, and make the bishops pensioners on the state. Each one of them, with the exception of the archbishop, was to receive 1000 marks a year. Had he lived longer, the bishops would have followed the abbots and priors.

But this is the point we desire to see cleared up. If Henry was indolent and disinclined to business, if he was engrossed in his amorous passion for Anne Boleyn, if Mr. Froude's favourite metaphor of his "waking up" is to be construed literally,—then it might happen that his able and obsequious servant would not willingly obtrude on his master's slumbers. He might be satisfied with a general conception of his master's wishes; he might shape out his policy after his own fashion, satisfied that the king should affix his signature, or that he himself should apply the signet to acts bearing the king's authority, and running in the royal name, but of which the king himself had very little cognisance. If this seems a hazardous supposition, it must be remembered that it was his theory that the king should not be too much seen in his own causes. And even if it were not so in all measures, it is probable that the king would confine himself mainly to questions of foreign politics, and leave domestic reforms to his vicar-general and vicegerent. To Henry it was of much greater moment what the emperor thought of his doings, or how he should draw Francis I. into following his own example of renouncing the pope, than to punish discontented subjects for calling Queen Anne "a churl's daughter," or setting curates in the pillory for haggling over his title of supremacy. At all events, the doubt is as old as the days of Cromwell. "They that rule about the king," said people, "make him great banquets and give him sweet wines, and make him drunk; and then they bring him bills and he putteth his sign to them, whereby they do what they wish, and no man may correct them." "That Cromwell," exclaimed one John Hampson, in a street-brawl at Oxford—"that traitor hath destroyed many a man; an I were as nigh him as I am to you, I would thrust my dagger into the heart of him." Whether these prejudices were well founded or not, there can be no doubt that they existed; and, in fact, Mr. Froude admits that Cromwell was the most unpopular man of his time, without a friend in either party; but then he falls back on the poetical commonplace, that he was friendless from the excess of his integrity.

On that point we must conclude, and then leave our readers to judge for themselves. We have shown before with what unexampled rapidity this minister rose from the utmost obscurity within six years to the highest honours of the state—how, in less than three years, he saw all his rivals at his feet, whatever their rank, their abilities, or their advantages;—he, a man in trade, not distinguished by learning, not trained to politics, a subordinate in Wolsey's household. If he owed this rapid promotion solely to his virtue, then should Mr. Froude

comfort himself that virtue is sometimes highly rewarded. But there are questions which will immediately occur to men of ordinary sense, and to which they will demand a satisfactory answer before they consent to surrender their convictions to the most bland and graceful of historians. When Cromwell entered Wolsey's service, he was a thriving merchant, but no more; when he entered the king's service, on the death of the cardinal, he had given up business. To live at court, and that so splendid and extravagant as the court of Henry VIII., required a fortune; the mere presents that every minister must distribute—the New Year's gift alone—would have swallowed up a moderate income. His official emoluments as secretary of state were of the scantiest kind; yet we find him early launching out into great expenses. Within a few years he has five establishments,—one at Austin Friars, another at Hackney, another at Stepney, another at Mortlake, another at Canonbury, besides his official residence at the Rolls. At Austin Friars, Hackney, and Stepney, he was carrying on extensive repairs and buildings all at the same time, and employing upon each of them from fifty to seventy workmen at 6*d.* a day. Not long after he was erecting a mansion at Ewhurst, of which his steward reports that it was “the goodliest and the mightiest he had ever seen.” He kept from three to four stewards, he had a staff of clerks, servants, hunters, hawks, and all the expensive *impedimenta* of a noble establishment. In July 1537 the expense of his household, not to mention wages, was 101*l.* 13*s.*; in August, 98*l.* 9*s.* 6½*d.*; in September, 240*l.*\* Next year, in the same month, it had increased to 300*l.*, not including 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for provisioning Lewes priory, which had then come into his hands. On the 19th November 1537 he paid 2000*l.* for a diamond and a ruby. In June 1538 he purchased Sir George Somerset's house at Kew; in November following, the manor of Brampton for 1000*l.* In January the next year he bought the demesnes of the priory of Folkestone; next month the manor of Holden for 3450*l.* The same year he lent Gastwick 2000*l.*, the year before, 2253*l.*, for the king's use. Besides these outlays he lost money at dice and cards, in sums varying from 20*s.* to 20*l.* Nor were his outgoings as a courtier inconsiderable. On the birth of Prince Edward he gave the messenger 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; to the ladies attending on the prince, 20*l.*; and 3*l.* 10*s.* to the poor of St. James. To the king he presented a gold cup, and an “outlandish beast” with a velvet collar; to the poor queen herself his new-year's gift in 1537 was a cup of gold and

\* These sums must be multiplied by ten to bring them near to modern computation.

22*l.* 10*s.* With these exceptions, his liberality was most conspicuous to the Princess Mary. In 1537 he sent her 24*l.* as a new-year's gift, then 11*l.* 5*s.*, and immediately after 6*l.*; and next month, as her "fallantyne" (valentine), 15*l.* In November of the same year he paid Wriothesley 38*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* "to make my Lady Mary a new-year's gift," and in December "a salt of gold and 10 sovereigns." Her only acknowledgment of this bounty was "a dish of quinces," for which the minister rewarded the bearer with 5*s.* Whether she remained inexorable, or money grew scarce, her next new-year's gifts were only 11*l.* 5*s.* Besides these he was fond of masques. In the January of 1539 he exhibited a masque before the court which cost him 30*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*,—the stuff, 13*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.*, the copper-plates and disguises, 9*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*; and among the curious items is one of 21*s.* 2*d.* "paid for the trimming of Divine Providence when she played before the king." To Woodhall, the schoolmaster of Eton, he gave 5*l.* for playing before him at Christmas; and to Bole, afterwards bishop of Ossory, and his fellows, on a similar occasion, 30*s.*; to Grafton, the furnisher, 10*l.* for masks. His installation as Knight of the Garter, in 1537, cost 25*l.*; his gown, 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, his collar and George, 7*l.* 6*s.*\*

When churchmen were ministers, the scanty emoluments of office were supplemented by bishoprics; but Cromwell could enjoy no such advantages. Henry was not unkind to his virtues, and he had numerous grants from the crown; but such grants brought in little ready money, certainly none adequate for such heavy expenses. Then, how were these expenses defrayed? A glance at his correspondence explains. In Wolsey's service he had learned to take douceurs,—we should call them bribes,—to obtain the cardinal's favours for suitors. When he became chief minister to Henry VIII., he continued the practice; and his letters furnish ample evidence of the extent to which this practice was carried. His appointments as visitor and as vicar-general gave him ample opportunities of enriching himself by indirect means; and the numerous applications made to him afford ample indications—even if we had not his private accounts to produce—that his virtue was not impregnable. Sir Ant. Cope writes to him to say that seven convicts had escaped from the Bishop of Lincoln's prison in Banbury; and this will be a good opportunity to extort from the bishop

\* There are other curious items for which we cannot afford space; *e. g.* such as "two ribbands for his George, 8*d.*, and a lace for his spectacles, 4*d.*; two stools to set his legs on, 1*s.*, and 20*d.* for a pewter pot to wash a running sore with which he was troubled," like his master. He was by no means conspicuous for charity. His alms in 1537 were 8*d.* to a poor woman in March; 8*d.* to two poor men in July; 1*s.* to three poor women, and 2*d.* at Christmas. Next year he was more liberal, but chiefly to the poor of Putney.

the fee-farm of the hundred of Banbury, which he holds of the king, and bestow it on one of Cromwell's friends; and he ends with offering Cromwell 200*l.* to obtain it for him. Sir Simon Harcourt writes to him to procure him from the king a little house of Canons in Staffordshire: "His grace shall have 100*l.*, and your mastership, if it be brought to pass, 100*l.* for your pain, and 20*l.* fee so long as you live." But if it be dissolved, and Cromwell can obtain the grant of its farm for the petitioner, he will give him 100 marks. Thos. Candell offers him, when privy seal, 10*l.* to obtain the king's patent and seal for a friar's house and lands. Lady Mary Capell offers him 20*l.* to buy a hobby, if he will get the arrears of her annuity paid up. Sir Piers Eggecombe desires a grant of the suppressed priory of Totness. He offers the king 800 marks for it, and Cromwell a present of 100*l.* to procure the king's favour. He obtains his request, and then asks for two manors in Devonshire. A wretched constable employed by him as a visitor of the religious houses begs him to stay the conclusion of a bargain between one Broke and the abbot of Bardsley. "Hear me speak or you conclude with him: it shall be in the way of 200 marks." Archbishops and bishops, noblemen and widows, purchased his smiles with eager hands. The black-mail which he levied under the name of new-year's gifts, fees, and annuities, was enormous: 40*l.* a year from Cranmer, 20*l.* a year from the other bishops, and 10*l.* a year besides in the shape of a new year's gift; sums of 2*l.*, 5*l.*, 10*l.*, and 20*l.* from most of the abbeyes and priories in England; 40*l.* from the Earl of Wiltshire, 20*l.* from Queen Jane Seymour, the same from the unhappy Countess of Salisbury; 20*l.* from Dr. Lee, the same from Dr. Leighton, and 10*l.* from Dr. Landon, his visitors of the monasteries. The entries in his steward's book reveal the same tale: 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in a little white purse; "in a pair of gloves," 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; "in a handkercher," 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; "in a black velvet purse," 20*l.*; and 10*l.* "with a purse of silver and gilt." "A purse of crimson satin," containing 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; in "another crimson satin purse," 20*l.*; 20*l.* "in a white paper;" 20*l.* "in a glove under the cushion in the gallery window;" "under a cushion in the middle window in the gallery," 10*l.* "Under the cushion in the gallery window, in a purse of white leather," 100*l.*; "the same day 50*l.* in a purse of red leather;" "in a purse of white leather," 10*l.*;—all lying close together in those eventful months, when nobles and peasantry were dissipating and plundering the abbey lands.

We might enlarge these instances almost to any amount. The poor monks at Canterbury, who paid him an annuity for his protection, had a summer's residence at Bekesborne, the

envy of the neighbourhood. The king was desirous to have it, and offered the prior any lands of equivalent value in exchange. In great trepidation he laid his griefs before the minister; the monks could not consent to part with it on any terms, it was their only place of recreation, nothing could be an equivalent for its loss. The powerful intercession of the minister saved it from the clutches of the crown, and the monks were profuse in their gratitude: but in his very next letter he demanded and obtained a lease of it for himself. Pensions and annuities from abbots and priors trembling for existence; presents of money from grasping squires and nobles eager to clutch at the prey and forestall each other; hampers of game, fish, and poultry; eggs, cheeses, and venison pasties from less wealthy suitors, all anxious to bespeak the favour of this man, more powerful than the king himself, poured in at his gates. The venison sent him fed his servants and saved his butcher's bills, as his thrifty steward informs him;—if it got a little damaged by the journey, it was baked in a pie, and that was food for the man which was no food for his master. For though he rose to the highest offices in the state, and his income was enormous, the business-like habits and frugality of the merchant still reigned in his heart and his household. No wonder whilst the minister grew wealthy the crown grew poor. It was thought a great thing that Cardinal Wolsey, once in his magnificent administration, with foreign wars and continual loans to Maximilian, to Charles, and after his captivity to Francis I., should have once demanded a subsidy from the House of Commons; now, in a period of profound peace, with parliamentary subsidies, the enormous fines paid by the clergy to escape the premunire, with annatys and first-fruits, which had hitherto rolled a stream of gold to Rome, all turned into the exchequer, the king “woke up,” after six years, to find himself on the eve of a rebellion, with no funds to meet it, unless he melted his plate and sold his jewels.

These details are not taken from Protestant or from Popish legends, so much deprecated by Mr. Froude; they are not the blind suggestions of malice and envy; they are derived from an authority which Mr. Froude himself will not dispute—Cromwell's own correspondence. We do not contend that they present the whole account of the matter, and that Cromwell's character is to be judged by these facts alone, to the exclusion of others: that would be to fall into the fault we condemn. But whether they bear out Mr. Froude's views, and whether an impartial historian ought to have ignored them, our readers can decide for themselves.

## ART. VII.—MR. BROWNING'S POEMS.

*The Poetical Works of Robert Browning.* Three volumes. Third Edition. Chapman and Hall.

MR. BROWNING, though commanding a wider intellectual sweep of view than almost any artist of our day, is yet a poet not of European, nor even of national celebrity, but rather the favourite of an intellectual sect; and this, not from any sectarian tendency in his poetry,—nothing could be more catholic,—but from the almost complete absence of that atmosphere of fascination about his verse, that melody of mind and speech, which is the main attraction of poetry to ordinary men, and but for which, mere imaginative power, however great, would scarcely arrest their attention at all. Coleridge once defined poetry—very badly we conceive—as “that species of composition which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having *this* object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole* as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component *part*.” Now Coleridge certainly did not *intend* to exclude Mr. Browning's works by anticipation from all claim to the title of poems; if he had lived to read Mr. Browning, Coleridge's profound, rich, and catholic imagination would scarcely have failed to appreciate fully the power and insight of the younger poet; but no definition of a poem could have been contrived more ingeniously calculated to exclude Mr. Browning's works from that class of composition. Most of Mr. Browning's poems might be described precisely ‘as proposing for their *immediate* object truth, not pleasure, and as aiming at such a satisfaction from the whole as is by no means compatible with any very distinct gratification from each component part.’ In other words, Mr. Browning's poems, though, when clearly apprehended, they seldom fail to give that higher kind of imaginative satisfaction which is one of the most enviable intellectual states,—give scarcely any immediate sensitive pleasure. There is none of the thrill through the brain, of the vibrating melodious sweetness, of the tranquillising touch and atmosphere of loveliness which we usually associate with the highest powers of poetical expression. And then, as to the relation of the whole to the part, which is Coleridge's second test of a poem, Mr. Browning's poems are not so organised that the parts have any gratification for you at all, till you catch a view of his whole. Coleridge says, that “the reader should be carried forward, not

merely or chiefly by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the solution, but by the pleasurable activity of the mind, excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the motion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the emblem of intellectual power, or like the path of sound through the air, at every step he pauses and half recedes, and from the retrogressive movement collects the force which again carries him onward." Nothing could be farther from describing the movement of Mr. Browning's poems. Instead of fascinating you with his harmony of movement, and gradually insinuating the drift and spirit of the poem into your imagination, Mr. Browning rushes upon you with a sort of intellectual *douche*, half stuns you with the abruptness of the start, repeats the application in a multitude of swift various shocks from unexpected points of the compass, and leaves you at last giddy and wondering where you are, but with a vague sense that, were you but properly prepared beforehand, and warned as to its laws of approach, you might discern a unity and power in this intellectual water-spout, though its first descent only drenched and bewildered your imagination. Take the following short poem for example, one of really marvellous force, indeed of true genius, but which we purposely decline to present to our readers with any further introduction than Mr. Browning has himself accorded us; in order to illustrate this characteristic of his, that the whole must be fairly grasped before any of the "component parts" are intelligible,—the component parts, indeed, being little more than diminutive wholes, too diminutive in scale to be clearly legible until you have seen the whole, whence you go back to the component parts again with a key to their meaning that at last gradually deciphers them:

*"Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister."*

"Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!  
 Water your damned flower-pots, do!  
 If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,  
 God's blood, would not mine kill you!  
 What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?  
 Oh, that rose has prior claims—  
 Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?  
 Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:  
*Salve tibi!* I must hear  
 Wise talk of the kind of weather,  
 Sort of season, time of year:  
*Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely*  
*Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:*  
*What's the Latin name for 'parsley'?*  
 What's the Greek name for Swine's S'rout?

Whew ! We'll have our platter burnished,  
Laid with care on our own shelf !  
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,  
And a goblet for ourself.  
Rinsed like something sacrificial  
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—  
Marked with L. for our initial !  
(He-he ! There his lily snaps !)

*Saint*, forsooth ! While brown Dolores  
Squats outside the Convent bank,  
With Sanchicha, telling stories,  
Steeping tresses in the tank,  
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,  
Can't I see his dead eye glow,  
Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's ?  
(That is, if he'd let it show !)

When he finishes refection,  
Knife and fork he never lays  
Cross-wise, to my recollection,  
As do I, in Jesu's praise.  
I, the Trinity illustrate,  
Drinking watered orange-pulp—  
In three sips the Arian frustrate ;  
While he drains his at one gulp !

Oh, those melons ! If he's able  
We're to have a feast so nice !  
One goes to the Abbot's table,  
All of us get each a slice.  
How go on your flowers ? None double  
Not one fruit sort can you spy ?  
Strange !—And I, too, at such trouble,  
Keep them close-nipped on the sly !

There's a great text in Galatians,  
Once you trip on it entails  
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,  
One sure, if another fails :  
If I trip him just a-dying,  
Sure of Heaven as sure as can be,  
Spin him round and send him flying  
Off to Hell, a Manichee ?

Or, my scrofulous French novel  
On grey paper with blunt type !  
Simply glance at it, you grovel  
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe :  
If I double down its pages  
At the woeful sixteenth print,  
When he gathers his greengages,  
Ope a sieve and slip it in't ?

Or, there's Satan !—one might venture  
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave  
Such a flaw in the indenture  
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,

Blasted lay that rose-acacia  
 We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine*. . .  
 'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ*  
*Ave, Virgo!* Gr-r-r—you swine!"

When we have caught the idea that Mr. Browning is painting the jealous disgust and tricky spite felt by a passionate, sensual, self-indulging, superstitious monk for the pale, blameless, vegetating, contented sort of saint who takes kindly to gardening, and "talks crops" at the monastery table, we see how living and strongly conceived the picture is: but the wording, though vigorous, and one verse at least (that concerning Sanchicha) highly picturesque, is neither melodious nor even very lucid for its purpose; and the parts, as we said, are diminished images of the whole, and hence enigmatic till the whole has been two or three times read. Yet we take it that the versification, and the verbal *efficiency* generally, in this little poem is a good deal above the average power of expression of the pieces called "lyrical," chiefly because it is lyrical only in name, and does not attempt to be in form much more than it really is in essence, a dramatic fragment.

Mr. Browning's deficiency in the power of sensuous expression, and in the art of giving an *independent* interest and attractiveness to the component parts of his poems, as distinguished from the whole, is of course most strikingly seen in the deficiencies of his metre and rhyme, which are the natural gauge of poetic expressiveness and harmony of poetic structure. A metre that does not fit the movement of the thought gives the painful sense of a man rattling in a case of armour quite too large for him; and rhyme that is only rhyme, and that does not bring with the regular beat of the language something of new power to the sense, annoys with a sense of something artificial, ingenuity at best, which interferes with the imaginative effect instead of heightening it. Mr. Browning is never happy in his lyrical metres, and his rhymes have the careless wilful effect of being cast off at random in order to conform to a barren and tyrannic custom. His versification is almost always best where it is nearest to prose, where, as in the dramas, the metre is blank verse without rhyme. Elsewhere there is no elasticity in the rhythm; and rarely indeed, when he tries rhyme, does he use it to effect its legitimate function,—the delicate and definitive *clasp*ing of thought to thought. Except in "The Lost Leader," "Bringing the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and one or two other ballads of the same kind, which have a stately gallop in their movement that corresponds well to the movement of the thought, there is not a metre or a rhyme in the poems that strikes you by its felicity, and but few, except some of the

blank metres, that do not painfully drag or jar. And this deficiency in the *verse* is only the reflection of the deficiencies of the style generally; whenever, at least, it attempts to be lyrical.

Mr. Browning has himself suggested to us, not perhaps with any conception of the full scope of his remark, the reason why many of his so-called lyrics are unsatisfactory in form; and if we follow the clue his suggestion gives, we shall probably find that it accounts for much both of his great power and great uncouthness. He says in a note to the first of the "Lyrics," "Such poems as the majority in this volume might also come properly enough, I suppose, under the head of 'Dramatic Pieces;' being, though often Lyric in expression, always Dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine." This is most true, except that we should very seldom indeed allow these pieces to be truly "lyric in expression." They try to be indeed, but fail. They make an effort to take the lyric form; but having another essence, they wriggle about uncomfortably in their artificial attitude, and show, by the rasping and the friction of the style that they have somehow got embodied in a wholly unsuitable poetic organism. The truth is, we think, that Mr. Browning combines in his own person the *half* of a great dramatist with a large capacity for pure intellectual thought, but has none of that liability to flashes of emotion tingeing his whole creative power which generates lyric poetry. His mind seldom or never seems to fall under the dominion of a single sentiment or passion, without which poetry cannot properly be lyric. He can *throw* himself into such a mood as a dramatist, but that has an altogether different effect. A dramatic picture of emotion has not the same spontaneity, the same ease, the same singleness of effect; for almost always (usually even in soliloquies) it has direct relation to the minds and actions of others. Mr. Browning is a dramatic thinker,—always thinking within the imaginative fetters of dialogue, even when not throwing his thoughts into that external form; always speaking and writing for a resisting medium of thought or feeling foreign to that which he is expressing at the moment. You feel that he invariably contemplates some other phase of character, against which his thought has to justify itself, or into the heart of which it has to force an entrance. A genuine lyric is not written under the sense of external limits, and with direct reference to the presence of some other form of thought or character. Dramatic thought must always be a *compressed* form of imaginative power; it must be distinctly outlined, and fit piece into piece. Lyrical poetry is "a law unto itself," defined by its own nature, but without defined end or purpose, falling into shapes due only to the inward har-

mony of the mind in which it originates, and essentially free from the control of any immediate foreign influence. It is obvious that far more variety and flexibility of metre is needed for the lyric than for the drama. Dramatic verse must be open to all sorts of moods alike; must be the common ground on which they meet; and consequently takes a very general form, which will suit alike the most different humours and admit the sharpest collisions. But a lyric is complete in itself, and should justify itself by the perfect individual organisation of its versification.

Why, then, it may well be asked, does a mind so essentially dramatic ever feel tempted to adopt the lyric form? The answer we believe to be, because Mr. Browning is only *half* a dramatist,—his dramatic powers being controlled entirely by intellectual interests, and never hurrying on his imagination deep into the play of those practical forces which constitute the life of a great drama. He does not enter into character as a prelude to the excitement of a conflict, but at most only indicates the conflict to illustrate the character. He conceives men in their relation to each other, and in mental collision with each other; but, after all, he does not care which way the battle goes, except so far as it is involved in his intellectual conception. There is no *narrative* force in him at all. He never enters into the story, and even in his dramas evades a plot as far as he possibly can. The consequence is, that he is constantly tempted to throw his dramatic conceptions into a form which rids him altogether of the necessity for affecting a plot. It is intellectual dramatic sketches to which his genius leads him, not drama; intellectual portraits of dramatic *states of mind*, never of dramatic scenes and *dénouements*. And in order to disguise more effectually the fragmentary character of these pieces torn from their dramatic connexion, they are too often forced into an artificial mould of lyrical shape. Yet, as they are really bits of dialogue addressed to a visionary but half-indicated auditor, the lyrical metres and rhymes are too often the most awkward of artificial accomplishments, which, instead of setting them to a soft melody, produce the same kind of effect as paving-stones placed at regular short intervals in the track of a carriage. Of course the periodic jolt marks a kind of time, and to nerves of bendleather might serve to measure the flow of the thought; but it is the measure of artificial obstacles methodically upsetting the thought at fixed intervals, not of its natural ebb and flow. A very short extract will show what we mean; we take it from a poem of fine conception, called "The Grammarian's Funeral;" the idea of which is to bring out the strong implicit faith in an eternal career

which there should be in any man who devotes this life wholly to the preliminary toil of mastering the rudiments of language :

" Was it not great? Did not he throw on God  
 (He loves the burthen)  
 God's task to make the heavenly period  
 Perfect the earthen?  
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear  
 Just what it all meant?  
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,  
 Paid by instalment!  
 He ventured neck-or-nothing—heaven's success  
 Found, or earth's failure:  
 'Wilt thou trust death, or not?' He answered, 'Yes!  
 Hence with life's pale lure!'

\* \* \* \*

So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,  
 Ground he at grammar;  
 Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:  
 While he could stammer  
 He settled *δρι*'s business—let it be!  
 Properly based *οὐν*—  
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *δε*  
 Dead from the waist down."

Now that is a very dramatic defence of a grammarian's life; and if the substance of it had fallen naturally into a grammarian's own mouth, instead of being forced out of shape into a kind of hoarse triumphal recitative—chant we cannot call it—over his grave, it might have made a fine dramatic fragment. But as it is, this is in form not meant to be dramatic, but a sort of rhapsody of praise. While the *thought* throughout suggests simply an imaginative effort in the poet's mind to explain and defend the narrow range of a grammarian's studies, the form of the expression tries to pour out a flood of lyrical enthusiasm over him which the writer does not feel, and the striving after which, therefore, comes out in the quick awkward limp of the lame metre.

Nothing is easier than to multiply instances of the same kind of blunder in Mr. Browning's so-called lyrics. As a rule, wherever we have a peculiarly jarring metre and jingling rhymes, there Mr. Browning is attempting to disguise sharp dramatic sketches in the flowing forms of lyrical melody,—to disguise a speech in a song, to throw over the tight-fitting costume of dialogue the easy undress of spontaneous feeling,—in short, to give the effect of "wandering at its own sweet will" to a stream of thought or emotion which is strongly and pointedly directed on a specific object. Here, for instance, is a young lady complaining of her lover for ceasing to care for her,

because she had allowed him to see too fully her love for him. She makes a fair speech, but a wretched monody, or whatever else this species of confession ought to be called; and the attempt to put it into a lyrical form results in a funny compromise between a firm step and the beat of wings, which reminds one most perhaps of a duck's waddle:

“ Never any more  
     While I live,  
 Need I hope to see his face  
     As before.  
 Once his love grown chill,  
     Mine may strive—  
 Bitterly we re-embrace,  
     Single still.

Was it something said,  
     Something done,  
 Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
     Turn of head?  
 Strange! that very way  
     Love begun:  
 I as little understand  
     Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,  
     I recall  
 How he looked as if I sung,  
     —Sweetly too.  
 If I spoke a word,  
     First of all  
 Up his cheek the colour sprung,  
     Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,  
     At my feet,  
 So he breathed the air I breathed,  
     Satisfied!  
 I, too, at love's brim  
     Touched the sweet:  
 I would die if death bequeathed  
     Sweet to him.

‘ Speak, I love thee best!’  
     He exclaimed.  
 ‘ Let thy love my own foretell,’  
     I confessed:  
 ‘ Clasp my heart on thine  
     Now unblamed,  
 Since upon thy soul as well  
     Hangeth mine!’

Was it wrong to own,  
     Being truth?  
 Why should all the giving prove  
     His alone?

I had wealth and ease,  
 Beauty, youth—  
 Since my lover gave me love,  
 I gave these," &c.

This marked genius of Mr. Browning for sketching character *in position*, as we may say—that is, in its most characteristic attitude towards the rest of the world—is probably the secret not only of his lyrical failures, but of his generally defective powers of poetical expression; for it implies an intellectual basis for his dramatic power, and suggests that Mr. Browning is rather a highly-intellectual actor, throwing himself into a new part, and feeling its characteristic points, as a good rider just feels his horse's mouth with the bit,—or, to use a better image, perhaps, that he throws out all his nervous perception into the defining outline and moral profile of his part, as a blind man will finger the contour of a face that is dear to him, to secure his image of the characteristic lines,—rather than that he works, like Shakespeare or Goethe, by intense sympathy from within, leaving the final outline to crystallise as it may, according to the internal law and nature of the life thus germinating in his imagination. And no doubt the basis of Mr. Browning's whole genius is keenly intellectual,—not meditatively intellectual, but, on the contrary, observingly, definingly, speculatively intellectual,—of which we may see one great proof in the far superior character of his masculine than of his feminine sketches, of his "men" than of his "women." Educated *men's* characters are naturally *in position*, and most vigorous masculine characters of any kind have a defined bearing on the rest of the world, a characteristic attitude, a personal latitude and longitude on the map of human affairs, which an intellectual eye can seize and mark out at once. But it is not so usually with women's characters. They are not best expressed by attitude and outline, but by essence and indefinite tone. As an odour expresses and characterises a flower even better than its shape and colour, as the note of a bird is in some sense a more personal expression of it than its form and feathers; so there is something of vital essence in a great poet's delineations of women which is far more expressive than any outline or colour. When Shakespeare makes Cleopatra say, over the body of Antony,

"And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon,"

he somehow contrives to embody in a sentence the concentrated essence of the imperial and voluptuous queen. When Goethe makes Klärchen, in *Egmont*, sing,

"Freudvoll und leidvoll,  
 Gedankenvoll seyn,

Langen und bängen  
 In schwebender Pein,  
 Himmelhoch jauchzend  
 Zum Tode betrübt,  
 Glücklich allein  
 Ist die Seele die liebt,"—

he has given you the whole character in an aroma of brief but surpassing sweetness. There is no trace of this power in Mr. Browning. He throws his feminine characters into as strongly-defined attitudes as his masculine, and the consequence is, that they are not nearly so effective; and also that, half-conscious of this intellectualising mould of his mind, he attempts them very much less often. He has drawn women, indeed, of a certain grandeur of outline,—as, for instance, the guilty Ottima, in "Pippa passes," who stimulates her lover to the murder of her husband, and then asks him to crown her his queen, his "spirit's arbitress, magnificent in sin;" but the picture is painfully inflamed, and though it impresses one as true, it is because, under such exceptional circumstances, the pronounced attitude which Mr. Browning loves to draw is to be found even more sharply defined in the passionate woman, fearful that the guilt may alienate love, than in the most masculine of men.

Otti. "Well, then, I love you better now than ever,  
 And best (look at me while I speak to you)—  
 Best for the crime; nor do I grieve, in truth,  
 This mask, this simulated ignorance,  
 This affectation of simplicity,  
 Falls off our crime; this naked crime of ours  
 May not, now, be looked over: look it down, then!  
 Great? let it be great; but the joys it brought,  
 Pay they or no its price? Come: they or it!  
 Speak not! The Past, would you give up the Past  
 Such as it is, pleasure and crime together?  
 Give up that noon I owned my love for you?  
 The garden's silence! even the single bee  
 Persisting in his toil, suddenly stopt;  
 And where he hid you only could surmise  
 By some campanula's chalice set a-swing:  
 Who stammered—'Yes, I love you?'"

But this too is essentially an intellectual picture; a passionate attitude, with its swollen veins and starting muscles, delineated powerfully by an intellectual mind. And of the only other feminine pictures that strike us at all,—those, namely, in the fine piece called "In a Balcony,"—it may be equally said that they are not perhaps overdrawn, but drawn on the stretch, and not in the way in which women most naturally express themselves. In general, all Mr. Browning's power is expended on masculine characters in intellectually defined relations to the rest of the world.

And, again, this defective, because too intellectual, basis of Mr. Browning's powers of expression betrays itself most clearly in his choice of language. In that strange freak of creative self-will, *Sordello*, which probably no man or woman except the author ever yet understood,—we do not at all doubt that he understands his own drift clearly enough,—there are one or two flashes of intelligible thought which give us some insight into Mr. Browning's own troubles. *Sordello* is an ambitious poet of the ancient Troubadour type and times, divided with himself whether he should try to influence the world directly or only through his song. And it is the psychological history of this conflict which Mr. Browning apparently wishes to describe. One of *Sordello*'s first difficulties, during his poetic period, in getting at mankind, is, language. He is oppressed apparently (like our Lake poets of the end of the last century) by the unreal character of the poetic phraseology, and he leaves off imagining for a season, to see if he can make something more effective of the medium through which his imaginations must be presented to the world:

“He left imagining, to try the stuff  
That held the imaged thing, and—let it writhe  
Never so fiercely—scarce allowed a tithe  
To reach the light,—his Language.”

Certainly *Sordello* was quite right in supposing that this was the great obstacle to fame, if we have any measure of his powers of expression in this poem; for a more completely opaque medium than the wording either of his own thoughts or of the author's thoughts about him, Talleyrand himself would have failed to invent. However, it is something that he so keenly felt the obscurity, while the attempt to remedy it, and the reason of the failure, are instructive:

“How he sought  
The cause, conceived a cure, and slow re-wrought  
That Language,—welding words into the crude  
Mass from the new speech round him, till a rude  
Armour was hammered out, in time to be  
Approved beyond the Roman panoply  
Melted to make it,—boots not. This obtained  
With some ado, no obstacle remained  
To using it; accordingly he took  
An action with its actors, quite forsook  
Himself to live in each, returned anon  
With the result—a creature, and, by one  
And one, proceeded leisurely to equip  
Its limbs in harness of his workmanship.  
'Accomplished! Listen, Mantuans!' Fond essay!  
Piece after piece that armour broke away,  
Because perceptions whole, like that he sought

To clothe, reject so pure a work of thought  
 As language: thought may take perception's place,  
 But hardly co-exist in any case,  
 Being its mere presentment—of the whole  
 By parts, the simultaneous and the sole  
 By the successive and the many."

Whether this expresses Sordello's process of poetical construction or not, we strongly suspect that it expresses Mr. Browning's. To cast his language, like bronze armour, in moulds of its own; to conceive and imagine in a separate intellectual world far removed from this verbal armour of the imagination, and then bring "the result, a creature," to have the armour of language "leisurely" fitted on to it; and finally to find that armour break away,

"Because perceptions whole, like that he sought  
 To clothe, reject so pure a work of thought  
 As language,"—

seems to us a very graphic, though not very poetical—in one small respect only erroneous—account of Mr. Browning's own struggles with the difficulties of poetic expression. We say, in one respect erroneous, because it is only to intellects like Mr. Browning's that language *is* "so pure a work of thought;" and to them only because they see mainly the intellectual side of language, and look at its defined meanings so much more than its often far more vital undefined associations. Instead of language being too pure a work of thought to clothe Mr. Browning's perceptions adequately, we suspect that it would be nearer the truth to say that his perceptions are too much overruled and concentrated by thought to admit of the most poetical use of language.

This may seem obscure; but we can explain what we mean about Mr. Browning's style, and we think justify it, in a few words. Every one must have noticed that the style introduced by Mr. Carlyle is far from poetical, and yet in the highest degree picturesque, while also open to the charge of being not a little obscure. It is a style the essence of which consists in driving your perceptions into the service of your intellect, and talking a sort of hieroglyphic, every picturesque symbol in which expresses a thought. Thus, to open Mr. Carlyle at random: "To such length can transcendental moonshine, cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there, and produce divulsions and convulsions and diseased developments. So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the eternal kingdoms grown." Here we have the rather ordinary thought that the 'high philosophy of a genius like Coleridge's is able to

cast a charm over minds in difficulty and doubt, and persuade them this way and that, when they have no really safe guide to look to,—illuminated, like the old missals, by a little series of images, in which vision is made the instrument for sharply accentuating thought. Hence it is a style crowded with stress, and makes the same kind of fatiguing impression on the mind which a handwriting sloped the wrong way makes on the eye,—an impression of strain and effort. It is therefore apt to be obscure, and certain not to be poetical, for one and the same reason,—namely, that over-emphasis is both exhausting and unnatural; and while an exhausted attention is necessarily enveloped by a mist of obscurity, emphasis too crowded for nature misses the under-tones and the neutral tints which are absolutely essential to the harmony of poetry. Now we do not mean to say that Mr. Browning's style is the illuminated style of Mr. Carlyle. He is too much of a poet for such disproportion of the picturesque, such fatiguing gold-and-crimson. But it is true that *his* style also is fatiguing and destitute of lower tints and under-tones, and that when he is pictorial, as he very often is, he crowds and accentuates the striking points, so as to miss the harmony of poetry. It gives one the impression of a vigilant intellect noting all the principal features of the scene acutely, and concentrating his perceptive faculties so completely in the gaze of attention as to miss those numberless under-growths of half-dreamy observation which constitute so great a charm of poetic insight. Mr. Browning's style is too keen, too restless, too startling,—his soul is too much in his eyes, his mind too devoid of that *lazy* receptiveness which fills-in and softens and warms the effect of the whole,—for a really high poetic style. Compare, for instance, his purely descriptive talent, which is highly picturesque, but not poetical, with Tennyson. Thus Mr. Browning describes a lunar rainbow :

“For lo, what think you ? suddenly  
 The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky  
 Received at once the full fruition  
 Of the moon's consummate apparition.  
 The black cloud-barricade was riven,  
 Ruined beneath her feet, and driven  
 Deep in the West ; while, bare and breathless,  
 North and South and East lay ready  
 For a glorious Thing, that, dauntless, deathless,  
 Sprang across them, and stood steady.  
 'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,  
 From heaven to heaven extending, perfect  
 As the mother-moon's self, full in face.  
 It rose, distinctly at the base  
 With its seven proper colours chorded,

Which still, in the rising, were compressed,  
 Until at last they coalesced,  
 And supreme the spectral creature lorded  
 In a triumph of whitest white,—  
 Above which intervened the night.  
 But above night too, like only the next,  
 The second of a wondrous sequence,  
 Reaching in rare and rarer frequency,  
 Till the heaven of heavens were circumflect,  
 Another rainbow rose, a mightier,  
 Fainter, flushier, and flightier,—  
 Rapture dying along its verge!  
 Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,  
 Whose, from the straining topmost dark,  
 On to the keystone of that arc?"

This is powerful, keen-eyed, piercing, — too much of all these for the full harmony of poetry. The style is to the poetic like the secondary rainbow to the primary, "fainter, flushier, and flightier:" "fainter," because the colours are washed on with a thin hasty hand; "flushier," because they come and go with a certain flush of attentive perception that subsides back into pure thought; and "flightier," from the palpitating breathless air of the whole metre. The sense of rest which a still lunar rainbow after a storm should produce on the heart is entirely absent. Tennyson also is one of the greatest of poetic painters; but how much of the still undergrowth of perception, or rather reception, which does not, nay cannot, come if you watch for it which steals into the brooding mind when the attention is relaxed and the mind's eye half shut, is there in every fragment of his descriptions! Take a fragment from *In Memoriam*, for instance:

" Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
 So quickly, not as one that weeps  
 I come once more; the city sleeps  
 I smell the meadow in the street.

I hear a chirp of birds; I see  
 Betwixt the black fronts long withdrawn  
 A light-blue lane of early morn,  
 And think of early days and thee."

That is poetry in which the brooding, silent, receptive mind drinks-in much that the restless eye and ear could never catch; that *absorbs* the silence as well as the sound, the middle tints as well as the flashes of light and colour. And the want of this power in Mr. Browning seems to us to show that for him language is not in reality "too pure a work of thought" to contain his perceptions, but that his perceptions are too pure a work of thought, too full of vigilant intellectual activity, to give him

the full command of the associative charms and latent riches of language. His imagination is impatient; it never *broods*.

And hence, too, all the obscurity of style there is in Mr. Browning; and in some of his works it is predominant. It is mere abruptness and hurry, the rapid sketchy accumulation of too many points of emphasis tumbling one upon the other in a bewildering crowd. In the dramas, where Mr. Browning's dramatic genius corresponds to the *form* of his thought, and in the confessedly dramatic fragments called "Men and Women," where there is no effort to be lyrical, nothing can be more lucid and simple than his style, so soon as you have once found your true latitude and caught the spirit of the situation. The only really unintelligible poem is *Sordello*, and that, not because there is any great mysticism, as far as we can see, in the substance of what he wishes to say, but because it is elliptical, laconic, crowded with hints, and pronouns which may belong to half a dozen distinct nouns; because it is a mere *tangle* of thought. It reads like a *corrupt* edition of an old poem, in which the very language has got into hopeless confusion. Mr. Browning has attempted to guide the guesses of his readers by a running head-line to the pages, directing their attention to his real drift: but, after all, this can do but little, and we suspect that, if it be true, as his dedication appears to indicate, that there is really one mortal who to his own satisfaction has understood him, it would be found on cross-examination of that one, that (like Hegel's sole philosophical confidant) even he has *misunderstood* him. A specimen of the sort of obscurity we mean is the following. *Sordello*, at Palma's advice,—Palma is his lady-love, and (we believe) the daughter of Ecelin, one of the tyrants of Treviso, and sister of the second Ecelino, called "the enemy of mankind,"—decides to enter with her upon a political career, instead of the musing, solitary life of a troubadour. Palma has just left him, after exhorting him to aid her, and he has been debating with himself the comparative value of the dreamy poetic life and the practical. The poet goes on:

" Thus

I bring *Sordello* to the rapturous  
Exclaim at the crowd's cry, because one round  
Of life was quite accomplished; and he found  
Not only that a soul, whate'er its might,  
Is insufficient to its own delight,  
Both in corporeal organs and in skill  
By means of such to body forth its Will—  
And, after, insufficient to apprise  
Men of that Will, oblige them recognise  
The Hid by the Revealed—but that, the last  
Nor lightest of the struggles overpast,

His Will, bade abdicate, which would not void  
 The throne, might sit there, suffer be enjoyed  
 Mankind, a varied and divine array  
 Incapable of homage, the first way,  
 Nor fit to render incidentally  
 Tribute connived at, taken by the by,  
 In joys. If thus with warrant to rescind  
 The ignominious exile of mankind—  
 Whose proper service, ascertained intact,  
 As yet (to be by him themselves made act,  
 Not watch Sordello acting each of them)  
 Was to secure—if the true diadem  
 Seemed imminent while our Sordello drank  
 The wisdom of that golden Palma,—thank  
 Verona's Lady in her Citadel  
 Founded by Gaulish Brennus, legends tell :  
 And truly when she left him, the sun reared  
 A head like the first clamberer's that peered  
 A-top the Capitol, his face on flame  
 With triumph, triumphing till Manlius came."

Now, whoever can construe this, we confess ourselves altogether unable to do so. What, for instance, the parenthetic

"to be by him themselves made act,  
 Not watch Sordello acting each of them,"

means, we have not the most distant notion. Mr. Browning might as well have said, "to be by him her himself herself themselves made act," &c., for any vestige of meaning we attach to this curious mob of pronouns and verbs treading on each other's heels. The style is faulty from no mysticism, but sheer clumsiness. And this is the case in large portions all through. It gives the impression of breathless hurry, not even caring to be articulate, so long as the style should jot down to the writer's mind what he meant to say. Mr. Browning should publish an annotated edition, with a note on every ellipsis, obscure pronoun, and abrupt turn of the subject,—in which case the notes would be three times as long as the poem. There are fine sentences in it, but, for the most part, reading it is like walking in the catacombs with a light falling vividly here and there on the emblems of a great life and a greater death.

But we have devoted enough, perhaps more than enough, space to the discussion of Mr. Browning's poetic deficiencies. They mark distinctly the limits of his imaginative power, which is nevertheless very high. In range of thought he certainly surpasses *all* his poetic contemporaries, and in vividness of conception he is second to none but Mr. Tennyson, though far his inferior. Altogether he must certainly rank second of our living poets; though Mr. Arnold, and perhaps

even others, may greatly surpass him in the gift of harmoniously expressing what they have once conceived. To a considerable extent he has lost merited popularity by belonging neither to this country nor to this time. Saturated with foreign, and especially with Italian, culture, possessed by the human genius, though keenly alive to the frauds and falsehood of Roman Catholicism, and occupying himself with both forms of character and modes of thought that seem more native to the Middle Ages than to modern England,—Mr. Browning's poems have naturally failed to take quite their true level in English literature. Still, the place he does take is undoubtedly a very high one, and is likely to rise steadily the more thoroughly he is studied. We shall be satisfied if we can diminish in any degree the obstacles to a true appreciation of his genius.

We have said that Mr. Browning's chief power lies in the intellectual side of drama,—the dramatic delineation of characters, especially of masculine characters, in their characteristic relation to the world, but that his interest in the dramatic "situation" is purely intellectual, and fails therefore to impart any vigorous movement or practical excitement to the plot. We must add, that there is one cardinal interest which so greatly overpowers all others in Mr. Browning's creations that it forms more or less the staple interest of all his best poems, and not only explains his wonderful artistic grasp of the genius of the Catholic Church, but gives an additional reason why the living centre of his imaginative power is almost always in a *man's* mind, and never in a woman's heart. This central imaginative interest of Mr. Browning's arises from his intimate and keen apprehension that human knowledge and worldly wisdom are faint shadows, often just blending with the actual substance, of divine knowledge and spiritual wisdom; and that the desire for the latter is often temporarily assuaged by the possession or the vision of the former. Mr. Browning has the keenest sympathy with the passion for knowledge, at least for the knowledge of living minds, of man, and God; and has, too, an intuitive sense of how easily the one takes the place of the other, and how subtly they mingle in all the more artful and politic forms of character. It is evident how much a long residence in the country of Machiavelli and Cavour, and a close study of the ecclesiastical wisdom, craft, and subtlety produced by the system of the confessional, must intensify his interest in this border-land between the supernatural and the worldly wisdom. The command of motives which is given by a constant study of the secrets of the heart, either for saintly and mystical or for worldly and selfish reasons, is necessarily of the same order of practical importance; and none

knows better than Mr. Browning how strangely they interweave. By far the greatest intellectual fascination of his poems consists in his marvellous mastery of the infinitely various compounds between the religious and the worldly wisdom, and the passionate respect and yearning that both alike, in their higher degrees, whether pure or blended, inspire in the simpler minds over which they cast their influence. Every one of the greater poems includes in some shape—very seldom indeed involving a repetition, for his power of dramatic variation of this theme is endless—a study of some striking conflict or some still more striking combination between the craft of the visible world and the craft of the invisible, and of the many threads of connexion between the two.

Mr. Browning's earliest poem, "Paracelsus," which bears all the marks of youth, is nothing but a study of the craving for a knowledge of the absolute principle of life on the mind of a medieval aspirant who might have hoped eventually to attain such knowledge. The poem is one of the least successful, partly because it is scarcely more than in name dramatic, and wants the local colour, and the intimate knowledge of the ambitious heart and intellect, which his later poems abundantly show. Paracelsus aspires at first only to absolute *knowledge*; when, after long wanderings, his heart is beginning to fail him, he meets a true poet, who in like manner has aspired passionately to love, and has failed even more bitterly than Paracelsus in attaining the fulfilment of his desire. From him Paracelsus learns that true life consists in seeking to blend love for man with knowledge (however incomplete) of the laws of man's life; and accordingly begins to devote himself to teaching (at Basle) what little he knows. Then comes the temptation to affect more knowledge than he has, in order to gain a fit audience for what he has, and the consequent dabbling in pretended magic. The only powerful part of the poem consists in the delineation of the strange mixture of self-scorn and self-belief,—the compunction for affecting false powers, and the lingering faith in a transcendental method of mastering the secret of life,—the conviction that God disapproves his pious frauds to gain influence with the world, and that He approves the effort to teach and serve the world, which seems to necessitate them. This struggle, no doubt, is finely delineated. The bitter hope that even in *cheating* the world for its good he is doing better than in mere solitary study without any attempt to serve it; at all events, that thus, if not doing "most good," he is yet effecting "least harm;" the almost cynical remonstrance with God for not showing him his way clearer—are all powerfully drawn:

"You little fancy what rude shocks apprise us  
We sin : *God's intimations rather fail*  
*In clearness than in energy* : 'twere well  
Did they but indicate the course to take,  
Like that to be forsaken."

That is a very fine expression of the half-angry, half-mournful disappointment of a proud and shadowy mind ; and all this portion of "Paracelsus," where he is openly and furiously at war with himself for the false assumption of secret lore by which he renders his teaching popular, and with God for not either giving him knowledge enough to do without falsehood, or else at least relieving him from the heavy obligation to teach others with the imperfect knowledge he has, is strikingly brought out. But, on the whole, "Paracelsus" appears to us vague and unimpressive in execution, though not perhaps in the design.

Mr. Browning's favourite, and perhaps highest, exercise of art, however, is shown in the various delineations of the worldly force of ecclesiastical dignities struggling with, or flavouring, the Catholic faith. Of this he has given us many and very remarkable dramatic pictures, ranging from the childish, full-fed, superstitious, sensual-creeded "bishop, who orders his tomb at St. Praxed's church," to the shifty, unscrupulous, gallant old papal Nuncio, who, standing boldly at bay, and gaining time by lie upon lie, makes so many skilful though useless bids to gain over the wavering Druses for his church, in the piece called "The Return of the Druses." And these are but two out of many of the same genus, though different species. We scarcely know whether the St.-Praxed's bishop's flushed *physical* appetite for the splendid Roman Catholic rites, or the keen laughing twinkle that glitters in the eyes of the aged Legates and Nuncios, when they deal with captious children of the church, is the more powerfully painted. No painting can be more striking than the pleading of the dying bishop with his own natural sons to fulfil their pledge to him in giving him a tomb of jasper handsomer than that of his rival Gandolf, who died before him, with an inscription of purer Latinity :

"Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then !  
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve  
My bath must needs be left behind, alas !  
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,  
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—  
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray  
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,  
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs ?  
—That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,  
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,  
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—

Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!  
 And then how I shall lie through centuries,  
 And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,  
 And see God made and eaten all day long,  
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste  
 Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!"

The piece is full of passionate superstition, equally voluptuous and equally dramatic; but the shades of thought in it are perhaps less delicate and difficult to draw than in some other of Mr. Browning's ecclesiastical sketches. Perhaps the most striking contrast to it, showing, in its way, equal art and insight, is the wonderful picture of the Göttingen Professor and his Christmas-eve discourse, on the mythical character of Christianity, in "Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day." There you have the thin intellectual ghost, or hardly distinguishable shadow, of Christian faith, in the place of the high-fed physical form of it we have just seen; and each is painted with such strict dramatic truth, that we scarcely know whether we are most fascinated by the picture of the faith which steams with the "burnt-offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts," or of the faded and pallid rationalism that seems just disappearing into the inane:

"That sallow, virgin-minded, studious  
 Martyr to mild enthusiasm,  
 As he uttered a kind of cough preludeous,  
 That woke my sympathetic spasm  
 (Beside some spitting that made me sorry)  
 And stood surveying his auditory  
 With a wan pure look well nigh celestial,—  
 Those blue eyes had survived so much."

No theological student in a German university can miss the type; and the lines which follow might certainly have been painted from personal experience:

"He pushed back higher his spectacles,  
 Let the eyes stream out like lamps from cells,  
 And giving his head of hair—a hake  
 Of undressed tow for colour and quality—  
 One rapid and impatient shake,

\* \* \* \*

The Professor's grave voice, sweet though hoarse,  
 Broke into his Christmas-Eve's discourse."

This discourse, no less than the portrait, is a striking pendant to the delirious address of the bishop of St. Praxed to his sons, as it explains,

"How the ineptitude of the time,  
 And the penman's prejudice, expanding  
 Fact into fable, fit for the clime,

Had by slow and sure degrees translated it  
 Into this myth, this Individuum,—  
 Which, when reason had strained and abated it  
 Of foreign matter, gave for residuum  
 A Man!—a right true man, however,  
 Whose work was worthy a man's endeavour."

And Mr. Browning's subtle and striking criticism on his Göttingen Professor's mythological lecture, though apparently needless for the portrait, really adds its most dramatic touch, when he concludes it by saying to his lecturer,

"Go on, you shall no more move my gravity  
 Than, when I see boys ride a-cockhorse,  
 I find it in my heart to embarrass them  
 By hinting that their stick's a mock horse,  
 And they really carry what they say carries them."

The whole picture of the exhausted intellectual receiver in the Professor's mind, of his constant effort to remove husks till the grain was gone, of his cough, which,

"like a drouthy piston,  
 Tried to dislodge the husk that grew to him,"—

is completed by this hint, that if you could get at the centre of his mind, his weary and wan and joyless air would be explained by the constant spiritual labour of actually carrying "what he says carries him."

A poem quite as impressive from its strange mixture of physical and voluptuous passions (richly set in an artistic nature), with an implicit faith in all the legends of the Church, is the sketch of the Florentine monk and artist Fra Lippo Lippi. His promise to himself of how he will atone for his irregularities of life, and paint the fashion of his pardon, is one of the most powerful conceptions in all Mr. Browning's poems:

"I shall paint  
 God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,  
 Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,  
 Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet  
 As puff on puff of grated orris-root,  
 When ladies crowd to church at midsummer.  
 And then in the front, of course a saint or two—  
 Saint John, because he saves the Florentines;  
 Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black and white  
 The convent's friends and gives them a long day."

Into this saintly crowd, secured at their devotions, the artist is to introduce himself in his old serge gown, coming "as one by a dark stair into a great light," "mazed, motionless, and moon-struck," and looking anxiously for escape:

"Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing  
 Forward, puts out a soft palm—"Not so fast!"  
 —Addresses the celestial presence, 'nay—  
 He made you and devised you, after all,  
 Though he's none of you! Could Saint John there, draw—  
 His camel-hair make up a painting-brush?  
 We come to brother Lippo for all that,  
*Iste perfecit opus!*" So, all smile—  
 I shuffle sideways with my blushing face  
 Under the cover of a hundred wings  
 Thrown like a spread of kirtles when you're gay  
 And play hot cockles, all the doors being shut,  
 Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops  
 The hothead husband!"

This, of course, though a wholly different picture, is closely akin to the St.-Praxed bishop in intellectual conception; showing the same strong mixture of eager fleshly naturalism beneath the robe of superstitious awe; but it is the infinitely varied transformations under which Mr. Browning can present the same elements, which prove how great an intellectual dramatist he is.

The intermediate place between the bishop of St. Praxed and the Göttingen Professor, but embodying also some of the shrewd political instinct which Mr. Browning so subtly and thoroughly penetrates, is "Bishop Blougram," who gives us a rather too extended apology for continuing to hold his place in the Catholic hierarchy, though admitting that a large part of its creed is either doubtful or false to him. Nothing can exceed the tortuous dramatic sophistry of this admirable special-pleading; but for the subject of a work of art it is a bad one, presenting too few points of living interest, and lying wholly in the leaden-coloured region where moral fallacies have their roots. Of course there is as real drama in this subtle struggle between the claims of the world and the claims of sincerity, as in any other region of human life; but to interest men in it as a work of art there should at least be more condensation in form, and some fate hanging on the issue of the struggle. As it is, the great force of the picture is lost for the world in general. It ought to interest deeply clergymen in a false position, who are striving to draw consolation from Mr. Jowett's theory of casuistry; but few else will recognise the marvellous minuteness and fidelity of this Denner-like painting of every wrinkle on the ecclesiastical conscience, and every pucker in its understanding.

The most wonderful picture of the ecclesiastical politician and diplomatist is certainly the pontifical legate Ogniben, in "A Soul's Tragedy," who trots into a papal town to suppress a popular revolution, alone on muleback, humming "*Cur fre-*

*muere gentes?*" and saying, as he laughs gently to himself, "I have known three-and-twenty leaders of revolts." The acute knowledge of human motives, and still acuter manipulation of them, which this not unkindly old man shows; the courage, and the real spiritual power over man which the confessional has given him, at the expense of course of uprightness; the Socratic address with which he draws out the selfish ambition in the new leader of revolt, and lures him with it into renouncing the popular cause, and finally disposes of him in words curiously mingling a genuine kind of piety, not unascetic, and ecclesiastical craft, concluding with, "I have known *four-and-twenty* leaders of revolts,"—constitutes one of the most subtle and striking pictures in modern drama. The pity is that all the subsidiary characters—even Chiappino, the leader of revolt, himself, who is not ill-conceived—are as usual so far inferior to this figure, that the drama is a poor one, though the dramatic sketch is inimitable. Nor is it only the intersecting line between worldly and spiritual wisdom that Mr. Browning has traced so finely. The jealous hatred of the bishop of St. Praxed for his rival Gandolf, and the first extract we made for another purpose from his poems, called the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," both show how finely he can conceive the union of earthly passions with monastic and ritual ideas. The same power is shown, with much more of poetic form and expression, in the short piece called "A Heretic's Tragedy," though here the picture is of the blending of inquisitorial cruelty with the passionate bigotry of faith. The triumphant joy of vindicating the Infinite Justice in the torture applied to the recusant heretic, the pitiless gaiety which the natural cruelty of savage natures engrafts on this directly the belief that the suffering is *deserved* absolves them from the duty of sympathy, the fine shading-off of the consciousness of wreaking divine retribution into human brutality,—is a work of rare art. It is a pity that Mr. Browning has not chosen a great inquisitor for the theme of one of his longer plays.

Perhaps, however, the most original of all Mr. Browning's many poems on this class of subjects is the "Epistle containing the strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician;" which is an attempt to bring such medical science, or rather empirical skill, as might have existed in the time of Christ into direct contact with the "case" of the risen Lazarus, whom the Arab physician encounters in Bethany at the time when the siege of Jerusalem by Titus has just begun. Karshish, questioning himself and his friends as to the asserted resurrection, reports his opinion on it to his master in a letter vibrating helplessly between a guess that it was really a cure

of unusually prolonged epilepsy which had left mania behind, and a proudly-resisted inclination to believe that there was something divine in the matter, as Lazarus himself asserted. The artist's skill, however, is shown, as usual, in delineating the influence of the two opposite sorts of thirst for knowledge in this dignified Arabian leech,—the pride of human science and craft, which makes him eager to penetrate the secret of a new and remarkable cure, and the yearning for divine knowledge, which thrills him with a humiliating sense of awe and hope at the very words he affects to despise from the ignorant peasant. The letter is highly dramatic, beginning, with stealthy Oriental subtlety, far from his mark (for he is evidently bewildered and ashamed at the impression made upon him by the story of Lazarus), explaining, after compliments, a few new recipes; describing his temporary abode at Bethany, which lies, he says, from Jerusalem

“scarce the distance thence  
A man with plague-sores at the third degree  
Runs till he drops down dead;”

chronicling his new pathological experiences—“a viscid choler is observable in tertians,” “scalp disease confounds me, crossing so with leprosy,” and so forth; until at length he comes, with many apologies, on his “case of mania subinduced by epilepsy:”

“The man,—it is one Lazarus a Jew,  
Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,  
The body's habit wholly laudable,  
As much indeed beyond the common health  
As he were made and put aside to show.”

And then gradually the physician allows it to be seen how much thought he has spent on his diagnosis of the mania, how its very simplicity subdues and bewilders his wisdom. The effect, he says, on the mind of the patient is as if some new and vast world had been opened out to him, making this world worthless, which he is yet forbidden to leave. The patient has no measure of the true proportions of things; the armaments assembled round Jerusalem are trivial to him, while he is lost in wonder that others do not see the value of the most trivial facts with his “opened eyes.” “Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play, preposterously at cross purposes.” Unbroken in cheerfulness if his child be ill or dying, a word or gesture from the child that he disapproves will startle him into an agony of fear. In short, the patient clings to “a narrow and dark thread of life, which runs across an orb of glory” into which he may not enter, though it gives its law to his spirit. His notions of

right and wrong, instead of being adapted to the narrow conditions of this thread of life and its continuance, are always taking into account a whole universe of invisible and apparently imaginary facts :

“ So is the man perplex with impulses  
Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on,  
Proclaiming what is Right and Wrong across  
And not along, this black thread through the blaze—  
‘ It should be’ balked by ‘ here it cannot be.’  
And oft the man’s soul springs into his face,  
As if he saw again and heard again  
His sage that bade him rise, and he did rise !”

In this antique and patient enumeration of the mental symptoms of the patient, the most startling and impressive is reserved, with a sort of scientific shame, to the last, and only then oozes out involuntarily with the half apology, that, “ in writing to a leech, ’tis well to keep back nothing of a case.”

“ This man so cured regards the curer then  
As—God forgive me—who but God himself,  
Creator and Sustainer of the world,  
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile !  
—Sayeth that such an One was born and lived,  
Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,  
Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,  
And yet was . . . what I said nor choose repeat,  
And must have so avouched himself in fact,  
In hearing of this very Lazarus,  
Who saith—but why all this of what he saith ?  
Why write of trivial matters, things of price  
Calling at every moment for remark ?  
I noticed on the margin of a pool  
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort  
Aboundeth very nitrous. It is strange.”

But the subject fascinates him, in spite of his scientific scorn for it. He goes back to relate the mode of his encounter with Lazarus ; and finally there is wrung as it were from him, reluctant as he is to mention the mere ravings of a madman which have no pathological bearing on the case :

“ The very God ! Think, Abib ; dost thou think ?  
So the All-great were the All-loving too—  
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,  
Saying, ‘ O heart I made, a heart beats here !  
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in Myself.  
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of Mine,  
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,  
And thou must love Me who have died for thee !”

• The madman saith He said so : it is strange !”

Certainly no more original poetic conception has been worked out in our time than this,—brief as the poem is,—and

very dramatically is it sustained, the dignity and satisfied wisdom of the physician giving way at times beneath the glory of the poor Syrian's dream and the strange consistency and simplicity of his demeanour,—but returning again with full elastic force wherever he can regain his complete assurance of the impossibility of the story, and the wholly unprofessional character of the explanation. It is only here and there that Mr. Browning has drawn worldly skill or wisdom half-worshipping, with dazzled eyes, a simplicity above it. Generally in his poetry, as in the world, the prevalent type of sagacity freely makes use of an established faith, but is not willing to recognise it when it is new and disturbing. But this Oriental physician, who has evidently given up his life to study all diseases and remedies with open eyes, is one of the exceptions. When a light shines upon him, if he cannot gaze at it, it is his nature not to ignore it. Mr. Browning finds a deeper humility in science, with all its pride, than in the shifty talent of worldly knowledge.

The true pendant to this picture of the stately Arab physician, bewildering himself with the faith and simplicity of the Syrian peasant, is the striking drama of *Luria*, which, like all Mr. Browning's best dramas, is a drama of but one focus of intellectual interest. The idea of it is, the extraordinary spell cast upon the powerful and magnanimous mind of a less intellectual race by the elaborate statecraft and unfathomable political subtlety of a race of born schemers and politicians. *Luria* is what Othello should have been,—not a negro, but a Moor, commanding the Florentine army during the war with Pisa in the fifteenth century. His courage and genius have all but won the game for Florence when the scene opens, but the suspicious jealousy of the Florentines has already undermined his authority, and is prepared to spring the mine the moment that *Luria's* services have answered their purpose and are no more required. This he discovers before he completes his work by the final defeat of Pisa; and the interest of the piece lies in the struggle which ensues in his own mind between the faithless republic's claim on his imagination, if not on his honour and devotion, and the wrath of retributive justice. The spell on his imagination is very finely portrayed. It is the calm depth and universality of Florentine political intrigue which takes hold of his simple mind as the cold craft of Ulysses took hold of ancient Greece, by embodying the divine subtlety of infinite calculation. Florence appeared to wield with a mighty ease the whole motive force which lies spread like a living nerve beneath the quiet surface of every human society,—and so to have almost a divine right to the

use of Luria's mere physical courage and strategic skill, even though it were thankless and treacherous in return. Before the discovery of the treachery, when a Florentine remarks that Luria, in place of a Moorish captain, desires to be one of them, he replies :

" Oh no !  
Not one of you, and so escape the thrill  
Of coming into you, of changing thus,—  
Feeling a soul grow on me that restricts  
The boundless unrest of the savage heart !"

And even after Luria is aware of the treachery meditated to him, there remains a chord in his mind which answers to the cold proud claim of the wily Florentine who lays it down that the republic has a right to break hearts and ruin heads, however liberally, in her own service :

" And when the fresh heart breaks,  
The new brain proves a martyr, what of them ?  
Where is the matter of one moth the more  
Singed in the candle, at a summer's end ?  
But Florence is no simple John or James  
To have his toy, his fancy, his conceit,  
That he 's the one excepted man by fate,  
And, when fate shows him he 's mistaken there,  
Die with all good men's praise, and yield his place  
To Paul and George intent to try their chance !  
Florence exists because these pass away ;  
She 's a contrivance to supply a type  
Of Man, which men's deficiencies refuse ;  
She binds so many, that she grows out of them—  
Stands steady o'er their numbers, though they change  
And pass away—there 's always what upholds,  
Always enough to fashion the great show.  
As, see, yon hanging city, in the sun,  
Of shapely cloud substantially the same !  
A thousand vapours rise and sink again,  
Are interfused, and live their life and die,—  
Yet ever hangs the steady show i' the air  
Under the sun's straight influence : that is well !  
That is worth heaven to hold, and God to bless !  
And so is Florence,—the unseen sun above,  
Which draws and holds suspended all of us,—  
Binds transient mists and vapours into one,  
Differing from each and better than they all.  
And shall she dare to stake this permanence  
On any one man's faith ? Man's heart is weak,  
And its temptations many : let her prove  
Each servant to the very uttermost  
Before she grant him her reward, I say !"

This mighty shadow of an omniscient cunning, this earthly edition of the celestial craft of secret government by unattainable knowledge, produces on Luria's far higher nature much

the same kind of irresistible impression which, in the reverse direction, the simplicity and fidelity of a peasant's faith had made on the accomplished physician. In the one case faith penetrates worldly knowledge with a sense of its own deficiencies; in the other, wide and worldly knowledge penetrates a generous and sensitive nature with a still profounder sense of its own deficiencies. All knowledge, Mr. Browning thinks,—even the mean diplomatic cunning,—has in it a sort of shadow, however faint, of divine fulness, which gives an excuse if not a justification for its magic spell over human nature. If not really a hem of the divine garment of omniscience, it is at least so striking a forgery that the idolatry may be almost noble. In Luria's nature certainly it is infinitely noble, and is mingled with every thing short of Christian virtue. The picture is worthy of Mr. Browning's genius, and constitutes the essence of quite his finest drama.

We must conclude with a few words in review of Mr. Browning's genius. Its most striking characteristic is the great vigour of his intellectual and spiritual imagination, and of his carnal imagination (if we may be permitted a technical Scripture phrase to express the imagination of *all* the passions and perceptions), and the almost complete absence of the intermediate psychical or sentimental imagination, which is with most poets the principal spring of all their poetry, and perhaps the only spring of lyrical poetry. We do not know a poem of Mr. Browning's which can be said to express a *mood*, as Shelley expresses so vividly moods of passionate yearning, Wordsworth of meditative rapture, Tennyson of infinite regret. Mr. Browning has no moods. His mind seems to leap at once from its centre to its surface without passing through the middle states which lie between the spirit and the senses. Hence we may see from another side why Mr. Browning's women are so imperfect, for their truest life is usually in this middle region, which seems totally absent from his poems. The nearest approach to a sentiment which he has drawn is, on the one side a passion, which he has drawn repeatedly and powerfully,—on the other a spiritual affection, "the devotion the heart lifts above and the heavens reject not," such as he has so finely painted in that love of David for Jonathan, which comes flowing in in great waves, like a spring-tide, till it pours on into his love for God; and this he has drawn as scarcely any other man could draw it. But both these are essentially different from what is properly denoted by sentiment, which is apt to lean upon the occasional, lives on memory and association, tinges every thing around it with a secondary glow of its own, and has neither the immediate physical origin of a passion, nor that absolute

independence both of circumstance and instinct, which characterises what is here called a spiritual affection. It is, as we have said, in sentiment that the tempering moods are rooted which give rise to so much of our highest poetry, and touch with a sort of illuminating magic so much more which would otherwise have no intrinsic charm. Gray's *Elegy*, for instance, is popular solely for the tender melancholy that hangs around it, and almost constitutes it an incarnation of evening regret. Now, of those sentiments which *tune* the imagination Mr. Browning's poems seem destitute, and the consequence is that he is apt to plunge us from cold spiritual or intellectual power into the fever of passion, and back again from this fever into the cold. But we suspect that his dramatic intellect has *gained* through this hiatus in his imagination. Sentiment, *because* it is lyrical, because it tempts the mind into dwelling on its own moods, is a great hindrance to that strategic activity of the intellect which enables it to pass easily from one intellectual and moral centre to another. A great dramatist is in some sense a great intellectual and spiritual ventriloquist, and nothing should, one would think, more interfere with the ease of spiritual ventriloquism than the clinging personal sentiments, which never leave the creative mind really free and solitary. For it must require a habit not merely of physical, but, if we may so speak, of spiritual solitude, to migrate rapidly in this way from your own actual centre in the world of intellect and feeling to a totally different centre, where you not only try to speak an alien language, but to think unaccustomed thoughts and feel unaccustomed passions. Mr. Browning says very finely in one of his dramas,

"When is man strong until he feels alone?  
It was some lonely strength at first, be sure,  
Created organs such as those you seek  
By which to give its varied purpose shape,—  
And, naming the selected ministrants,  
Took sword and shield and sceptre—each a man!"

This seems to us to describe a dramatic poet's work not much less powerfully than it describes the royally creative thought of the divine administration. Mr. Browning's intellectual and spiritual strength has apparently been much braced in this cold solitude. And it has been perhaps easier to him, from the absence of that refracting atmosphere of personal sentiment, which, even when we *are* alone, creates a kind of twilight of customary influences, and environs us with crowds of associations which are apt to fritter away the creative powers of the mind, and to diminish its power to issue those sharply-defined imaginative decrees which may be said to originate

*proprio motu*, as the papal language of absolute free-will aptly expresses it. To a dramatic intellect (unless the imagination be of the very highest spontaneous fertility) the power of completely controlling the thoughts and images, of saying to one "go," and to another "come," must be of the first moment. No poet of modern days gives us more distinctly this sense of an imagination which acts *proprio motu* than Mr. Browning. It is one reason why his poems have a cold air; for that resisting medium of restraint,—the atmosphere which surrounds the dramatic intellect,—though it may hamper the practice of intellectual migration, will, if it does *not* prevent it, lend a warmth and natural ground-colour of harmonising feeling to the new creations which will blend them into a more perfect work of art. Mr. Browning's mind appears somehow to travel *in vacuo*, and therefore with greater rapidity than almost any part of his genius; but he carries no vestige of his former self about with him, which necessitates, therefore, a perfectly new plunge for the reader into quite a new world in every new poem. But hence also the bracing effect which his masculine and rugged poetry has on the intellect. Poetry is apt to be enervating, producing the effect of intellectual luxury; or if, like Wordsworth's, it is as cool and bright as morning dew, it carries us away from the world to mountain solitudes and transcendental dreams. Mr. Browning's—while it strings your intellect to the utmost, as all really dramatic poetry must, and has none of the luxuriance of fancy and wealth of sentiment which relaxes the fibre of the mind—keeps you still in a living world,—not generally the modern world, very seldom indeed the world of modern England, but still in contact with keen, quick, vigorous life, that, as well as engaging the imagination, really enlarges the range of one's intellectual and social, sometimes almost of one's political, experience. Mr. Browning cannot, indeed, paint action; but of the intellectual approaches to action he is a great master. And in spite of more grating deficiencies in the power of expression than any eminent English poet perhaps ever laboured under, these poems cannot fail to win for him slowly a substantial and an enduring fame.

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## ART. VIII.—THE EFFECTS OF THE GOLD DISCOVERIES.

*A Serious Fall in the Value of Gold ascertained, and its Social Effects set forth, with two Diagrams.* By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., formerly of the Sydney Royal Mint. London: Stanford.

THE meeting of the British Association has once more recalled public attention to the effect of the gold discoveries, and the discussion opened in section F has been continued in the columns of the *Times*. We cannot say that we think much light has been thrown on the complicated question of monetary depreciation by the recent contributions to the controversy; nor do we think that the exhibitions of economic dialectics which it has called forth, if these are to be taken as an indication of the present state of economic knowledge in the country, afford us much reason for self-congratulation upon this head. Far from political economy being, as we have been accustomed to regard it, an established science, resting on solid foundations of fact and reasoning, with recognised principles applicable to the solution of practical questions, its most elementary doctrines seem still to be open to dispute: each speculator excogitates a theory for the nonce, apparently in entire ignorance that his sudden inspirations conflict directly with principles which have been wrought out by the labours of a series of able thinkers, and verified by a long course of experience. One writer, for example, in the recent discussion (and he merely gave distinct expression to what appeared to be the latent thought of many more) denies point-blank that an increase in the precious metals has any tendency to lower their value: it did not do so in the sixteenth century; it will not and cannot do so now. "The new gold and silver have been so much new capital added to the wealth of the world; they have acted as a stimulus to industry, and caused the production of commodities equal in value to themselves. The world is, in fact, richer than it was fifteen years ago by the whole amount, not only of the precious metals, but by all the property they represent." "I can discover nothing in this," he naively adds, "contravening the acknowledged principles of political economy." Another writer qualifies this position: he admits that increased supply may lower value, but gold, he informs us, distributes itself, not according to the principles expounded by Ricardo, but after the analogy of water:\* it runs first to the lower levels, and does not touch

\* The writer referred to thus explains his meaning: "England is in the very centre of the mouth of a very wide and very long estuary, and as the water rises it extends over a constantly increasing area in length and width; but the quan-

the table-lands till these have been filled. England is now table-land, and hence no effect on its monetary system need be apprehended, at least until India, China, and all the lower currency levels have been raised to its height. A third tells us that we should compare the new supplies, not with the existing stock of the precious metals, but with currency in general—including with gold and silver every form of paper and credit medium. Mr. E. Ashworth, who, as a practical man, seems to consider himself dispensed from assigning reasons, thinks the question sufficiently disposed of by declaring his belief, that, "however large might be the annual production of gold, *it would all be absorbed*;" an opinion which strikes us as eminently safe, but the bearing of which on the question of depreciation is not by any means obvious, unless, indeed, there are persons who contend that depreciation can only be accomplished by leaving the new gold to accumulate at the pit's mouth. Even Mr. Fawcett does not appear to have seized the principles of his subject with any firm grasp. A year ago he denied the existence of any sensible depreciation of gold, founding himself upon the fact that the gold-price of silver had not sensibly risen; now he admits depreciation to the extent of from ten to fifteen per cent, although the price of silver—his own criterion—remains precisely where it was. Finally, the *Times* sums up the whole controversy by declaring that the one thing evident in the discussion is, that political economy is at fault. "Gold ought, according to the laws of science, to have been depreciated long ago; but every writer in succession has been compelled to acknowledge that this result, at least in the proportions which science requires, has not occurred."

In this chaos of opinion among those who take part in economic discussions, it will not be out of place to advert briefly to some of the elementary principles applicable to the matter in hand. In the first place, then, in opposition to the ingenious theory as to the "stimulating" effect of gold on industry and the "absorbent" influence of wealth on gold, we must contend that gold is no exception to the universal rule, that whatever facilitates production promotes cheapness, and that less will be given for objects in proportion as they are obtained with less trouble. The authors of the theory in question have not favoured us with their notion of the manner in which the alleged stimulus to industry operates and the supposed absorption is effected. We are told, indeed, that "the new gold and silver

tity of tidal water sufficient to raise the channel at dead low water a foot would not be the thousandth, or perhaps millionth, part of what would be required for a foot rise over the whole estuary at the top of a spring-tide." *Times*, 12th September 1863.

have been so much new 'capital' added to the wealth of the world;" but if by this it be meant that the productive power of industry is increased in a direct ratio with each additional ounce of gold added to the world's stock, we must simply deny that gold possesses the attribute which is here assigned to it. We deny that gold and silver can exert any effect on the increase of wealth till they are exchanged for commodities suitable for productive operations; and it has yet to be explained how the stock of such commodities is increased *pari passu* with the stock of gold and silver. When the obvious *reductio ad absurdum* has not restrained such speculations, it is perhaps idle to meet them by serious argument. We say the obvious *reductio ad absurdum*; for if the doctrine be good for any thing, it would prove that under no circumstances could gold fall in value. The theory applies to every conceivable augmentation of the precious metals. The stimulus is represented as in proportion to the supply. However great, therefore, the increase, in the same degree would be the stimulus—in the same degree the amount of wealth produced, and in proportion to the wealth would be the absorption. Gold might, according to this doctrine, be as abundant as copper, as common as sand, and yet as valuable as ever: a given quantity would still command as much of all other things as before. When such a consequence is boldly faced, it is perhaps idle to appeal to reason. Still we will suggest this one consideration: How is the extension of productive industry which the theory assumes to be carried out? In the last resort it is only possible through a more extended employment of labour. But when once all the hands in a community are employed, the effect of further competition for labour can only be to raise wages; and, wages once being generally raised, profits can only be maintained either by a corresponding rise of prices, or by increased productiveness of industry, prices not undergoing a corresponding decrease; either of which implies a depreciation of money. When, therefore, the influence of the new money has once reached wages,—a point which has long ago been attained in this country,—it is evident that there will be no motive to continue production to the length which, by acting on supply, would bring prices to their former level: a depreciation of money must therefore at this stage of the movement be permanently established.

We hold, then, by the old doctrine, that an increased supply of money does tend to lower its value; and, further, we maintain that, not only does the value of money decline from an increase of supply, but that, other things being the same, the decline proceeds in inverse proportion to the amount of augmentation. We shall now endeavour to show that gold, so far

forth as it is money, has, under the recent addition to its stock, in fact submitted to this law.

In attempting to deal with this subject in the brief space at our disposal, we do not of course aim at more than tracing its main features; and even as to these we make no pretence to minute accuracy in details; we must take round numbers and aggregate results, and confront them with general principles. We accept, then, as substantially correct the statement that the amount of gold produced since the gold discoveries is not less than 300,000,000*l.* sterling, and that the bulk of this has been already added to the monetary systems—including under this expression hoards as well as current money—of the world. Let us consider what, according to theory, ought to be the effect of this immense addition on the value of the metal concerned.

And first, with what principal sum are we to compare the new money? At first blush one would say, with the stock of gold already in existence. A brief consideration, however, will show that the mass of money on which the new supplies of gold are acting is not simply the gold already in existence, but the aggregate stock of gold and silver combined.

When two commodities happen to be largely available for common purposes, and admit therefore of extensive mutual substitution, no change can take place in the value of one without affecting, in a greater or less degree, that of the other. A familiar illustration of this principle is supplied by the different cereals. An unusually large wheat-crop will throw down the price of oats as well as of wheat, by causing wheat to be employed in many uses in which oats is employed in ordinary times; the effect of the excess in one grain is distributed over both, and shows itself in a fall in the value of both. Another example of the same kind is furnished by cotton and flax; but the most striking of all is afforded by the precious metals. Gold and silver are largely employed for common purposes: they are both extensively used in ornamental manufactures; they both serve for currency; they are both hoarded; in some countries they are both legal tender. It is impossible, therefore, that a sensible fall should occur in the value of either without the other sharing the decline. Accordingly, from the commencement of commercial history down to the present time, the relative value of gold and silver has experienced very little change, as compared at least with that which has occurred in other commodities. During the Middle Ages they generally exchanged in the proportions of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. After the discovery of America a large increase took place in the supply of both metals, but far the most in silver. It has been

estimated that, for nearly half a century, after the opening of the Potosi mines, the annual supply of silver was, in quantity sixty times, in value about five times, greater than that of gold; yet, notwithstanding this immense excess, continued over so long a period, the value of the more abundant metal was not lowered in its relation to that of the other by more than 20 per cent. This is the more striking, as general prices are considered to have risen from 300 to 400 per cent during the same time. Since the Californian and Australian discoveries an analogous phenomenon has occurred. But the mutuality of the two metals is now, owing to the wider range of commerce, combined with the closer connexion existing between all parts of its domain, even better established than in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the consequence has been a still greater steadiness in their relative value. About two years after the first supplies from the new sources began to arrive, the gold-price of silver rose about 2 or 3 per cent; this was sufficient to furnish a motive for substituting the falling metal for the other over an extensive field; and the result has been that, notwithstanding the large excess in the supply of gold which has since occurred, the gold-price of silver has scarcely risen above the point which it then reached. The circumstance which has most conspicuously facilitated this interchange has been the existence of a double standard in the currency of France. Up to 1852 France had constantly imported silver for the purpose of her currency; in that year, however, the tide turned. Silver then began to be exported and gold imported. In 1857, the date of M. Chevalier's first publication upon this subject, 45,000,000*l.* of silver had left France, and 100,000,000*l.* of gold had been received. Since that time the interchange has continued, but, in consequence of the gradual exhaustion of silver in the French currency, on a constantly-decreasing scale.\* We should expect that the substitution of gold for silver must, so far as France is concerned, have by this time nearly, if not quite, run its course. But, though it is not improbable that the closing of the French market may lead to a further depreciation of gold in its relation to silver, there is,

\* The silver drawn from the French currency was in the very early stages of the movement purchased chiefly by Holland, which had in the year 1850 adopted a law demonetising gold, and constituting silver the sole legal tender. Later, however, the great bulk of the French silver has come to England. Now during the years from 1853 to 1858 the imports of silver to England from France ranged between 4,000,000*l.* and 10,000,000*l.* sterling annually. In 1858 there was a sudden diminution, almost cessation, of the drain; but it recommenced in 1859, and reached in that year the amount of 6,000,000*l.*: since then, however, it has again declined, and for the last three years the average importation has been little more than 3,000,000*l.* sterling.

in our opinion (and on this point we venture to differ from M. Chevalier), no reason to suppose that this depreciation will take place in any marked degree. Though a double standard of value undoubtedly facilitates the mutual substitution of the metals in currency, it is not an indispensable condition towards this end. Gold, for most purposes of circulation, answers quite as well as silver; in the case of the larger transactions much better. In our own currency, for example, every one must be conscious of the large increase in the number of half-sovereigns in circulation during recent years. For the purpose of hoarding, gold is even better adapted than silver, and it is probable is already taking the place of the latter metal in many countries where hoarding prevails; at least we think we see indications of this in the recent returns of precious metals sent to the East. For example, in 1857, out of a total of 17,601,428*l.* exported, only 365,996*l.* was gold, or less than 2 per cent; while in 1862, out of 12,629,830*l.* exported, 1,919,621*l.* was gold, or 15 per cent. This increase, too, has been gradual; the proportion for the two middle years—1859 and '60—being on an average 7 per cent.\* These are signs that gold is already forcing its way into the monetary systems of the East; and there is only need, we have little doubt, of a slight further advance in the gold-price of silver to accelerate powerfully this process. On the whole, then, although the increased supplies of gold have unquestionably told with greater effect on gold than on silver, still the disturbance which they have effected as between the two metals cannot be regarded as considerable; in the main the action of the new money has been distributed over the combined mass; it is therefore with this, and not merely with the existing stock of gold, that it must be compared.

In adopting this principle, however, with reference to the preëxisting stock, we must adopt it also with reference to the annual supplies. To the 300,000,000*l.*, therefore, of new gold which have been produced since 1850, we are bound to add the amount of new silver which has been brought into use during the same time. This is a very considerable sum; for it has happened that while these large accessions have been received to our stock of gold, the production of silver, chiefly in consequence of the discovery of new mines of quicksilver, and in some degree owing to improved processes, has also largely in-

\* The following are the returns for the period 1857-62, as given in the statistical abstract:

*Precious Metals sent to the East via Egypt.*

	1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.
Total of gold and silver =	£17,601,428	5,220,136	16,616,531	9,426,122	8,036,334	12,629,830
Gold . . . . .	305,996	131,286	613,264	1,301,886	796,495	1,919,621

creased. The annual production for some years previous to 1848 was estimated at  $8\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling; the new facilities for its production came into operation about the year 1853, and in 1856 the annual supply, according to Mr. Newmarch's estimate, had risen to 12,000,000*l.* sterling. For the purpose of a general comparison, we shall probably be sufficiently close to the mark if we set down the annual supply of silver from 1850 to the present time at an average of 11,000,000*l.* This would give at the end of 1862 a total addition of 132,000,000*l.*\* to the preëxisting stock; but the loss from wear and tear in silver is considerably greater than in gold. Making allowance for this, we shall therefore set down the new addition at 120,000,000*l.* sterling. We have thus altogether an aggregate addition of 420,000,000*l.* of precious metals to the stock already at the time of the gold discoveries in existence in the world. That stock, according to Mr. Newmarch, was in 1848 somewhat under 2000 millions sterling. Assuming, then, Mr. Newmarch's estimates to be correct, and supposing all the other conditions of the case to have remained substantially as they were in 1850, we should have reason to expect, as the result of the recent augmentations, an average depreciation of the monetary medium to the extent of about 21 per cent; or, if we choose to state the case separately for each of the metals, a depreciation of about 22 per cent in gold and 20 per cent in silver.

Of course the other conditions of the problem have not remained as they were; on the contrary, the trade of the world has during this period undergone a very remarkable development, principally owing to the growth of free-trade principles, but in some degree in consequence of the impulse given to emigration by the gold discoveries,—an impulse which has resulted in the addition of two new and thriving members to the society of industrial nations. A large increase has thus undoubtedly taken place in the aggregate wealth of the world since the epoch of the

\* A writer in the *Times* (Mr. Crawford) sets the addition of silver down at 300,000,000*l.* On what grounds does the reader suppose? Simply because silver (so he alleges) has maintained its value in relation to gold, while gold has been increased by this amount. "No appreciable difference in the relative value of silver and gold has taken place [the difference which was sufficient to transform nearly the whole French currency not being "appreciable" by this financier's mind], it follows that silver equal in value to the new gold must have been produced; so that the actual amount of the precious metals which has been added to the old stock is 600,000,000*l.*" Here is faith in abstract reasoning with a vengeance! In direct defiance of notorious facts, silver is concluded to have increased as fast as gold in virtue of a principle! and what principle? The existence of a constant relation between value and quantity. To make the argument complete in all its parts, it is only necessary to add that this astounding inference is made in a letter, the whole purpose of which is to show that an increase in the quantity of gold has no tendency to lower its value.

gold discoveries. The population of the world has increased, and probably on an average each individual is richer. There are, therefore, more commodities to be exchanged; and to effect the more numerous exchanges on the same terms as before, a larger circulating medium would be required. Taking into account, therefore, merely those elements of the problem which we have already stated, though we should expect a fall in the value of money (for of course we do not suppose that the increase in general wealth has been at all commensurate with the increase in the monetary medium), yet we should not expect a fall in proportion to the augmentation of the supply. But there is another and very important element still to be taken account of—the element of credit. An extended use of credit as a medium of circulation is (subject to certain qualifications which it is not necessary to advert to here) entirely tantamount, as regards its effects on price, to an increase of money.\* So far as it is used, it renders unnecessary a corresponding amount of coin; and therefore, if the employment of credit media only keeps pace with the extension of business, prices may be maintained in the midst of a growing commerce without the necessity of any addition whatever to the precious metals. Now that the use of credit has received an immense extension during the last fifteen years is a fact obvious to the most cursory observation. It is not merely in the larger transactions of the wholesale trade that this extension has taken place—in these it has been very considerable; but the remarkable feature in the recent history of credit is its growing use in ordinary retail business. Thousands of transactions are now settled every day by means of cheques where ten or fifteen years ago gold or notes would as a matter of course have been employed. To what lengths this movement has been carried during the period since the gold discoveries can of course only be matter for conjecture; nothing like certainty on such a point can be attained. In the absence, however, of accurate knowledge, both as to the increase of credit throughout the world and as to the increase of wealth, it will be convenient, and we do not think we shall be guilty of substantial error, if we set off roundly these two items as balancing each other. On this assumption, that the recent extensions of

\* Yet it does not follow from this, as has been contended by a writer in the *Times*, that the new gold should be set against the whole credit and coin circulation together. When an addition of coin is received permanently into a circulation which, like that of England, is composed largely of credit, the augmentation of currency which follows will not be in the ratio of the new addition to the whole circulation, but in that of the new addition to the metallic stock only; for the proportion of credit to coin will still be maintained. The new coin, or a part of it, will itself be made the basis of a superstructure of credit; and the augmentation of the whole will correspond with the augmentation of the metallic portion.

credit will about neutralise, as regards the value of the circulating medium, the recent extensions of trade, the increased supplies of the precious metals would then tell upon the value of money in proportion as they have augmented its amount; and we are inclined to believe that this is substantially\* what has happened.

The assertion is indeed constantly made, that no rise in general prices has yet occurred; but this assertion, when examined, will, we apprehend, be found to rest on no better foundation than the "impressions" of those who make it. Now it must be plainly stated, once for all, that such "impressions," even though backed by a few selected examples, are, in a controversy of this kind, absolutely without value. It is by no means likely that a rise in general prices,—such a rise as the circumstances of the present case give us warrant for expecting,—would be apparent to ordinary observers. The action of an increased supply of money in raising prices must of necessity be exceedingly gradual. Besides this, money is not the only cause which affects prices. Simultaneously with the increase of money, a great variety of other agencies,—the seasons, wars, the state of credit, changes in fashion—each, probably, with reference to particular commodities, and for a short time, more powerful than the new gold,—have been acting upon prices. These have greatly complicated the phenomenon, and thus in a great degree concealed the effect of the constant cause. Not only so, but the effects of the new money, even where they are perceived, are liable to be misinterpreted. Writers, for example, who adopt the view to which we adverted in the opening of these remarks, that gold can never fall in value, when they find on examination that prices have in fact extensively risen, imagine that they may evade the inference involved in this fact by saying that the rise is due to changes in demand and supply.† Such a remark simply shows that those who make it have yet to learn the rudiments of their subject. Of course it is due to changes in demand and supply—there is no other means by which prices can be altered; and if the new gold did

\* We say substantially, as we cannot here enter into several influences of a minor kind, whose joint effect would be in some degree to neutralise the action of the increased supply of the precious metals, and thus render the actual depreciation less than the proportions of the new additions to the stock would lead us to expect. The most important of these minor influences will be found pointed out in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1860, pp. 14, 15.

† "According to my view," says Mr. John Crawford, in a letter to the *Times*, "there is not an article of Mr. Jevons last list the rise and fall in which may not be satisfactorily accounted for on the usual principle of demand and supply;" and, we imagine, according to Mr. Jevons view also. Mr. Crawford adds: "There has been a rise in the price of ordinary corns of nine per cent, but this small increase simply shows that supply has not kept pace with demand."

not act on demand and supply, it could have no effect upon prices. An increase in general demand is in fact *the specific means* through which an augmentation in the supply of money depresses its own value; for an increase in the supply of money is only another name for an increase in the demand for commodities. For these reasons no opinion as to general movements in price is deserving of the slightest consideration which is not based upon a wide induction of facts carefully sifted and systematically arranged. Fortunately for the purposes of this discussion, an inquiry conducted in this manner has recently been made by a competent statistician. Mr. Jevons, of the Sydney Royal Mint, has lately published a pamphlet, in which he states the results of a very extended inquiry into prices. We shall now describe briefly his method of procedure, and the conclusions at which he has arrived.

Mr. Jevons has comprised in his investigation altogether 118 commodities. These he divides into two classes, one consisting of 39 "chief," the other of 79 "minor" commodities. The "chief" commodities include such articles as the metals, the principal raw materials, agricultural produce, butcher's meat and provisions, tea and sugar; the "minor" commodities, the less important varieties of several of the "chief" kinds, together with others, as coffee, seeds, rice, fruits, wines, spices, &c. Of both, tables of prices are constructed, reaching from 1845 to the present time. As a general rule, Mr. Jevons has not attempted to eliminate special causes of disturbance: he has acted on the principle, that where the induction is sufficiently extended, these may be trusted to neutralise each other. He has, however, departed in two instances from this rule—in his returns of hemp and flax during the Russian, and in those of cotton during the present American, war. The actual prices of hemp, flax, and cotton are not given during these periods; but in their stead he has, in the case of the hemp and flax, interpolated numbers in a geometrical series between the prices of 1852 and 1856; while in the case of cotton he has substituted for the actual prices of 1861 and 1862 those of 1860, as being obviously unaffected by the present cotton "famine." Thus his only deviations from a strict record of the phenomena are cases in which he has substituted averages for exceptionally high prices. In no case has he applied this principle to prices which were exceptionally low. As his standard he takes an average of the period 1845–50; a period which, in allusion to the periodical fluctuations which prices are observed to undergo, he describes as one of "mean level of the commercial tide." With this he compares prices during the years 1860–62, a period not of "mean level," but of "commercial low water." The result

is as follows: in the class of "chief" commodities a rise has occurred in five cases out of six; in the minor, in two cases out of three: in the former to the extent, on an average, of 16 per cent; in the latter to that of about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Combining these results, Mr. Jevons arrives at the conclusion that general prices stand at present  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent higher than during the period of 1845-50. But the present being a period of "commercial low-water," while that with which the present is compared was one of "mean level," Mr. Jevons, allowing for the difference in the *natural* elevation of the two periods, is of opinion that 15 per cent would more correctly describe the actual depreciation of gold.

Such is the result of the latest systematic investigation into the subject of prices. We have no hesitation in saying that it is not only not at variance with "the laws of science," but that, soundly interpreted, it affords to these laws a very remarkable corroboration.

We say soundly interpreted, because we are not prepared to accept Mr. Jevons's interpretation of his tables in all respects as economically sound. He shows an advance in prices to the extent of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, or, making allowance for the exceptionally depressed condition of the market, of nearly 15 per cent; and he says that this indicates a proportional depreciation of gold. In our opinion it indicates a more than proportional depreciation. For it must be remembered that the values of other commodities have not been constant while this change has been taking place in gold. As a general rule, in advancing communities, the tendency is towards a fall in price in the mass of commodities—the natural consequence of progress in the industrial arts. Mr. Jevons has observed, that from 1820 down to the time of the gold discoveries this feature is very noticeable. In ordinary times, indeed, the tendency is principally operative in the products of manufacture; improvements in the modes of raising raw produce being for the most part not more than sufficient to counteract the causes inherent in the limited fertility of the soil, which are constantly pushing up the value of such produce. But in the period since the gold discoveries the progress of invention and enterprise has not been less marked in agriculture than in manufactures. The repeal of the corn-laws has acted on the value of food, scarcely less by the spur which foreign competition has applied to domestic agriculture than by opening up new sources of supply. Thorough draining, artificial manures, rotation of crops, the thrashing-machine, the reaping-machine, if not the inventions and discoveries of this period, have at least during it, for the first time, come extensively into use. Contemporaneously, too, improvement has

been active in pastoral farming. It is impossible but that such causes should have had a powerful effect in cheapening every description of raw produce—an effect which, had nothing occurred in the interval to derange our monetary standard, would have shown itself in a corresponding depression of prices. The mere fact, therefore, of general prices maintaining their ground during the last fifteen years (supposing nothing more than this could be shown) would, fairly considered, be a very conclusive proof that depreciation of our monetary medium had set in. What amount of decline would be indicated by the mere maintenance of the former range of price is one of those points in our case which must of necessity be left to conjecture. There is no reason, however, that we should ignore facts\* because we are unable to measure them. We hold, therefore, that the sound economic inference from the facts which Mr. Jevons has presented is not that which he has drawn. The mere maintenance of the former range of prices would show a fall—a substantial fall—in the value of money; an advance beyond that range to the extent of 15 per cent argues, therefore, an amount of depreciation still greater than in proportion to the advance. We do not think we are overstating the case in setting down the actual depreciation of gold at 20 per cent.

Such is the result to which a careful examination of the facts of the movement up to the present time leads us. Absolute coincidence between fact and theory in such an investigation is of course not to be looked for. The utmost that can be expected is a general agreement in the main aspects of the case with those which theory foreshadows; and this, we think we have shown, has, in the present instance, been, even in a remarkable degree, realised. Before, however, leaving Mr. Jevons's pamphlet, we wish to point to one result brought out by his inquiry, as it bears upon a theory referred to in the opening of these remarks, which has been started by a correspondent in the *Times*, and has since been endorsed by that journal in its leading columns. The doctrine is thus expounded by the *Times*: "To give an idea of the argument, let us compare the influx of gold to the irruption of water. The water would flow over the area opened to it, but before settling on the surface it would fill up the hollows, and it would be only when these were filled that the general depth of the flood would be calculable. In the sixteenth century England was a hollow,

\* We do not mean to charge Mr. Jevons with ignoring the fact to which we here call attention; indeed, he has very distinctly pointed out that "it is not the simple change of price which is due to the gold, but the difference of the change between the two second periods [1844-50 and 1851-62] from the change between the two first periods [1833-43]" (p. 70). We think, however, that his language is calculated to conceal the fact which he here states.

with but a little water at the bottom, and the golden flood rushed into it accordingly. At the present time England is a high table-land, and many a hollow must be filled before we shall find much experience of the flood. Prices will rise no doubt, but it is elsewhere, and to our level, that they will rise."

If this be sound doctrine, then Ricardo's most notable achievement in political economy—his theory of foreign trade—is merely an extravagant blunder; and Mill, in adopting and developing Ricardo's view, has only blundered more egregiously. "Gold and silver," says Ricardo, "are, by the competition of commerce, distributed in such proportions among the different countries of the world as to accommodate themselves to the natural traffic which would take place if no such metals existed, and the trade between countries were purely a trade of barter;" a principle which, as he proceeds to show, leads to much and permanent diversity in local prices among different countries. The *Times* and its correspondent were probably quite unaware that they were propounding a heresy. But there is no need that we should enter on the ground of principle; it will suffice for our purpose to appeal to facts. "The groups," says Mr. Jevons, commenting on the evidence of his tables, "which have risen in the highest degree [are] . . . hides, tallow, leather, wines, butcher's meat, and oils, . . . articles of which the demand increases rapidly with the wealth and population of the country, while the supply is naturally limited: they comprise the principal animal materials. On the other hand, all the groups which have fallen in price [and we add, from an inspection of his tables, almost all those in which the advance in price has not been considerable] are of vegetable origin and chiefly of foreign growth:" for example, sugar, tea, foreign spirits, spices, rice, sago, seeds, jute; these have all either fallen in price or but slightly risen. Facts thus exactly reverse what we may venture to call the hydrostatical theory of monetary distribution. Commodities—the products of England and of the more advanced commercial countries—which the theory tells us are not to rise at all, at least not till a late stage of the movement, are precisely those in which the rise has been greatest, while those in which we are told to look for an extraordinary advance obstinately refuse to move, or, if they move, move but slowly, and as often in the wrong as in the right direction. The whole theory was probably suggested by the exceptional activity presented by certain localities in India which have lately been brought under special influences.

So far as to the effects in the past. In estimating the probabilities of the future, speculation has here also followed divergent courses. Those who, in one form or another, adopt

what we may call "the absorption theory" hold consistently enough that under no circumstances is depreciation of any moment to be anticipated; on the other hand, those who think that gold is not exempt from the common lot of commodities, which dooms them to fall in value as they become abundant, while admitting that little effect has been produced hitherto, yet—as if to compensate for the meagre programme of the present—seem to foreshadow, though dimly, something like a catastrophe impending.\* For ourselves, while we agree with these that gold is undergoing depreciation, we differ from them both as to what has been already accomplished and as to what remains to be done. We think there is a disposition to exaggerate the latter as much as to underrate the former.

The question of future depreciation divides itself into two branches; one, as to the extent to which the fall may ultimately be carried; the other as to the rapidity with which it is likely to proceed. The solution of the former question turns in the last resort on the fertility of the fields of supply, or, more correctly, on this, combined with the efficiency of industry in working them. On these two variables depends the cost of gold, and the cost of gold must in the end regulate its value. The question of ultimate depreciation can therefore only be solved by estimating future probabilities upon these two points. On this ground we cannot now enter. We shall content ourselves with saying that, taking the assumption that the present fertility of the principal mines now worked is maintained,—maintained, we mean, till all the gold required at the present cost is produced,—and that no more productive mines are discovered, we do not think that a greater depreciation need be apprehended than, at the utmost, to the extent of from 40 to 50 per cent on the value as it stood before 1848. This at first hearing sounds formidable, and no doubt, supposing it realised, will involve serious consequences. Still, as we hold that a depreciation of nearly half this amount has already occurred, and as we see that the sensible effect of this is so slight that its existence is still disputed, we do not expect, even on the contingency of a depreciation to the extent we have stated, that the result would be by any means overwhelming. The progress of the industrial arts would, as it has hitherto done, steadily neutralise and conceal the decline: the effect would be complicated with the action of many independent influences; and we have no doubt

\* "From that moment" [the time when the substitution of gold for silver in the French currency is complete], says M. Chevalier, "the fall in gold will be rapid. In a word, if, down to the present time, the immense production of which Australia and California have been the theatre has not produced a greater fall in gold, it is France which is the cause." Cobden's *Chevalier*, p. 62.

there would to the end be people to deny that any depreciation had in reality occurred, even as there are people now who make the same denial regarding the great monetary revolutions of the past.

But the practical consequences of depreciation will depend in no slight degree on the second of the two points to which we have adverted—the rapidity with which it proceeds. With reference to this, the consideration which at first strikes one is, that every addition made to the precious metals, by augmenting the aggregate stock, increases its stability; and that, on the other hand, as the depreciation goes forward the inducement to produce will diminish, and therefore the supply may be expected to fall off. These considerations unquestionably point to a steady retardation of the pace of depreciation as the movement proceeds. On the other hand, the present condition of the world's trade threatens a contingency which may, we think, very seriously modify the normal course of monetary events, and may even convert what has hitherto been a gentle descent into a rather sudden leap. We refer to the possible cessation of the Eastern drain. This topic has been adverted to more than once in the course of the recent discussion; but we do not think that either its true connexion with the gold movement, or the conditions on which the contingency in question depends, has been very clearly apprehended by any of those who have touched upon this point.

The Eastern drain has been spoken of as if it were a phenomenon apart from the gold discoveries—an independent counteracting cause. Doubtless the Eastern drain is due in some degree to causes not connected with the new gold. For example, the failure of hemp during the Russian war, of silk in consequence of the disease in silk-worms, of cotton at present—each of these occurrences has sent us to the East to supplement our supply of the commodities thus diminished. The ordinary course of trade has thus been deranged, and every derangement in trade necessitates for a time—until prices in the exchanging countries have adapted themselves to the new conditions—an increased use of the precious metals. So far as the Eastern drain is traceable to occurrences of this kind, it may not improperly be regarded as a counteracting agency to the course of depreciation; though it would be more instructive, as well as more philosophical, to assign as the principle of counteraction the commercial disturbances themselves, since these came into play in other quarters than the East. But the influence of such occurrences in determining the drain has, we believe, been but slight. The most cursory inspection of the returns will show, what indeed might have been guessed without their aid, that the augmented

proportions of the Eastern drain (for it will be remembered that the phenomenon itself is coeval with the history of commerce) are principally referrible to the gold discoveries themselves. Thus during the five years ending 1852 (at which time the new gold had begun to pour into Europe) the average annual exportation did not exceed 1,100,000*l.* sterling; in the five following years ending 1857 it almost reached 9,000,000*l.* sterling; and in the five years since that time it has risen to more than 10,000,000*l.* The relation of these facts to the occurrences in California and Australia can scarcely be missed; and the least consideration will reveal its true nature. The new gold has come in the first instance to the markets of Great Britain and the United States, and has acted on prices and salaries in those countries. People here and in America have found themselves in possession of larger monetary incomes, their expenditure has increased, and that expenditure has been turned largely upon commodities produced in Oriental countries. The result has been an immense increase in our imports from those countries\*—an increase, however, which has not been balanced by any corresponding exportation; and this for two reasons, first, because the principal demand of the gold countries being for English and American productions, the bulk of the new gold has, in the first instance, come to our and the American markets; and secondly, because, owing to the inelastic nature of the currencies of Oriental countries, and the habits of hoarding which prevail, a given amount of the precious metals does not produce the same effect on general prices and wages there as with us. The Eastern drain in its present proportions is thus mainly the direct result of the gold discoveries: it represents the main channel through which the new money diffuses itself in the world. The question, therefore, of the continuance or cessation of this drain is mainly but another form of the question as to whether the gold supplies will continue or cease. If they continue, and the commercial condition of the East remains substantially as at present, it is scarcely a prediction to say that the phenomena which we now witness will continue. Salaries and prices here will advance upon salaries and prices

\* Mr. Newmarch, writing in 1857, thus sums up the principal causes acting on the drain up to that time: "As the general result of the whole of these circumstances, we may correctly describe the efflux of silver to the East during the six years 1851-56 as occasioned fundamentally by the increased demand for the tea and silk of China excited in England and the United States, principally in consequence of the enlarged employment and expenditure in those countries arising out of the gold discoveries. . . . On the one side, England has received from China and India the products for which there has been an active European and American demand; and, on the other side, England has collected and forwarded to the East the amounts of gold and silver required to adjust the general account of each year." *History of Prices*, vol. vi. pp. 718-19.

there, as they have hitherto done; there will be an overflow, and this overflow will discharge itself in an Eastern drain.

But will the present industrial condition of the East remain substantially as it now is, pending the monetary development consequent on the gold discoveries? Mr. Jevons's tables show us that prices in the East have as yet responded but feebly to the action of the new money, copious as has been the tide that has been turned on them. We believe that this has been owing to the causes which we have just indicated—the inelastic character of the Oriental currencies, combined with the habits of hoarding, and, we may add, with the passion for ornamentation, which prevail in the East. But a note circulation (somewhat homœopathic in character, it is true) has lately been introduced into India: bills have long been in use there; cheques and other forms of credit will, it is probable, gradually win their way. In proportion as these media come into use, a given quantity of coin will support a higher range of prices. The habit of hoarding and the taste for ornaments are persistent propensities; but it will be strange if they do not, sooner or later, give way in the presence of English commercial civilisation. Supposing that on any extended scale the practice of investment takes the place of hoarding, the result will be the same as if so much new money were added to the world's stock. That which was before inert will at once begin to act upon the markets, and prices will feel the effect as if a new mine were opened in India. Nor is it in India only that these results are possible. As our commerce with China extends, it is probable that China also will feel the influence of our commercial ideas; and China is a magazine of the precious metals. These are topics which, in connexion with the problem started at Newcastle, appear to us to be of the last importance. Supposing that, under the action of the influences we have described, general prices should rapidly advance in the East, this would, on the one hand, check European demand for Eastern commodities, and on the other stimulate Eastern demand for the commodities of Europe: the balance would be rapidly reduced, perhaps disappear; and this grand vent for the precious metals would be closed. Such a contingency could not fail to accelerate powerfully the depreciation of money; and it seems to us to be by no means an improbable one. Indeed, supposing we maintain ourselves in India, the assimilation of Oriental commercial habits to those of Europe can only be a question of time: time, however, is an important element in the present problem.

It will be seen that the conclusion to which we have come exactly reverses that contended for by some of those who have

taken part in the recent discussion. According to them, the progress of English ideas in the East is to open up new channels for currency, which are to "absorb" the new supplies of gold, and thus prevent depreciation. If our view be sound, the effect of this progress will be to dam the old, not to open new, channels—possibly (for it is impossible to say what may be the effect of extensively setting free the hoarded money of the East) to turn back the tide of metallic wealth to its sources.

On the whole, we perceive two influences acting in opposite directions on the course of depreciation: the one proceeding from the constantly increasing dimensions of the total mass of the precious metals, and tending to retard the decline; the other, arising from the progress of English commercial civilisation in the East, tending to accelerate it. From one point of view, in so far as it multiplies real wealth, the latter cause will no doubt create an increased necessity for currency, and thus operate in the same direction as the former; but no multiplication of real wealth which is at all probable can be expected to keep pace with the expansion of currency which *may* occur, supposing both paper credit and the hoarded money of the East combine their resources in the Oriental circulation. The commercial development of the East, therefore, we regard as the grand influence on the side of acceleration, as the increasing mass of the metals forms the most potent drag on the descent. Hitherto they have perhaps about neutralised each other; which of the two causes will prevail, as the movement proceeds, is a question which we do not here attempt to solve, but remit to the consideration of those whose larger acquaintance with the present state and prospects of Oriental society renders them better fitted for the task.

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ART. IX.—FOREIGN POLICY OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND THE ENGLISH NATION.

*Correspondence relating to the Affairs of China, Japan, Mexico, and Brazil.* Parliamentary Papers, 1862-3.

*Correspondence with Mr. Seward relating to the Commerce of the Bahamas.* Parliamentary Paper, 1863.

*Hansard's Debates.* Sessions 1862-3.

THE British people and the British government are not always at one in their notions of foreign policy. Both are swayed to a great extent by the national interests, real or supposed; both are often compelled to bow to what it is now the fashion to call "the inexorable logic of facts;" both occasionally "drift" at the mercy of currents which they did not calculate on, and cannot stem. But in the main the one is guided by its traditions, and the other by its instincts;—and of the two, the instinctive policy is usually the soundest, the wisest, and the most generous. The people think much of what is *characteristic*, of what is just, of what is beneficent, noble, and disinterested. The government consider largely what they did in their youth, and what their predecessors did in the old time before them, of diplomatic usage, of the obligations of international etiquette, of the completion of inchoate plans, of adherence to established precedent, of fidelity to old engagements and entanglements, of consistency with rash, unwarrantable, and even conflicting professions and promises inherited from a foolish and discrepant past. Sometimes the government acts before the people have had time to think or speak, and then we find ourselves committed to a line of conduct which we cannot heartily support or long endure. Sometimes the people get wind of what is going on, and make themselves heard before it is too late; and then ministers are forced into language and proceedings which somewhat astonish themselves, and utterly bewilder their diplomatic interlocutors. At one period the party whose watchwords are "Economy" and "Non-intervention" get the public ear; at another period, the votaries of "National honour" and the "Due influence of Great Britain" are in the ascendant; and our policy is swayed in one direction or the other according to the oscillations of the parliamentary and popular pendulum, greatly to the perplexity of the observers who watch us, and the nations that have to deal with us. On the whole, however, the several parties act as wholesome checks upon each other. The people preserve the government from any gross iniquities, and the government keep

the people out of any very flagrant follies. The peace party prevent the meddlers from being too mischievously busy; and the upholders of the national dignity and position prevent their antagonists from driving us into any thing desperately mean. The statesmen who are in bondage to the traditions of the Foreign Office, who think much of precedent and little of principle, are a salutary counterpoise to their younger and more unfettered rivals who dream only of material interests and "common sense."

Our foreign minister generally has his hands full. England, by her greatness and the extent of her dominions, is in contact with all the world, and usually in collision or in discussion with half of it. England, by her history, is mixed up in nearly every international question, and has entangling engagements or unsettled controversies with nearly every state in Europe, Asia, or America. She has always some "difficulty" on hand, either with one of the great powers of the Continent, or with some maritime rival, or with some semi-civilised Oriental potentate, or with some wholly savage tribe. Earl Russell is ever "at it," as the formidable list of Foreign-Office blue-books annually laid before Parliament, and now lying in an appalling pile upon our table, testifies. Either he is negotiating with France, or remonstrating with Russia, or pleading for Poland, or arguing with the United States, or bullying Brazil, or assisting China, or sitting on Japan. This "quadrumanous activity," as Burke calls it, may well task the powers of the strongest head, and put a severe strain on the serenest temper; and nothing can enable any minister to steer his way through it with credit and success, or without much stumbling and many blunders, except the guidance of some fixed principle, some magnetic pole, some distinct aim and purpose, well-defined and grasped with the tenacity due at once to a conviction and to an affection. Unfortunately this settled principle and clear goal are precisely what both minister and people lack. The nation loves influence, loves dominion, loves justice, worships good faith, hates oppression, sympathises with those who are struggling for liberty and civil rights; but it also loves peace, loves money, hates trouble, and is too sensible at bottom to care to do other people's work for them, or to attempt work which no power on earth could do at all.

In the various grave questions of foreign policy that have troubled us during the last two years, England has, on the whole, come off with very considerable credit. In one or two cases perhaps our course has been such as we cannot look upon with any satisfaction, but then it has been where *no* course would have been satisfactory. In at least two other matters

the minister has committed great errors both of judgment and of temper, but the country has not sustained or encouraged him in either case. In the most knotty and important of all, both the government and the people have behaved with singular dignity, justice, and forbearance; and, without having made a single false step, have incurred a degree of enmity and vituperation which only the most persistent series of false steps could have righteously deserved.

Earl Russell has been severely assailed for having permitted and encouraged Mr. Lay and Captain Sherrard Osborn to take service under the Chinese government; the one as Inspector-General of Customs, the other as a sort of naval chief, at present at the head of a special force, but destined ultimately in all likelihood to become virtually First Lord of the Admiralty to the Celestial Empire. There is no doubt that the proceeding is a most important one, and is pregnant with future consequences both far-reaching and momentous, and as such perhaps should not have been ventured upon without previous parliamentary discussion and sanction. Some years ago, viz. in 1854, the Chinese government, conscious of the incurable rascality of its own functionaries, and anxious to improve and protect its revenues, applied to Mr. Rutherford Alcock, then our consul at Shanghai, to nominate a British inspector of customs duties at that port, to see that they were fairly levied and properly brought to account. In 1855 Mr. Lay succeeded Mr. Wade in this post, and soon produced a remarkable and most welcome result. The revenue paid into the Chinese exchequer was speedily quadrupled; and the Regent was so delighted that, as soon as he had satisfied himself of Mr. Lay's incorruptible honour as well as vigorous ability, he appointed him by direct commission to the control of the Customs department at all the open ports, *i. e.* in fact for the whole empire. Mr. Lay has now a large staff of clever and well-paid officials, partly English and partly American, under him, holds a distinct and independent post in the Chinese administration, and bids fair to become virtually the finance minister of the empire, either nominally or through the influence which his acknowledged superiority in mental and moral qualities will enable him to exercise. The success of this first attempt at the employment and naturalisation of foreign agency answered so well, that Prince Kung applied for English private assistance in putting down smuggling, and creating an efficient navy that should be able to deal both with contrabandists, pirates, and Taeping rebels; and Captain Sherrard Osborn was authorised by the British government to undertake the task, and become a sort of Chinese admiral and surveyor of the navy—to provide a ma-

rine for the Celestial Empire and to command it. By two orders in council, dated respectively August 1862 and January 1863, not only are the enterprises of Mr. Lay and Captain Osborn formally sanctioned, but those gentlemen are authorised to equip vessels and enlist men (even officers of our army and navy) for the service of the Chinese government.

The measure is a bold one; and much may be said and has been said both for and against it. On the one side it is urged that this is not only undertaking an important portion of the administration of a distant and semi-barbarous empire, but involves actually taking part in a civil war, and may involve participation in the future foreign wars of China; that it is commencing in China the course we have run in India, with the probability, amounting almost to certainty, that it will end here, as it has ended there, in our becoming virtually, if not actually, the rulers and managers of that vast empire;—since year by year English energy, knowledge, and honesty, will assuredly make their way in all posts, distance all native competitors, absorb all administrative functions; and when the inevitable consequence comes of native jealousy, native recalcitration, native injustice, and cruelty exercised on British subjects, the *civis romanus* doctrine is sure to come up; English sympathy will be vehemently awakened on behalf of deserving, beneficent, and ill-treated Englishmen; government interference will be insisted on; and what was originally but the enterprise of *individuals* will be adopted and carried out by *the nation* in its collective and corporate capacity. On the other hand, Earl Russell and his friends replied with considerable effect—all the more effect because they were addressing an audience of Britons—that the reconstitution of Chinese finances, the purification of Chinese administration, the suppression of piracy and smuggling in Chinese seas, were eminently good works, and that it was not the habit of Englishmen to refuse participation in such works; that it was directly for our interest that they should be carried out, and that they could not, we well knew, be carried out by native agency; that we had by our previous wars (not always scrupulously just ones) done so much to weaken the Celestial Empire, that we were in a manner bound now to do what we could to strengthen it; and that only by thus aiding and consolidating it could we enable it to carry out its treaty engagements with us, and to afford efficient protection to the vast amount of British property invested there, and the numerous British subjects whom we had encouraged to visit or to settle there. It was declared moreover—but this was mere special pleading—that the Englishmen who had taken service with the Chinese government were now their servants and not ours, and

must undergo the conditions and accept the risks incidental to such service, with the usual Oriental probabilities of treachery, fickleness, ingratitude, and cruelty.

Both the antagonistic pleas are irrefutable. To our minds the fault of our government in this matter lies not so much in what they have done,—for we do not see that they could or ought to have acted otherwise,—as in having done it with no avowed principle, on no settled system, and with no clear prevision or acceptance of the sure results. But this is the very fault of which we have complained already as pervading all our foreign policy and indeed all our national action; and it is one which the country shares in equal measure with its government. We may be quite certain that the nation would not tolerate any needless or arbitrary impediments being thrown in the way of the free and useful enterprise of its citizens; that it will insist upon efficient protection being afforded them in whatever part of the world legitimate trade or legitimate occupation may have led them; and that the permission to Englishmen to engage themselves in the civil and naval and military administration of China is probably the best and cheapest way of securing this protection. *Individually* it is not to be expected that we should look far to ulterior issues, either in the way of deprecation or welcome; but our statesmen and our government ought to do this. And, therefore, though we do not think that Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston should have withheld the royal sanction to such unquestionably beneficent and valuable undertakings as Mr. Lay's and Captain Osborn's, yet we do think that they were bound to have given this sanction with a full purview and a clear comprehension of the inevitable consequences, and with a distinct resolution how to deal with those consequences when they arise. For our part, we in no way deprecate the ulterior issues we foresee; we do somewhat dread their coming upon us as surprises, and finding us without any decided plan or principle of action. We are sure that we cannot avoid being concerned more and more deeply, year by year, in the administration of Oriental countries; nay more, we do not think that we ought to aim at this avoidance; but this at least will not be disputed, that we should know clearly whither we are going and what we shall do when we get there; that wherever we sail to, we should *steer* and not *drift*; that we should not, like fools or children, habitually suffer and enforce the cause, and then whine over or denounce or stand amazed at the result,—habitually order the expenditure and then grumble at the bill. *We* believe we have a "manifest destiny" in the eastern world; we do not shrink from it; we are not ashamed of either the qualities or the propensities

which force it upon us;—if in a spirit of timidity, or humility, or self-denial, we determine to renounce it, let us renounce it avowedly, consistently, and on principle, and let us be sure that in the hour of temptation we shall adhere to our renunciation. But if we pursue it, let us pursue it manfully, systematically, righteously as far as human weakness will allow, and with an open-eyed acceptance of all its issues. This “manifest destiny” we see accomplished in India, in progress in China, incipient, but in its main features unmistakable, in Japan. In India the particulars of our progress were varied by the fact that there our mercantile *encroachments* (we do not use the word in a bad sense) were conducted by a powerful and chartered company, and were therefore at once better regulated and more irresistible. But every where commercial enterprise is the first and political ascendancy the last step in the uniform and inevitable process. Our merchants see tempting openings for interchange and profit in a foreign land. They go thither, they establish themselves, they grow rich; they develop wealth in those who deal with them. Their energy, their talents, their integrity,—so far beyond those of the native population, and, we may add without vanity, usually so far beyond those of other foreign visitants,—naturally win for them a position, undefined indeed, but not the less substantially influential on that account. Some rulers and some parties favour them more than others, and become therefore insensibly their allies, offer them special privileges, and bargain for assistance in return. They thus gradually become involved in native disputes and native strife. Their services are repaid with territory; a factory becomes a settlement, and a settlement becomes a national possession. They make bargains with native princes. These bargains at times assume something of the magnitude and dignity of treaties. Occasionally these treaty-bargains are infringed by the natives, who have not always the same sense of fidelity to obligations that we have. In such cases the merchants or the company demand redress, and, if need be, enforce it; sometimes they ask the assistance of their government to compel reparation. Redress involves both indemnity for past and security against future wrong. These are often most readily given in the shape of added territory and augmented privileges. Thus little by little, with or without design, by the mere natural ascendancy of superior capacity, by the mere inevitable operation of natural causes, we—either our merchants themselves, or the official representatives of our government to which the merchants have appealed for justice and protection—become native powers in various Eastern countries; and as soon as they have attained this position, their innate superiority

to other native powers insures first preponderance, then ascendancy, and finally, perhaps, absorption.

Now, as an historical fact, no one can deny that this process has usually been attended with much arrogance, and often with much wrong, on our part. But it need not be so. From the first establishment of European, and especially of British, merchants at the ports of an Asiatic country, all the rest follows sooner or later as a matter of course, and almost of necessity. We cannot avoid making agreements. Agreements, once made, must be enforced. Wrongs inflicted, outrages sustained, must be atoned for and punished, or the safety of British subjects and peaceful traders in distant parts of the world is at an end. Often redress can only be obtained by taking the law into our own hands, by British fleets and British soldiers. These fleets and soldiers in the end require harbours and *pieds-à-terre*, where they can refit, repose, and perhaps entrench themselves. If wrongs and quarrels become frequent, it is found so costly and troublesome to send expeditions *pro hac vice* to the extremities of the earth, that we prefer taking possession of, or purchasing or obtaining by treaty, some island or promontory where our perpetual presence may overawe wrong-doers, and may thus save us the pain of punishing injuries by preventing them. We seize Chusan; we exchange it for Hong-Kong. We have then a military and naval settlement in the Chinese empire, and a British fleet permanently in the Chinese seas. Presently the Chinese are in difficulties. Pirates swarm in the Chinese waters, and prey upon native and foreign commerce indiscriminately. English men-of-war can deal with these far more efficiently than Chinese imperial junks. The Chinese authorities therefore beg us to sweep away these sea-ruffians; and we are willing enough to do so, for the sake of our trade as well as theirs. Again, rebellion breaks out: the power or the very existence of the government is threatened. On its power depends obviously its means of keeping its engagements with us. We have therefore a direct interest in sustaining it, more especially when its assailants are more unfriendly and barbarous than itself. Then, to complete our involvement, some imperial city like Shanghai, full of European property and swarming with European residents, is menaced or assailed, and is certain to be sacked unless all British indwellers and visitors, mercantile, civil, naval, and military, at once join in its defence. Of course only pedantry would order us to fold our hands and wait for reinforcements from Pekin. The defence is organised; the Taepings are driven off; and we have become embroiled in the civil strife. Finally, the celestial government has now had ample experience of the supe-

riority of British soldiers, and even British adventurers, to its own best troops, and of British administrators to its own picked officials:—it therefore entreats individual Britons to collect its customs and organise its brigades, naval and military. They are nothing loth; and the British government, when appealed to, sees no reason why it should withhold its sanction and encouragement. Such is the regular course of affairs; such is the normal development of our “manifest destiny.” We do not see how we can avoid carrying it out in the far East, nor why we should; but it lies with us to decide whether we will carry it out clumsily or skilfully, empirically or systematically, in such a way as to bring about the maximum of benefit to our clients and ourselves, or in such a way as to do the least possible good to them at the greatest possible cost and discredit to ourselves.

No mock modesty shall ever make us disguise our conviction, that there are few Eastern races to whom British influence with all its drawbacks, and even British rule with all its blunders, are not, or might not be made, an almost incalculable gain. We have, no doubt, in our Oriental career been sometimes violent, often wilful, often stupid, often strangely and perversely blind. But nothing will persuade us that to the semi-civilised races of the East in general the governing ability and the conscientious sense of duty which characterise most Englishmen, as compared with the corresponding qualifications of their own chiefs, must not prove an incalculable blessing. Can any man doubt that Borneo under Rajah Brooke would not be a vast improvement on Borneo under the Dyaks? or that Chinese finance under Mr. Lay, and Chinese naval warfare and police under Sherrard Osborn, will not offer an *immeasurably* favourable contrast to the same departments under Governor Yeh, or any Chinese mandarin ever yet born?

Nor can we picture to ourselves a grander or nobler field for English energy and talent. To remodel, to purify, to develop the resources of a magnificent empire like that of China,—imposing from its magnitude, but corrupt and rotten to its very core; to introduce honesty and purity and skill where now there is nothing but incapacity and peculation; to render taxation light and commerce fair; to avert famine and infanticide; to elicit order where there is now only confusion, and regular and organised law where there is now only an alternation of frightful license and still more frightful severity of repression;—these are surely tasks worthy of the ablest and most enterprising of our citizens. Equally clear is it that to suppress piracy and murder, to inaugurate law and justice, education and trade among a people like the bloody Dyaks of Borneo, to substitute

peaceful and civilising occupations for sanguinary wars and perpetual devastation over an island as extensive as a continent, are functions which might employ a virtuous and ambitious man for his whole life, and enable him to lie down in joy when the time comes to give an account of his stewardship. We believe these superb and beneficent careers are now open to our countrymen almost without stint, if we can only a little systematise and regulate our proceedings; and that all these blessings might be conferred upon the races in question, under a sound and settled line of policy, without committing the British nation nearly so much as its authorised and unauthorised citizens are now committing it every day, and without entailing upon it the expenditure of one extra shilling; nay more, without doing one act of greediness or wrong, or being chargeable with one violent or questionable deed.

The principle to be laid down appears to us evident and simple. All action should be the action of individuals: the government as government, the nation as nation, should abstain from all participation as completely and as long as possible. As a rule, Englishmen succeed and manage well; as a rule, the English government usually blunders and often fails. The reason is plain enough:—individuals undertake enterprises and enter on careers because their hearts are in the cause, or because they feel some special aptitude or calling for the work;—when the government acts, on the contrary, *it looks out for agents*, and partly from the inveterate habits, and partly from the incurable necessities of a parliamentary system, it selects and nominates these agents, not for their peculiar fitness for the place, but from altogether domestic and irrelevant considerations. These men blunder and fail, and the nation has to rectify the failures, to endorse the blunders, to bear the discredit and the cost of both. But if individuals like Sir James Brooke, Mr. Lay, Sherrard Osborn, and others that might be named, choose to go out on their own account, and place their organising and governing capacity at the service of an Oriental people, either as recognised *employés* of its government or as private adventurers, keeping within the legitimate bounds of morality and justice, we would allow them to do so without let or hindrance;—establishing at the same time the strict rule that, while affording them every moral sustainment and encouragement, so long as their enterprises and functions are useful and worthy, our government entirely declines to interfere for their protection against the laws of the country in which they may settle, or the decrees and proceedings of the government under which they may have taken service. If Sir James Brooke had been murdered by the Dyaks, there would have been no call on the

English authorities to demand punishment or indemnity. If the Chinese government should have reason to believe Mr. Lay to be guilty of peculation, or Captain Osborn to be corrupt or treacherous, and should, in the exercise of its despotic authority, order their decapitation, we *ought not* to interfere with the course of justice, or what the Emperor of China deems to be such. Nor, we apprehend, should we interfere, had not the case been complicated by the sort of governmental or national participation in their enterprises which the Order in Council we have before noticed would seem to indicate or imply.

Such appears to us the clear principle which should guide and control English intervention in the administrative affairs of Asiatic countries. Government *quà* government—Great Britain *quà* Great Britain—should in no wise participate, direct, or be mixed up with it. The real difficulty will lie in persuading the nation to act up to this rule in all instances. For, *first*, Englishmen have an invariable disposition to lay all their acquisitions, whether of influence or territory, at the feet of their country. When Brooke has made himself the supreme ruler of Sarawak, instead of glorifying himself with the notion of independent sovereignty, he immediately wishes to become instead the mere governor of a British settlement. When Lay and Osborn have rehabilitated the navy and finances of China, they will think only how far and how best their high position may be made conducive to English interests and English reputation. England is thus constantly tempted by her loyal and patriotic sons. And *secondly*, if any act of flagrant cruelty or injustice were to be perpetrated by the Oriental government against the English officials who had served it, if they were brutally punished though clearly innocent, or treacherously and in breach of promise dismissed or made away with by jealous or ungrateful potentates or ministers, then it would be by no means easy for our rulers to resist the clamour that would arise, both among the people and in Parliament, for vengeance against a power which had "treated Englishmen ill." Still, if English unofficial ability is to be made largely available for Oriental administration, some strict rule of the sort we have indicated must be adopted and adhered to.

We confess to a strong wish that our "manifest destiny" had not led us to Japan. We are by no means certain that strict principles of morality and justice warrant us in being there. And we are quite certain that our position there will entail upon us, almost of necessity, many proceedings which morality and justice can never sanction. At the same time, it would be idle to blame our merchants for what they have done,

inasmuch as they merely followed their ordinary mercantile instincts, which in the main are innocent and sound; and it is not easy to blame our government for what *they* have done, inasmuch as we do not clearly see how they could have abstained from all action, or at what point of the proceedings which have brought about the present menacing and painful situation they could have acted otherwise than they have done. There have, perhaps, been some errors, but there has been much more of irresistible fatality.

The Japanese are not only a peculiar people, but a people whose peculiarities are the very opposite of ours. They are singularly clever, ingenious, and persevering, courageous, fierce, and indifferent to life. Their system of government, moreover, is so singular and complicated, that it is doubtful whether even now we rightly understand its mechanism or its functions. One of the chief peculiarities of this people, and one of the most settled maxims of its rulers, consists in a rooted dread and detestation of foreigners, a great dislike to their appearance on the islands, a disinclination to have any dealings with them, and a determination to get rid of them by any of the various methods familiar to Asiatics,—by overreaching and intimidation, if possible; by open and pertinacious violence, if necessary. These sentiments of the Japanese were always well known to us; and being thus known, it would seem to have been the part of wisdom and of kindness to have left that people in their resolute isolation, and to have abstained from forcing our unwelcome presence upon them. Beyond curiosity and vague speculative hopes, there was no very strong motive for our intrusion; for Japan could supply us with no commodities which we could not procure from China in still greater abundance; and so exclusive, so ingenious, and so manufacturing a race was not likely to furnish a very brisk market for our productions.

Unhappily, however, the restless enterprise of British commerce, and the jealousy and ambition, and perhaps the duty, of British diplomatists, combined to override these prudential considerations. We were the chief commercial people in those Eastern seas. The Russians and Americans had both made treaty arrangements of some sort with Japan, and permitted their merchants to go thither and trade. Our mercantile adventurers, naturally enough, did not choose to be shut out from this new market and possible El Dorado, and they urged both their own interests and considerations of political prestige as reasons why England, as well as her rivals, should make a treaty and obtain a footing. They *would* go thither, whether our government liked it or not; and if our government stood aloof, they would simply hold an inferior and disadvantageous and unpro-

tected position,—a state of things which neither English pride, nor English sense of fair dealing, nor, perhaps, English interests in that quarter of the globe, could tolerate. Accordingly Lord Elgin was instructed to open political and mercantile relations with Japan, and, if possible, to conclude a treaty, which should include the authorised residence of a British minister in the principal island, with, of course, the usual immunities and assurances of safeguard enjoyed by all embassies in all civilised countries, and with some further ones which we are in the habit of exacting from semi-barbarous and Oriental states,—such as the exemption of our citizens from Japanese law and Japanese tribunals, and their control by our representative as a substitute. Lord Elgin succeeded in effecting such a treaty, and the ratification of such engagements by the Japanese authorities; who, like all Asiatics, succumbed readily to pressure accompanied with a display or an impression of superior power, but were fully determined to evade the fulfilment of these unwelcome engagements as soon as the fear and the pressure were removed. The usual results followed. Offence was given, recklessly but unintentionally, by some European visitors; the people were annoyed by the increased price of the necessaries of life; the government grew anxious about the export of bullion; and the latent hostility of the ruling classes, and, we believe, of the majority of the population also, soon showed itself. The mission was more than once treacherously attacked by ferocious ruffians acting under superior command, or stimulated by spontaneous fanaticism; some of its members were severely mutilated and narrowly escaped with life, and several of its servants were slain; similar outrages have from time to time been repeated on the persons of British subjects and other Europeans; and there was, and continues to be, every indication of a fixed determination on the part of the people and their feudal chiefs to render our position in Japan unpleasant and untenable, by every means within the reach of a fierce, unscrupulous, and crafty race. Of course we demand redress, apology, and the punishment of the offenders. Of course we are met with delays, shuffling, expressions of regret, confessions of powerlessness, and the like; to which we reply by fresh remonstrances, distinct menaces of retaliation, and after which we feel a strong conviction that, ultimately, we shall have to take the law into our own hands, and to avenge ourselves. Earl Russell intimated in one of his despatches to Col. Neale that he was prepared for this contingency; for he writes that “it would be better the Tycoon’s palace should be destroyed, than that our rightful position by treaty should be weakened or impaired.”

Unfortunately, however, our case is complicated by two cir-

cumstances. There can be no doubt that *primâ facie*, and in strict law interpreted according to European usage, we seem to have a rightful position in Japan by treaty; and it is certain that, being there peacefully and by consent, we cannot submit to ruffianly outrage, nor permit ourselves to be driven away by violence, whether authorised or spontaneous. But, in the first place, it is by no means certain that the authorities with whom we made the treaty—in virtue of which we established ourselves in Japan, and which was the *fons et origo* of all subsequent calamities and offences—had any legal right or power to make such a treaty, or were in fact the true and supreme government of the state. It is now known that the ruler with whom Lord Elgin fancied he was negotiating, and by whom the Japanese negotiators were assumed to be, and probably had been, delegated, had been dead some days before the treaty was concluded; and it is surmised that he was assassinated in consequence of his consent to treat. It seems certain also, from information subsequently gathered, and most of which is contained in Sir R. Alcock's book or despatches, that this dead Tycoon—even if he had been alive—would have had no authority to abrogate or violate any of the fundamental laws of the empire; and it is positively stated that the exclusion of foreigners from Japan (as well as the right and duty of every native to slay and exterminate such foreigners) is a fundamental law of the empire, and one of its most sacred and dogmatic laws. There is little doubt, finally, that the Japanese polity is not only a monarchy, and a *double* and limited monarchy, but a feudal aristocracy; that the Daimios, or great semi-independent princes, have a sort of concurrent jurisdiction with the sovereign, and have nearly as much right and power to say what shall and what shall not be done as the Tycoon or the Mikado; and that these Daimios are rootedly and fiercely averse to foreign residents and foreign commerce. It is not improbable, therefore, that this treaty—concluded by Lord Elgin with a dead Tycoon of limited authority, and in reliance on which we were a few months ago on the point of going to war—may have little more real or legal validity in Japan than would belong to a treaty negotiated in England with the late Lord Mayor of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Viceroy of Ireland.

In the second place, it is admitted on all hands that the Tycoon, who is the head of the temporal government of Japan, is rather friendly to us, has acted on the whole very fairly by us, and is well disposed both to protect and afford us redress so far as his power extends. But his position is full of difficulties. He is ill looked upon among his fellow-countrymen on account of his friendly or conciliatory inclinations towards us.

His power, too, is very limited,—limited by law, still more limited most probably in fact,—as is usual in semi-barbarous and feudal countries such as Japan. Combined, the great Daimios are more than a match for him; singly even, some of them might set him at defiance. *They* commit the outrages; *he* deploras them, but is really, we apprehend, unable to prevent or to punish them. Yet it is from him, as the nominal ruler, that we have to demand reparation; he whom we have to coerce and menace with our vengeance. Earl Russell freely admits all this; he even draws a practical inference therefrom, inasmuch as he desires our admiral to take measures *directly* against the Prince of Satsuma, a great Daimio and an enemy of the Tycoon, by whose followers the worst outrages upon us are believed to have been committed, and whose estates, luckily for us, lie near the seacoast. Earl Russell also foreshadows a theoretical conclusion to which his mind has been led by the position of affairs: “For my own part (he writes), I shall be very glad to see the authority of the Tycoon maintained, and the authority of the Daimios diminished.” It is not at all clear what is the actual situation at this moment in Japan: by the last accounts it seemed that pecuniary indemnity had been conceded, but not the punishment of the offenders; it was understood that a sort of struggle, which might probably end in civil war, was going on in reference to us and our quarrel between the Tycoon and the feudal princes, aided, perhaps, by the Mikado or spiritual emperor; and that into this conflict, as it originated about us, we might very probably be dragged. For if the Tycoon gets into trouble by adhering to us, honour seems to demand that we should assist him; and as he is our chief friend and protector in Japan, the instincts of self-defence point in the same direction. But however the present dispute may terminate, others are certain to arise not so easy of adjustment. We shall be injured and insulted, and shall demand redress; if refused or delayed, we shall enforce it. To prevent future repetitions of the injury, we shall insist on fresh securities, on a territorial *locus standi*, or some efficient control over a weak or unfriendly administration. These things, with a semi-civilised state like Japan, means, as our Oriental experience must satisfy us, a continued course of gradual though reluctant encroachment on native rule, and probably an ultimate assumption of supremacy. Now all this is greatly to be deplored, but we fear cannot now be prevented, nor perhaps could at any time have been averted by any action or inaction which the English people would have tolerated. Practically, all that our government can now do is to give full powers to our minister in Japan to control and punish all British subjects who offend against Japanese laws, or wil-

fully irritate Japanese prejudices; and having done this, to be at once as firm and as conciliatory as possible when any causes of dispute arise.

The affairs of Mexico, and our intervention therein, next demand attention. Mexico is naturally one of the finest and richest countries in the world. Though situated within the tropics, it combines within its range every variety of climate, for it has every degree of elevation. Near the coast it is unhealthy; in the interior it is salubrious enough. Its soil is good, and can grow any thing from sugar down to apples. Its silver mines are the most extensive and productive in existence. Its resources in every way are vast, and under a good government, and inhabited by a decent people, it would be prosperous and progressive in a high degree. Unfortunately its inhabitants are a mongrel and unsatisfactory race,—partly pure Indians, partly mixed blood, partly effete Spaniards; and its government is probably the worst known—worse even than that of Greece. In fact, for a long series of years Mexico has been a prey to the most absolute anarchy. The central government has been seized by one military adventurer after another—nearly all rascals, and all alike unable to enforce their authority, and unable or unwilling to maintain order, to protect property, to punish crime, or to observe engagements. The condition of the country and the offences and atrocities of its rulers are delineated in the despatches of Sir C. Wyke, our resident minister there, in language which is very unusual in diplomatic correspondence. Here is an extract or two:

“It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to give your lordship a correct idea of the present state of affairs in this unfortunate country, so utterly incomprehensible is the conduct of the government which at present presides over its destinies. The religious feelings of a fanatic population have been shocked by the destruction of churches and convents all over the country, and disbanded monks and friars wandering among the people fan the flame of discontent. . . . In the mean time the congress, instead of enabling the government to put down the frightful disorder which reigns throughout the length and breadth of the land, is occupied in disputing about vain theories of so-called government on ultra-liberal principles; whilst the respectable part of the population is delivered up defenceless to the attacks of robbers and assassins, who swarm on the high roads and in the streets of the capital. The constitutional government is unable to maintain its authority in the various states of the federation, which are becoming *de facto* perfectly independent. . . . Patriotism, in the common acceptance of the term, appears to be unknown, and not one man of any note is to be found in the ranks of either party. Contending factions struggle for the possession of power only to gratify either their

cupidity or their revenge ; and in the mean time the country sinks lower and lower, while its population becomes brutalised and degraded to an extent frightful to contemplate. Such is the actual state of affairs in Mexico, and your lordship will perceive therefrom that there is little chance of justice or redress from such people except by the employment of force to exact that which both persuasion and menaces have hitherto failed to obtain. . . .

Since this day month, when I had the honour to write to your lordship describing the state of affairs here, matters have been going on from bad to worse ; and every day's experience only more clearly proves the imbecility and bad faith of a government now generally detested, and against which various conspiracies are on foot. . . .

A more disgraceful state of things than that now existing here it is impossible to conceive in any country pretending to call itself civilised. The civil war now raging, and the weakness of the government, have encouraged the Indian population to rise against the whites at a place about twenty miles from hence, where they have committed dreadful atrocities, thus adding a new element of discord and misery to those already existing. This movement, if not at once checked, may lead to terrible results, as the immense majority of the inhabitants of this republic belong to the Indian race, which is quite strong enough utterly to exterminate the degenerate and vitiated descendants of the old Spanish conquerors. All the respectable classes look forward to foreign intervention as the means of saving them from ruin, and preventing the dissolution of the confederation, as well as a general rising of the Indians against the white population. . . . I see no hope of improvement, except it comes from a foreign intervention, which may render possible the formation of a respectable and rational government composed of the leading men of the moderate party, who, however, are at present devoid of moral courage, and afraid to move without some material aid from abroad."

But, independent of all this, there had been a long series of wrongs and outrages against foreigners generally, and Englishmen in particular, to be atoned for and punished. Successive Mexican administrations had broken numberless engagements, pecuniary and otherwise, entered into with our countrymen and our government. Debts long overdue remained unpaid. Funds specially set apart by solemn convention to meet special loans or obligations, had been audaciously confiscated. The British legation had been forcibly robbed of a large sum of money by Mexican officials. Another sum of British gold had been seized *in transitu*. For none of these shameful spoliations had any redress been rendered, and against a daily repetition of such no security was, or could be, obtained. But this was not the worst. British travellers and British residents had been repeatedly murdered under circumstances of great atrocity ; the lives of foreigners generally were threatened ; several of these assassinations had been committed by the soldiery ; and

in other cases neither justice nor the punishment of the offenders could be obtained by the utmost efforts of our minister. In fact, it was by no means certain that the Mexican rulers, who succeeded one another so fast, and hated each other so much, would have prevented these atrocities if they could; and it was quite certain that they could not, even if they would. The French and Spaniards had similar, though less flagrant, wrongs to avenge.

There was, therefore, every reason to justify, and even to call for, armed intervention on the part of ourselves and our allies to exact redress for the past, and some sort of security for the future. If there ever was a case in which foreign intervention was imperatively needed, was dictated by every generous as well as by every selfish motive, was certain to do much good, and could not possibly make matters worse, this was such a case. It was clear, too, that though we might pay ourselves for the debts righteously due by seizing Mexican property and assuming the direction of Mexican customs dues, yet that we could not protect British subjects from Mexican outrage by any such means. It was clear that it was worse than useless to make any agreement with any Mexican administration, since none would have power to carry out their engagements, and we should have no power to force them. It was clear, therefore, that only by the establishment of a strong, stable, and decent government in that country, could we hope to gain the objects of our armed interference. France saw this plainly, and continued to see it. We appeared to see it plainly also at first, but Foreign-Office vision soon became confused and misty.

A joint expedition was arranged between England, France, and Spain for the attainment of their common aims. Joint expeditions are always objectionable; but perhaps joint action in this case was unavoidable. A convention was agreed upon between the three European Powers, of which the purpose was "to demand from the Mexican republic more efficacious protection for the property and persons of their subjects, as well as a fulfilment of the obligations contracted towards their Majesties;" and an expedition, naval and military, was sent to enforce this demand, "the commanders of which were to seize and occupy the several fortresses and military positions on the Mexican coast, and were authorised moreover to execute such other operations as may be considered, *on the spot*, most suitable to effect the object specified in the preamble of the convention, and specifically to insure the security of foreign residents." The contracting parties engaged, further, "not to seek for themselves, in the employment of the coercive measures contemplated by the present convention, any acquisition of territory or any special

advantage, and not to exercise in the internal affairs of Mexico any influence of a nature to prejudice the right of the Mexican nation to choose and constitute freely the form of its government."

Now, bating a certain indefiniteness in this last clause, the convention was rational and business-like. As soon, however, as it began to be carried out, a difference of opinion arose between the contracting parties,—in which, as it seems to us, we were clearly wrong, and the French were clearly right. France, however, made the great mistake of taking Almonte with them, under the impression that a strong party of moderates in Mexico would rally round him. They thus appeared to embrace his views, and to intend to urge his claims. It soon transpired, however, that Almonte was deservedly unpopular, and would do harm to the cause. After a while, therefore, he was quietly suppressed. England, however, or rather Lord Russell (for the English press almost unanimously blamed his proceedings), made the far greater error, and adhered to it, of losing sight, at the very first practical step taken, both of the real object of the enterprise, and of the special clause by which the allied commanders on the spot were to determine the best measures for carrying out that object. The representatives of the three powers agreed at Vera Cruz upon a brief proclamation to the Mexican people, stating that they had a higher and more beneficent object than the mere enforcement of pecuniary claims or the exaction of satisfaction for past outrages, and came to hold out a friendly hand, and to aid the nation in putting down anarchy and restoring order. Nothing could well be more sensible and moderate. But Lord Russell,—a very *doctrinaire* in all that relates to the right of every people, even the most barbarous, to absolute freedom of choice as to its polity,—disapproved the proclamation in the strongest terms, declaring that we had not undertaken the regeneration of Mexico, but that our objects were limited to the exaction of redress and the protection of British subjects and British property. The rejoinder of France was unanswerable. It was to the effect "that the proclamation condemned by Lord Russell was the production of the authorised allied commanders 'on the spot'; that they had all agreed upon it; that it was in strict conformity with the terms of the convention; that only by the establishment of a decent and strong government in Mexico could protection either to life or property be secured; and that such government could not be established without foreign aid." In a word, that if the expedition was not prepared to help decent Mexicans to elect and maintain an honest and capable administration, it had better never have left Europe. This seemed self-evident;

but jealousy and mistrust had arisen between the allies—for which it cannot be denied that French antecedents had given some colourable pretext, perhaps more; so Lord Russell withdrew the English forces, and Spain followed his example.

Louis Napoleon was greatly annoyed, and even irritated, by this withdrawal, and we think with considerable reason. It threw upon the French the whole weight and the whole responsibility of an undertaking which might turn out ill, and which was not popular in France; and he argued with much cogency, that to set on foot an expedition for a particular purpose, and then at the very beginning to shrink from the only means by which that purpose could, by any possibility, be effected, was not a very rational proceeding. We hold him to have been quite right: probably diplomatic pedantry and slavery to watchwords never led England to stultify herself more completely and more uselessly. But for the discreditable features of this transaction, however, we should incline to rejoice in it. We have no wish to run in double harness with France, if we can help it. We believe, too, that France does work of this sort better and more efficiently than we should. She is more direct, more dogmatic, and less scrupulous. She has, too, ideas and projects of her own, which ours would mar, and with which they could rarely harmonise.

The rest of the history is well known. Louis Napoleon persevered. At one time the enterprise seemed jeopardised; for the resistance of Juarez was more obstinate than had been expected, and the French army suffered severely from the climate. At last, however, Mexico was taken, the country to a certain extent subdued, an assembly of notables summoned, who declared for an empire, and offered the crown to the Austrian archduke Maximilian. The task of conquest and pacification is not yet completed, but we have full confidence that it will be ere long; and if Louis Napoleon shall really have succeeded in establishing a strong and stable rule in that miserable country, he will have done a meritorious deed, and will deserve well of Europe and humanity. We, at least, shall never grudge him either the glory or the influence he may derive from the transaction. He showed logic where we showed only inconsistency, confusion of sentiment, and feebleness of will. He showed resolution and good sense where our Foreign Office displayed only red-tapism and a slavery to words.

In the case of Poland, the views and feelings of the British nation appear to have been natural and sound, and its silence, under the circumstances, to have been judicious. Not knowing exactly what to think, nor seeing clearly what to do, nor being

able to satisfy themselves that any thing effectual could be done, our people, though far from indifferent or unsympathising, have abstained both from speech and action. A few small meetings have been held indeed, a few unimpassioned addresses have been delivered, and a certain amount of discussion has taken place in the public papers ; but no one who remembers the manifestations of popular sentiment when the destinies of Hungary and Italy were at stake, can fail to appreciate the meaning of our comparative apathy in reference to the Polish insurrection. Unfortunately the Foreign Office could not follow the national example. Its position, perhaps correctly, appears to its present chief to impose upon it the obligation of expressing an opinion and offering advice on all political occurrences. Earl Russell does not appear to have seen more distinctly than Englishmen in general what ought to be desired, what could be said, or what might be done, in this singularly perplexing conjuncture ; but he could not well, like Englishmen in general, fold his arms and look on in silent pain and grief. Moreover, France was urging him to some decided steps ; so, under the joint pressure of Louis Napoleon, circumstances, and perhaps his own *cacoëthes*, he took up his pen and descended into the arena. Once there, he acted of course according to his kind. Being a Whig and a *doctrinaire*, he recommended parliamentary institutions and a national representation as the panacea for Polish as for all other evils. Being a colleague of Lord Palmerston's, and minister for foreign affairs, he followed the traditions of Downing Street, and took his stand on the treaties of 1815. He wrote a despatch indorsing and repeating the errors committed by Lord Castlereagh forty-eight years ago ; and because that singularly blundering statesman had arranged an unworkable compromise then, Earl Russell insisted on the enforcement of that unworkable compromise now.

The difficulties of the case lay here ; and unquestionably they are grave enough. In all serious disputes between the Czar of Russia and his Polish subjects of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, the principles and etiquette of international law give us a sort of claim to interfere ; because we were arranging and guaranteeing parties to those European treaties which made those Poles subject to Russia, and because the non-fulfilment of the conditions of those treaties is alleged to be the cause of the actual Polish insurrection. In consequence of our participation in those treaties Russia is bound to listen to us when we remonstrate against her alleged violations of them, and we are bound to listen to the Poles when they appeal to us to enforce the terms which we sanctioned. Thus much is clear. Another point is clear also. There can be no doubt that Poland has not

possessed—at all events since 1831—that national representation, or that constitutional freedom, which were supposed to have been secured for her by the treaty of Vienna. There can be no doubt that the misgovernment of Poland by her Russian masters has been systematic and extreme; that it has, especially of late, been directed to the object of fusion, *i. e.* of trampling out the elements and the fostering causes of distinct national life; that the oppression inflicted during peace, and the cruelties inflicted since war broke out, have been revolting to civilisation and disgraceful to the Russian government and soldiery. There can be no doubt, in a word, that the Poles have suffered enough both of barbarity and of wrong to warrant them most amply in their endeavours to throw off the Russian yoke, if they saw any reasonable prospect of success.

So far is clear. Every thing beyond this is dark and disputable. It appears certain that the terms which the Western Powers stipulated for on behalf of the kingdom of Poland implied a political arrangement which was simply absurd and impossible, which is now repudiated as such both by the oppressors and the oppressed, and which, as soon as it is stated in plain language, is repudiated by common sense. It appears almost equally certain that no other political arrangement can be suggested which is at once feasible, desirable, and just. The problem admits of no diplomatic solution, and it is not worth a war to solve it.

The intention of the more liberal of the statesmen who negotiated treaties of Vienna was, no doubt, to erect the Grand Duchy of Warsaw—*i. e.* that portion of Poland which remained Poland after the three partitions—into a constitutional kingdom under the dynastic supremacy of the Czar of Russia. It was felt that the Poles had suffered great wrongs, and deserved some indemnity for the past and some security for the future. It was felt that Alexander had rendered such vast services in the rescue of Europe from Napoleon's grasp that he merited every concession that could decently be made to him. Personally he was inclined to be mild and just, and had coquetted with liberalism. He was not indisposed to meet our wishes, and to see if he could govern Poland constitutionally. But he was not willing to have his hands tied. It was arranged, therefore, that Poland should have a sort of quasi-independence—which was to be and not to be at the same time—which was to be asserted and denied in consecutive sentences of the same parchment instrument. Thus it was agreed that she should have *bonâ fide* representative institutions; but, lest this should bind Alexander to something too definite, these institutions were to be "*réglées d'après la mode d'existence politique que chacun des gouverne-*

ments auxquels ils appartiennent *jugera utile et convenable de leur accorder.*" It was impossible to bind autocracy with a slighter or a silkier chain. Poland was to be a constitutional country, governed by Poles, legislated for by a parliament really representing the several classes of the community; but the system on which this representation should be organised was to be determined by the absolute will of the ruler; and this country was to be governed constitutionally by an autocrat who was perfectly absolute in every other portion of his dominions. He was to be an unfettered despot on one side of the frontier, and a limited monarch surrounded by a haughty aristocracy on the other. He was to govern on one bank of a river and to reign only on the other. And the empire, one small section of which was to have this anomalous favour shown it was an agglomeration of conquests from races more free and civilised than itself. And the section thus distinguished was inhabited by a turbulent and warlike people, who hated their new rulers with a fierce, a national, and a well-motived animosity, both as ancient oppressors, as repeated spoliators, as aliens in race, and as fanatically hostile in religion. Russia was to govern Poland mildly, justly, by the agency of Polish statesmen, through the medium and according to the enactments of a Polish parliament chosen by the Polish people. In a word, the Poles hated the Russians and burned to free themselves from the detested foreign yoke; yet the Russians were to govern these same Poles *with their own consent*, through their own instrumentality, in accordance with fair and free representative institutions. This was the polity which the Congress of Vienna thought fit to inaugurate; which Alexander really fancied he could manage for a time; which the harder and shrewder Nicholas took advantage of a rebellion to sweep away as too absurd for further trial or discussion; yet which Earl Russell has again urged on the Czar as what he once promised to England and France, and what he is bound therefore, on the demand of England and France, to set up once more.

Our foreign minister sees all the incongruities involved in such a polity; but, strange to say, he fails to draw the conclusion that so incongruous a polity is and must ever be a mere dream. His arguments, when defending his diplomatic intervention and his refusal of armed intervention in July last in the House of Lords, are so amazing that if we had not the words before us in black and white, we should fear we were misrepresenting; instead of merely condensing, him. "No man," he declared, "expects that the Poles will ever lose the hope of establishing their independence. Lord Castlereagh did not expect it. *I do not. I hope and believe this spirit in the Polish people will never die.* Feeling all this,—and feeling at the same

time that it is impossible for us to propose any terms which do not assume that *the Russian government is to prevail in Poland*,—I have urged that Russia shall establish a genuine national representation in that country, shall appoint Poles to all the great posts of administration, shall maintain the Polish language and religion. And I cannot see why Russia should not accede to all these proposals. Russia must of course continue to rule over and govern Poland. That is the basis of the whole arrangement. But why should she not govern it *according to the wishes and the nature of the people of the country?*"

Such was really and without exaggeration Earl Russell's pleading. *First*, the Poles wish, and always will wish, and our foreign secretary trusts they always may wish, for national independence. *Secondly*, God forbid, however, that we should further that desire, for Russia must continue to govern Poland, and Earl Russell can entertain no proposal which even hints at any other arrangement. But, *thirdly*, Earl Russell cannot, for the life of him, conceive why Russia (which wants to govern and must govern Poland) should not at once concede self-government to Poland (which desires, and naturally and rightly desires, to govern herself)! And, *finally*, if Earl Russell shall succeed in persuading despotic and sovereign Russia to restore to aristocratic and vassal Poland a government which "shall preserve not only in the homes of Poland, but in her municipal councils and national assemblies, that spirit of the Polish people which he (Earl Russell) believes will never die, and hopes will never die,"—then he (the said Earl) "will have achieved a feat of diplomacy of which he need not be ashamed."

It is well for the foreign minister, and well for England, that Russia met our remonstrance and demands with a refusal instead of with acceptance. For, as Lord Derby in a very few words showed, Russia by acceding to our demands might have entangled us in an inescapable logical and moral obligation to aid her in her future wars against Poland, or in this one if too obstinately prolonged. "It is a question," he said, "whether this country may not be dragged into a war, *not for Poland, but against Poland*. For, if we impose certain conditions on Russia, if we find those conditions impracticable, and if Russia, having acceded to those conditions, shall find that the arms thus placed in the hands of the Poles are used for the destruction of Russian power (as we know they would be), then Russia will have the right to say, 'You compelled me to make these promises, and you compel me to adhere to them. I have adhered to them, and am now suffering in consequence.' In such a case we should be bound to throw into the hands of Russia the whole of our moral influence, the whole of our moral support."

Fortunately for us, Russia has distinctly declined to concede self-government to the Poles, or to consent to the establishment of an obviously impossible and self-contradictory polity. Happily also, the Poles with equal distinctness have refused to listen to a compromise so hollow and so condemned by the experience of the past and the clear common sense of the case. Both belligerents have declared that no half-scheme will work or shall be attempted. Russia insists on complete subjection. Poland insists on complete independence. If Russia is to gain her end, she must do her work herself. If Poland's demand is just or for the good of Europe, Europe must help her to obtain it. Now is it desirable or expedient that an independent kingdom of Poland should be established? We cannot tell. It is not easy to answer confidently in the negative. It is still more difficult to answer confidently in the affirmative. It is very sad to see horrible cruelties committed. It is very sad to see an ancient and courageous nobility trodden out. It may be that a free and constitutional kingdom established in the heart of north-eastern Europe might be a germ of good that would fructify in time. It might be a barrier to Russian despotism, if Russia again ever became formidable to Western Europe. But, on the other hand, we remember what Poland was when formerly independent; and we know that it was not then a blessing,—either as an enlightener or a peace-maker. We know that its aristocracy, though brave and patriotic, was about the most oppressive, the most ignorant, and the most turbulent in the world; and that unless it were to be very different from what it used to be, and to act on very different principles, its reestablishment would be not only a questionable good, but an unquestionable wrong. It *might* come purified and changed out of the fire of adversity; but also it *might not*.

Then, again, if set up, could it be kept up? In the *Kingdom of Poland*—the only portion of old Poland which European statesmen appear even to dream of nationalising and acknowledging as independent—there are only 3,800,000 Poles. In all parts there are only 6,800,000 Poles. Could a nation with either the larger or the smaller number maintain its independence, surrounded as it is by three vast and powerful empires, with every one of which it would be in a state of chronic controversy? Is it not certain that on England and France would devolve the permanent task of supporting the monarchy they had set up? And how when England and France were no longer at one? Do we see any such certain good, any such undeniable duty, any such righteous aim, as to induce us to bind such a fearful burden on our shoulders? But the Poles have distinctly avowed that they would not be satisfied with the independ-

ence merely of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, of "Congress" Poland, as it is sometimes termed. They declare that all the provinces formerly wrested from them shall be restored,—in other words, that the portions of their former territory now incorporated into the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian monarchies respectively shall be restored and reannexed. And there can be little doubt that even if no demand of this sort had been put forward, the *kingdom* of Poland could scarcely be established in full national independence without arousing in the minds of the Poles who reside in the outlying provinces, reft away in previous partitions, a restless longing to be reincorporated with their former compatriots,—a longing that would give rise to constant rebellions, and to incessant hostilities between Poland and her powerful neighbours. Now it is abundantly obvious that no such claims could be enforced against Russia, Prussia, and Austria, except at the cost of an obstinate and general war,—a war, moreover, which might not terminate to the advantage of the claimants or their allies. But there is yet another consideration behind. The seizure and separation of the provinces in question was unquestionably at the time of its commission a great act of wrong and spoliation. But it by no means follows that their restoration to Poland now would be an act of right and justice. On the contrary, it is certain that such a proceeding would be rather the commission of a fresh injustice than the rectification of an old one. In all the provinces in question the Poles, once the sole or the main inhabitants, are now a minority of the population;—and to hand them over to Poland, therefore, would be to place them under foreign domination, *i. e.* to do the very thing which the Poles themselves complain of. Thus: the population of the Duchy of Posen, now belonging to Prussia, is 1,494,000, of whom only 780,000 are Poles. In Galicia, out of 3,100,000, only 1,100,000 are Poles. In the incorporated *civilized* Polish provinces of Russia, the entire population is about 10,000,000 of whom 5,950,000 are Russians of the Greek church, 1,400,000 are Jews, and only 2,600,000 are Poles and Catholics.

In spite, therefore, of all our sympathy, which is both sincere and deep, for the sufferings of the Poles and their aspirations after recovered or preserved nationality; in spite of our detestation, which is general and vivid, at the barbarisms and brutalities of Russia, it is impossible not to feel the cogency of the practical conclusions to which the English people have been driven. It is clear that to demand from Russia that she shall grant real self-government to a part of her dominions, which yet she is really to govern and retain,—that she shall rule a people who detest her as they wish to be ruled, and through

their own instrumentality and consent, is to demand a contradiction and an absurdity. It is clear that to give independence to a small country with less than four millions of national citizens, surrounded by hostile and mighty neighbours and foes, would be to give her what she could not maintain. It is clear that to nationalise and liberate the four millions of Poles who reside within the kingdom, without restoring and reannexing to them the other three millions who dwell in outlying provinces, would be only to create a perpetual blister and a running sore in the heart of Eastern Europe. It is clear that these outlying provinces could only be reannexed at the cost of a desperate, sanguinary, general, and doubtful war. It is quite clear that such a war would be a great evil. It is not at all clear that such a re-creation of old Poland would be a great good. It is clear, therefore, in conclusion, that the silence of the English nation in the matter has been wise and right; and equally clear that the conduct of our Foreign Office in demanding the fulfilment of absurd and impossible arrangements, and announcing at the same time that there was not the faintest intention of *enforcing* this demand, was neither dignified nor judicious. It was a case, we fully admit, in which it was peculiarly difficult either to do nothing or to do right. But we need not have done at once so little and so ill.

When we turn our eyes from Europe to America, we are charmed to find a case in which the British people have been quite in unison with the British government, and in which no fault can justly be found with the conduct of either. The civil war which broke out more than two years ago between the two divisions of the great republic of the West offered a conjuncture in which there was every facility both for the nation and for ministers to go astray. The questions of right, of wisdom, of propriety, involved were numerous and very complicated. Both our sentiments and our interests were deeply and immediately concerned. We felt almost as vividly in the matter as if it had been an English question, and as if the struggle had taken place at home. Many of us had strong prepossessions and even affections in favour of one side or the other. Some of us detested and condemned both sides impartially. Vehement convictions and passions on the Slavery question inclined numbers among us to favour the North. Personal and national interests as to the supply of cotton, as well as logical regard for political liberty, disposed others to wish success and emancipation to the South. Nine-tenths of Englishmen found it impossible not in their hearts to rejoice at the dissolution of a Union which was fast becoming too powerful either for the tranquillity of others

or for its own good. The upper classes generally felt relieved by the *écroulement* of a violent and aggressive democracy, from which England had much to fear. The working-classes to a considerable extent mourned over the failure of republican institutions, from whose example and success they had hoped so much. Our merchants were severe sufferers by the interruption to their trade; and two millions of our most industrious and skilful population were menaced with the loss of their daily bread, and have actually had to endure much privation and to live on charity for two years. Scarcely any war could have interested us so keenly or affected us so much.

We need not go through the details of the struggle. The determination both of this nation and this government was taken at the outset. It was resolved to be absolutely impartial and to be very patient; to allow the established principles of international law to be carried out to their fullest extent, at whatever inconvenience and injury to ourselves; and to be as forbearing and considerate as possible whenever either belligerent, in haste or ignorance, in anger or under pressure, overstepped the recognised limits of respect or justice. In accordance with this resolution, we acknowledged both parties as belligerents, not only because we were bound by usage to do so, but because we could not have done otherwise in justice to either party or to our own commerce. In accordance with this resolution we resisted every temptation to go further, and to secure a supply of American cotton by breaking the blockade or acknowledging the South. We permitted without complaint the repeated seizures of our merchant-ships, when these were engaged in furnishing munitions of war or other articles to either combatant, and only remonstrated where belligerent rights were carried beyond all bounds of right, or were exercised with undue insolence and harshness. We have borne much which it is thought by many we should not have borne, and which other countries wonder at our bearing, because we feel that every allowance is to be made for men engaged in a struggle for political existence, and with all their passions wound up to the highest pitch. The Nassau correspondence supplies proof enough of the extent to which American audacity and British forbearance have been carried. Once only have we spoken and acted with peremptory indignation—viz. in the case of the *Trent*, when envoys were forcibly taken from the deck of a British packet-ship proceeding from one neutral port to another, and when the case was so clear that all Europe cried shame upon the Federals for the outrage. On this occasion we acted in the most friendly way possible. We demanded immediate restitution of the captured envoys, and the disavowal of the offending officer; and we

accompanied this demand by proceedings which showed the United States that we were peremptory and in earnest, and thus made it necessary and comparatively easy for them to make atonement before they had got committed to a wrong course by protracted controversy. Of late we have gone perhaps too far in soothing their susceptibilities and meeting their exacting claims. We have, at the instance of the government at Washington, ventured to seize a ship of war said to be designed for the Confederates,—and it is believed that we have given direction to detain two others:—it now appears that in acting thus our government has not only gone to the very verge of the law, but has probably outstepped it, and will have to pay heavy damages in consequence. On the whole, our conduct as a nation has been almost admirable. With every need for cotton, we have adopted no questionable steps to obtain it. With every wish for a dissolution of the Union, we have not aided it by any single partial proceeding. Under every provocation we have kept our temper. Under every inducement to action we have been absolutely passive,—and have induced others to be passive also. It is owing to discouragements from our government that France has not long since recognised the Confederacy, and broken the blockade, and consummated the disruption of the republic. Yet we meet with nothing but misrepresentation, enmity, and vituperation from those whom we have thus served in obedience to law and principle, and in defiance of our own interests and predilections. We do not expect that the United States will ever do us justice, but history most certainly will.

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ART. X.—THE LATE SIR G. C. LEWIS.

*A Dialogue on the Best Form of Government.* By the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart. M.P. London, 1863.

FEW more curious sights were, not long since, to be seen in London than that of Sir G. Lewis at the War Office. What is now a melancholy recollection was, when we used to see it, an odd mixture of amusing anomalies. The accidental and bit-by-bit way in which all minor business is managed in England has drifted our public offices into scattered, strange, and miscellaneous places. It has drifted the war minister into the large drawing-room of an old mansion, which is splendid enough to receive fashionable people, and large enough to receive a hundred people. In this great and gorgeous apartment sat, a few months since, a homely scholar in spectacles, whose face bore

traces of sedentary labour, and whose figure was bent into the student-stoop. Such a plain man looked odd enough in such a splendid place. But it was much more odd to think that that man in that place supremely regulated the War Department of England. The place should have been a pacific drawing-room, and the man was a pacific student. He looked like a conveyancer over deeds, like a scholar among treatises, like a jurist making a code; he looked like the last man to preside over martial pomp and military expeditions.

So *unique* a man as Sir George Lewis has, in truth, rarely been lost to this country. Most men, most politicians even especially fall easily into some ready-made classification, belong to one of the recognised groups of ordinary character. Political life has gone on so long that we have ascertained the principal species of statesmen, and have a fixed name ready for each. But Sir George Lewis, as all who knew him in the least well will testify, did not belong exactly to any received type. People were puzzled how to classify a man who wrote on the Astronomy of the Ancients, the Fables of Babrius, and Roman History *before* there was history, and who was yet able to fill three difficult cabinet offices in quick succession. He wrote what most cabinet ministers would think it too much and too hard to read. No German professor, from the smoke and study of many silent years, has ever put forth books more bristling with recondite references, more exact in every technicality of scholarship, more rich in matured reflection, than Sir George Lewis found time, mind, and scholarlike curiosity, to write in the very thick of eager English life. And yet he was never very busy, or never seemed so. In the extremity of the *Trent* difficulty, when, as he was inclined to think, a war with America was impending, when a war minister might be pardoned for having no time for general reflection, Sir George Lewis found time, at three o'clock on a busy parliamentary day, to discuss with the writer of these lines, for some twenty minutes, the comparative certainty, or rather *uncertainty*, of the physical and moral sciences. It was difficult to know what to make of such a man.

The difficulty was the greater because he made no pretence to be a marvel of versatile ability. When Lord Brougham was chancellor, he was always doing—his enemies said for display, his friends said from a certain overflow of miscellaneous activity—many out-of-the-way matters. According to one legend, he even wrote a treatise on hydrostatics for the Society of Useful Knowledge which was so full of blunders that it could not be published. Many statesmen have had the vanity of variety. But if ever there was a plain man, an unpretending man, a man who in matters of business affected to be *par negotiis neque*

*supra*, that man was Sir George Lewis. The objection to him was that he was too prosaic, too anxiously safe, too suspicious of every thing showy. It was not possible for an enemy or for an opponent—for he had no enemies—to hint that Sir George Lewis's miscellaneous books were written from a love of display. They were written from a bent of nature—from the born love of dry truth.

To those, however, who had an opportunity of accurately observing Sir G. Lewis there was no difficulty in making him out. He was so simple and natural that he explained himself. His principal qualities were all of a plain and homely species, and though it may not be possible to give a likeness of them, yet a brief description may easily give an idea and an approximation.

The specialty of his mind was a strong simplicity. He took a plain, obvious view of every subject which came before him. Ingenuities, refinements, and specious fallacies might be suggested around him in any number or in any variety, but his mind was complication-proof. He went steadily through each new ambiguity, each new distinction, as it presented itself. He said, in unadorned but apt English, "The facts are these and these; the new theory concerning them is so and so: it accounts for facts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, but fails to account for facts Nos. 4, 5, and 6." Of course he was not uniformly right. We shall show that there were some kinds of facts, and some sorts of events, which he was by mental constitution not able wholly to appreciate. But his view of every subject, though it might not be adequate, though it might be limited, was always lucid. His mind was like a registering machine with a patent index. It took in all the data, specified, enumerated them, and then indicated with unmistakable precision what their sum-total of effect precisely was. The index might be wrong, though it pretty generally was right; but nobody could ever mistake for a moment what it meant and where it was.

Few men ever kept apart, in civil matters, so well what, in medical matters, would be called the diagnosis and the prescription. Most men mix, even to themselves, their view of what is with their suggestion of what should be. You could not have made Sir G. Lewis mix the two. His mind on such points was almost a tedious formality. He would say, "The facts proved are so and so; from these there are the following probable inferences. If you wish to alter the present circumstances and to produce others, you must do so and so." When a man came to him with a plan, he asked, "What is your object?" Until he got a plain answer to that, and a proof that the object was good, he never looked at the plan. All this in theory may seem very obvious and very trite. Nothing is so

easy as to be sensible on paper. The only true theory of transacting business is a simple matter which has been known for hundreds of years. Any part of that theory in print looks stupid, and not worth saying. Yet in real life, especially in political life, how few great actors are there! In politics the issues to be determined are for the most part plain and simple; but they are exciting, are embedded in rhetoric, and overlaid with irrelevant matter. A certain strong simplicity sweeps all these outside matters away. Talking to Sir G. Lewis on a pending political matter was like reading a chapter of Aristotle's Politics; you might think the view incomplete, but there were the same pregnant strength and matter-of-fact simplicity.

One great advantage of this sort of mind Sir George Lewis noted in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which, though when published anonymous, may now be quoted as his: "When Demosthenes was asked what was the first and second and third qualification of an orator, he answered, 'Delivery;' in like manner, if we were asked what is the first and second and third qualification of an English statesman, we would answer, 'Intelligibility.' As in oratory the most eloquent words and the wisest counsels will avail but little if they are not impressed by voice and manner upon the minds of an audience; so integrity and public spirit will fail to command confidence, if the course adopted is intricate or inextricable." Sir G. Lewis could not have described his own sort of mind better if he had been trying to do so; he *could* not be intricate or perplexed. On those rare occasions in politics when it is useful to be ambiguous he failed. When he was Home Secretary he could not diffuse that useful mist over delicate difficulties which was now and then desirable, and in which Sir G. Grey has succeeded. An unbroken fluency in indefinite half-truths was simply impossible to Sir George Lewis. He could not be said to fail in it, for he did not attempt it. His mind was unsuited to ambiguity, whether artful or natural. But on those all but universal occasions when only a plain intelligible statement of an important proposition was required his solid vigour was appropriate. He could never have appealed to the people by the felicitous attraction of his words, but he had an even surer source of popularity in the certain intelligibility of his plans.

The last words of his last book show the sort of grave moderation with which he regarded politics, as wise as any of which he ever made use. They are the judgment in which the reflective man of the world sums up the arguments of the advocates of different forms of government.

"Each one of you, in to-day's discussion, has been able to show specious, perhaps strong, grounds in favour of his opinion.

Monarchicus can say with truth that the testimony of experience is in his favour; that the vast majority of nations, now and at all former periods of time, have been governed by monarchs; and that a plural or republican government is an intricate machine, difficult to work, and constantly tending to relapse into monarchy. Aristocraticus can argue that aristocracy is the government of intelligence and virtue; and that it is a just medium between the two extremes of monarchy and democracy; while Democraticus can dwell upon the splendid vision of a community bound together by the ties of fraternity, liberty, and equality, exempt from hereditary privilege, giving all things to merit, and presided over by a government in which all the national interests are faithfully represented. But even if I were to decide in favour of one of these forms, and against the two others, I should not find myself nearer the solution of the practical problem. A nation does not change the form of its government with the same facility that a man changes his coat. A nation in general only changes the form of its government by means of a violent revolution. This is not a moment when reason is in the ascendant, and when the claims of force can be safely disregarded. The party which is uppermost in the revolution dictates the form of government, and pays little attention to abstract theories, unless it be those which coincide with its own views. The past history of a nation, its present interests, its present passions and antipathies, the advice of favourite leaders, the intervention of foreign governments, all exercise a powerful influence at such a crisis in determining the national decision. Such is the rude process by which one form of government is actually converted into another; very unlike the gentle and rational method which is assumed by the constructors of Utopias. Besides, the political preferences of a people are in general determined by habit and mental association; and though the newly introduced constitution may be intrinsically better than its predecessor, yet the people may dislike it, and refuse it the benefit of a fair trial. It may therefore fail, not from its own defectiveness, but through the ill-will and reluctance of those by whom it is worked.

"There are some rare cases in which a nation has profited by a revolution. Such was the English revolution of 1688, in which the form of the government underwent no alteration, and the person of the king was alone changed. It was the very minimum of a revolution; it was remarkable for the absence of those accompaniments which make a revolution perilous, and which subsequently drew upon it a vindictive reactionary movement. The late Italian revolution has likewise been successful; by it the Italian people have gained a better government, and

have improved their political condition. It was brought about by foreign intervention; but its success has been mainly owing to the moderation of the leaders in whom the people had the wisdom to confide, and who have steadily refrained from all revolutionary excesses.

"The history of forcible attempts to improve governments is not, however, cheering. Looking back upon the course of revolutionary movements, and upon the character of their consequences, the practical conclusion which I draw is, that it is the part of wisdom and prudence to acquiesce in any form of government which is tolerably well administered, and affords tolerable security to person and property. I would not, indeed, yield to apathetic despair, or acquiesce in the persuasion that a merely tolerable government is incapable of improvement. I would form an individual model, suited to the character, disposition, wants, and circumstances of the country, and I would make all exertions, whether by action or by writing, within the limits of the existing law, for ameliorating its existing condition, and bringing it nearer to the model selected for imitation; but I should consider the problem of the best form of government as purely ideal, and as unconnected with practice; and should abstain from taking a ticket in the lottery of revolution, unless there was a well-founded expectation that it would come out a prize."

This sober simplicity is not to the taste of many people. Many wish to find in politics a sort of excitement. They wish that public affairs should be managed in a rather theatrical way, in order that they themselves may have the pleasure of reading a stimulating series of brilliant events. People who went to Sir George Lewis for excitement were very likely to be disappointed. He was sure to knock the gloss off things. "People," he would observe, "who know how things are managed, know that the oftener cabinets meet the better. Ignorant persons fancy that when cabinets meet often there is something wrong; but that is a mistake. It is in the long vacation and in the country that some ministers do something brilliant and extraordinary that is much objected to. When ministers get together, they can agree on something plain and satisfactory." He always talked of the cabinet as if it were a homely sort of committee.

At bottom, perhaps, he did not much object to be thought a little commonplace. "In my opinion," he said (and perhaps there is no harm in adding that it was in reference to the Suez canal), "in nine cases out of ten cure is better than prevention. If it be ever necessary to hold Egypt, then fight for Egypt. By looking forward to all possible evils, we waste the strength that had

best be concentrated in curing the *one* evil which happens." Those who wish that the foreign affairs of England should be managed according to a far-seeing and elaborate policy will not like such voluntary shortsightedness; but the English people themselves rather like to have the national course fixed by evident, palpable, and temporary circumstances.

Some people thought Sir George Lewis obstinate, and in one sense he was so. No one was a better colleague; no one, after full discussion, was readier to take a share in the responsibility for measures of which he did not entirely approve the whole. But though he gave up his proposals, he did not alter his opinion. It may be said of him that he could not alter it. Most men's conclusions are framed upon fluctuating considerations, some of which are very indistinctly present to their minds, and most of which it would puzzle them to state shortly. Sir George Lewis knew exactly what were the facts upon which he grounded his opinion, and what his inference from those facts. Unless you gave him new facts, he could not help drawing the same inference. This was one of the comforts of dealing with him. You always knew exactly where you would find his mind. Unless the data had altered, you might be sure his inference from the data would be unchanged.

It may be added that his inference was almost sure to be exactly sound. His *data* might be limited. As we shall show, there were some kinds of facts which, from a limitation of nature, he did not thoroughly appreciate. When such facts were in question, his conclusion was likely enough to be wrong; for he was arguing rightly on incomplete premisses. But no one could gainsay the correctness of his inference from what he did see. He was the soundest judge of probability we have ever known. The facts being admitted to be so and so, what will be the consequence of those facts? Upon this question few judgments, if any, in England were better than that of Sir George Lewis.

It is this judgment of probability which makes the man of business. The data of life are accessible; their inference uncertain: a sound judgment on these data is the secret of success to him who possesses it, and the reason why others trust him. It is this that men call a *sound* understanding; it is this that Napoleon had in mind when he said that a man should be *carreé à la base*.

To this straightforward simplicity of understanding Sir G. Lewis added the most complete education perhaps of any man of his time. He did not believe in what has been called *specialty*; at least he confined it to the lower grades of practical life and literary labour. He has observed: "The permanent officers of a department are the depositories of the official tradi-

tions, they are generally referred to by the political head of the office for information upon questions of official practice; and knowledge of this sort acquired in one department would be useless in another. If, for example, the chief clerk of the criminal department of the Home Office were to be transferred to the Foreign Office or to the Admiralty, the special experience which he has acquired in the Home Office, and which is in daily and hourly requisition for the assistance of the Home Secretary, would be utterly valueless to the Foreign Secretary or to the First Lord of the Admiralty. . . . The same person may be successively at the head of the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the Admiralty; he may be successively President of the Board of Trade and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but to transfer an experienced clerk from one office to another would in general be like transferring a skilful naval officer to the army, or appointing a military engineer officer to command a ship of war. A similar distinction may be observed in other branches of practical life; thus, an architect may direct the execution of different classes of buildings; he may give plans for palaces, churches, courts of justice, bridges, private dwellings; but the subordinate workmen whom he employs retain their separate functions unchanged—a carpenter does not become a mason, a painter or glazier does not become an iron-monger or plasterer."

He sincerely believed (and perhaps acted to excess on the belief) that a well-educated man was competent to undertake any office and to write on any subject. He would have acknowledged the truth of the saying, that the end of education was to make a good *learner*. He was at the day of his death perhaps the best learner in England; there was no sort of definite information, whether relating to public business or to books, which he did not know how to acquire and where to find. Some public men may know where to find as much political information; some scholars may know where to find as much learned information; but what other man knows so precisely the best sources of both kinds of knowledge?

He had a nearly perfect mastery over the keys of knowledge. He derived from Eton and Oxford a perfect knowledge of the classical languages, and he extended it to the day of his death. An article published in *Notes and Queries* within a week or two of that time showed that he had read Mr. Freeman's history,—a rather formidable work, which we elsewhere review, relating to the Ætolian and other Greek leagues, which was only then just published, and which is as much as many busy men read in ten years. Many English statesmen have been good classical scholars, and it is happily not difficult for those who have once well

learned the languages of antiquity to retain a familiarity with its masterpieces. The very business of life, indeed, adds to these masterpieces an additional charm, for it reveals touches of discerning thought, and traits of eternal human knowledge, which the writers learned from experience, and which no one can appreciate without it. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning, Lord Grenville, the Marquis Wellesley, and many others of our conspicuous statesmen, have had this sort of scholarship. The knowledge of the Classics was to them an intellectual luxury. But Sir George Lewis had a far more laborious scholarship than this. He had read and knew, not only the classical writers themselves, but also terrific German treatises, in many volumes and upon the worst paper, *about* the Classics, which no intellectual voluptuary would touch or look at.

In addition to his Eton and Oxford scholarship, Sir George Lewis was excellently acquainted with modern languages, and had a fair knowledge of mathematics. But a mere enumeration of this sort does not in the least give a notion of the sort of knowledge he had—a phrase, not of the purest English, alone expresses it: it was a knowledge which “turned up” every where. Hardly a subject could be started on which he could not throw an unexpected light, and to which he could not add some new fact. The sort of way in which this happened is aptly enough illustrated by Lord Stanhope’s *Miscellanies*, published last year: “Mr. Windham,” writes Lord Stanhope, “in his speech of December 9, 1803, observes of the Martello towers that they were so called from a place of that name in Corsica; and I have quoted that sentence from him in my *Life of Pitt*.”

“Since my own publication, however, there has been suggested to me, by a very high authority upon all such subjects, a derivation far more probable than Mr. Windham’s, and certainly, as I conceive, the right one. S.

“*Right Hon. Sir George C. Lewis to Earl Stanhope.*

[Extract.]

“April 2, 1862.

“The origin of Martello towers I believe to have been that when piracy was common in the Mediterranean, and pirates like the Danes made plundering descents upon the coasts, the Italians built towers near the sea in order to keep watch and give warning if a pirate ship was seen to approach the land. This warning was given by striking on a bell with a hammer; and hence these towers were called *Torri da Martello*.

“*The same to the same.*

“May 7, 1862.

“I think that I have discovered, with the assistance of a

friend, the origin of Windham's statement respecting Martello towers. An attack was made on the tower of Mortella, in Corsica, by the British forces both by sea and land, in February 1794. The tower was taken after an obstinate defence, but the two attacking ships were beaten off. This circumstance is likely to have given rise to the confusion between Martello towers generally and this tower of Mortella."

And Lord Stanhope adds some additional facts showing that the derivation suggested by Sir George C. Lewis was correct. Again, in p. 40, Lord Stanhope gives an extract from a letter of Sir George Lewis:

"Lord Grenville told my father that Pitt had formed a plan for abolishing all Customs Duties, and that he would have carried it into effect, if the war of the French Revolution had not broken out, which defeated all his financial and commercial schemes. Lord Grenville said that the amount of the public expenditure at that time rendered such a plan quite feasible."

These are two instances casually occurring in one little volume. But any one who knew Sir George Lewis would know that these sort of miscellaneous odd facts were accumulated in his memory, to what seemed an infinite number, and were at once brought out when they could be useful in illustrating any thing.

As a writer this great knowledge, especially when connected with the strong love of bare truth which led him to acquire that knowledge, was not advantageous to him. He gave a mistaken credit to his readers; he fancied they loved fact and truth as much as he did. "Woe to the writer," goes a wise saying, "that exhausts his subject; his readers are exhausted first." Sir George Lewis always exhausted his subject if he could, and you could not have persuaded him not to do so. In proposing the dowry of the Princess Royal he amused the House of Commons by an elaborate reference, not only to the dowry of George III.'s daughters, who seemed quite far enough back for an impatient audience that wanted its dinner, but also to a perfectly forgotten Princess Royal who was George III.'s aunt. Most of his books are too full of citations and explanations; and to the last he would have been more read and more influential if he had thought often of Sidney Smith's precept, "Now, remember Noah, and be *quick*."

But though a tendency to overlay a subject with superfluous erudition was one of Sir George Lewis's defects, the possession of that available erudition was one of his greatest powers. In the present day the usefulness of a public man is largely measured by the number of subjects which he can get up—Sir George Lewis could get up any subject. There was no proba-

ble topic on which he could not form, from the very best sources, with ease and pleasure, a clear, determinate, and exact opinion. His memory helped him. It has been compared to Macaulay's—not that it was equal to such marvellous displays, but that it contained as much, or nearly as much, miscellaneous knowledge. And there was this peculiarity in it. Macaulay's memory, like Niebuhr's, undoubtedly confounded not unfrequently inference and fact: it exaggerated; it gave, not what was in the book, but what a vivid imagination inferred from the book. Sir George Lewis had none of this defect: his memory was a dry memory, just as his mind was a dry light; if he said a thing was at page 10, you might be sure it was at page 10. Somebody called him a "sagacious dictionary," and there was felicity in the expression.

Apart from this massive simplicity of understanding, and this immense accumulation of exact knowledge, there was nothing *very* remarkable in Sir George Lewis. It would be the greatest injustice to his memory, and be the very last thing which he would have desired, to mar the picturesque outlines of his character by concealing its limitations. He had, as we explained, some great qualities in an extraordinary measure, but in other respects he was no more than an ordinary man, and in some he was even less than one.

There was a want of brisk enthusiasm about him both in appearance and in reality. He looked like a scholar, a thinker, and a man of business; he did not look like—he was not—a buoyant ruler or a popular orator. He was quite conscious of this himself, and would sometimes allude to it. The late Mr. Wilson—a very vivacious and active man—who was Secretary of the Treasury when Sir G. Lewis was Chancellor of the Exchequer, used to relate, that when he once was urging something rather strongly, Sir George answered: "No; I can't do it. The fact is, Wilson, you are an animal, and I am a vegetable." Taken literally, this would have been a satire on himself, but it indicated his main defect. He had always, or nearly always, sufficient judgment for a great statesman, but he had not always sufficient impulse.

He was *puzzled* about the passions of mankind; he had so little passion himself that it seemed to him an unknown force which might take men to a distance which it was impossible to foresee, and in a direction that could not be calculated. "When," we have heard him say, "you know a man will act for his own interest, you know how to deal with him; but if he is likely to be guided by feeling, it is impossible to predict his course." Such extreme calmness of mind is not favourable to a statesman; it is good to be without vices, but it is not good to be

without temptations. It would always have been a difficulty to Sir G. Lewis that he did not share the impetuous part of human nature whether for good or evil. He was ever liable to impute to a settled design and intellectual self-interest what was in fact owing to an impulse of philanthropy or a gust of mere passion. He was apt to be thought cynical in opinion, though goodnatured in manner and action,—and in some sense he was so. He took too external a view of human nature, and ascribed to consistent selfishness what was really produced by mixed motives and a close combination of good and evil.

He was so defective in the more conspicuous sorts of imagination, that he was often thought to have no imagination. But this was an error. He could conceive well the working of a polity, the operation of a scheme, the details of a plan. His criticism on the working, say of the American constitution, would show great power of conceiving distant causes, and of predicting and analysing strange effects. He had the business imagination. But he had no other. He could not imagine great passions, or overwhelming desires, or involved character; he knew that there were such things, but he had no image of them in his mind and no picture. He was like a man on the edge of a volcano, who dreaded an eruption, but had no vision of the flames. He was thus apt to be out of sympathy with, and even to be impatient of, some elements in ordinary men's judgment. He was a little too critical of public opinion, too critical, that is, for a parliamentary statesman, for one who should try to sympathise with the master whom he must obey. Sir G. Lewis hated exaggeration as much as he could hate any thing,—and popular opinion is always exaggerated. "There is," said Sir Stafford Northcote, "no quality for which Sir George Lewis is more remarkable than for a quiet courage, which emboldens him to give utterance from time to time, and sometimes without any apparent necessity for his doing so, to propositions of the most alarmingly unpopular nature." And such courage is admirable. In this day it is much to have a statesman who, on any occasion and for any object, will withstand public opinion. But such opposition should be reserved for great occasions, and too much must not be expected from the mass of men. A vague tendency and loose approximation to what is right is all we can hope of miscellaneous popular opinion; and it is not wise in a statesman to criticise too nicely, or to attempt to give to the rough practical judgment of men a fine accuracy which it can never in fact possess. Sir G. Lewis was the antithesis of a demagogue; he could not take a test without a qualification; he was sure to distrust, and apt to despise, a popular dogma.

A slight survey—and we have only space or powers for a very slight one—will show that these qualities were as conspicuous in Sir G. Lewis's writings as in his political career. Indeed, if there ever was a man whose mind was always and every where one and the same, Sir George was that man. He had not really a versatile mind, though his pursuits were varied. He was far too modest and wise to aim at what was impossible to him, and nature had given him sharp limitations. It was said by the *Times* of Lord Brougham, "that he might have been any *one* of ten first-rate kinds of men, but that he had tried to be *all* ten, and had failed." Sir G. Lewis had none of this flexibility, and none of this vanity. He never tried to be a great poet or a great orator, or to be any thing else but what nature made him—a shrewd and solid thinker. He had a great faculty of research, but his matter is every where of the same sort. It is the same imperturbable homely sense upon finance in his *Budgets*, upon the Egyptology of Baron Bunsen in his *Ancient Astronomy*.

Sir G. Lewis's principal writings may be divided into two classes, the historical and the speculative; and it is hardly too much to say that the whole of the historical are developments in many forms of one central idea. He always devotes himself to the refutation of an hypothesis: some previous writer has elaborated a theory which, Sir G. Lewis maintains, rests on no basis of evidence, and which he wishes to dispel. Some one has seen a *mirage*, and related it as a fact; Sir G. Lewis wishes to dispel the mirage.

His earliest work of this sort was the *Origin and Formation of the Romance Language*. M. Raynouard, a distinguished French scholar, had expounded a very curious and remarkable theory as to the breaking-up of the Latin language. It is certain that good Latin was once spoken at Rome; it is certain that the Romans conquered the rest of Italy, France, and Spain; it is certain that in each of these countries a modern language, analogous to the Latin, and derived from the Latin, is now spoken. How, then, did the Latin break up? how, then, were the new languages formed? M. Raynouard maintained that they were formed by means of an unintermediate language. He held that the Romance language, which was purely spoken in the times of the Troubadours, and which is still corruptly spoken in Provence, was a language once used in the same form all over Europe; that it was the same tongue in France, in Portugal, in Italy, and in Spain; and that as a person who spoke Latin would have been universally intelligible at one time, so a person who spoke Romance would have been universally understood at a subsequent time. This idea of a single diffused

Middle-Age language Sir G. Lewis undertakes to dispel; he thinks it a dream and a theory. He says that the Latin broke up under different circumstances, with different velocities, and in different modifications, in the different states of Europe. There was a certain general resemblance, he holds, in the changes which were in progress, whether in Italy or Spain, France or Portugal, because those changes in all these countries were produced by the same causes. The invasion of the barbarians, the fall of the Roman empire, and the somewhat mysterious movement which tends to break up the old rhetorical and synthetic languages, and replace them by analytic and conversational languages, were common causes, operating alike in all countries where Latin had been spoken. But though the change in all the languages was in the same general direction, it was not at the same rate, nor was it identical in details. There has, according to Sir G. Lewis, never been a single vernacular language spoken through Europe since Latin was so spoken. The theory of Raynouard is, according to Sir G. Lewis's characteristic language, an "unsupported and imaginary hypothesis."

This essay on the Romance language was republished by Sir George within a few months of his death, and is worth reading as an illustration of his mode of thought and argument. The burden of proof is upon Raynouard. He says there was a common language at a certain date; where, then, is that language? what were its parts of speech, its verbs, its pronouns, and its substantives? Let us look at them in the different countries of Europe at the time in question, and prove that the language was uniform by the identity of its forms. Accordingly Sir G. Lewis goes through the earliest known forms of the Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and French languages, and he shows that at the earliest stage they were *not* identical. He characteristically says, "The importance and interest of the philological problem which is treated in the following pages are much increased by the fact that it lies entirely within the historical period; and that not only the original and the derivative languages, but also the circumstances attending the transition, are known by authentic evidence and by an unbroken tradition. It is therefore a problem which admits of solution by demonstrative arguments, and without recourse to a series of hypotheses and conjectures, weakening as the chain lengthens." Sir G. Lewis revels, we may almost say, in the plentifulness of the evidence. He has lists of the "tenses and inflexions of Romance nouns," "new Romance nouns formed by affixes," of the degrees of comparison, pronouns, and numerals, in the Romance language, with endless similar information. He elaborately

compares the earliest stages of the Italian, Spanish, and French languages with the earliest form of the Provençal; and he shows clearly and fully, what was probable enough in itself, that the earliest forms of these languages differ; that they have pursued a different history; that the Provençal is only one of the derived languages, with a history of its own; that there never was any one derived language generally diffused through Europe; that as soon as the use of Latin ended, distinctions of speech began. A very close political observer, who did not himself easily relinquish any thing, once described Sir G. Lewis as the most pertinacious man he had ever known: "He returns," it was added, "to the charge again and again, and he hardly ever fails." This was said by one who seldom read any thing, who had read very little of Sir G. Lewis's writing, who assuredly had never opened the treatise on the Romance languages. But if he had studied the treatise, he could not have described it better. Sir George returns again and again, with verbs and pronouns, to the charge, and he hardly ever fails. A student who continued to believe Raynouard's theory must be impervious to argument and detail-proof.

The largest of all Sir G. Lewis's writings, and his acutest, strikes with the same tactics at a nobler game upon a larger field. The reception of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* is one of the most curious of recent literary phenomena. Though he really is a bold theorist on Roman history, though his narrative is by admission constructed by the imagination, he has obtained something like the credit due to an almost contemporary authority—to a person who had some special information. He believed he had acquired, by long study and brooding, a special faculty, a peculiar divination. He tells us, "All my faculties were directed to a single object for sixteen months, without any intermission except now and then for a few days. My sight grew dim in its passionate efforts to pierce into the obscurity of the subject, and unless I was to send forth an incomplete work, which sooner or later would have had to be wholly remodelled, I was compelled to wait for what Time might gradually bring forth. Nor has he been niggardly, but, though slowly, has granted me one discovery after another." "The true account, it must be owned, is not always the most probable. But when an inquirer, after gazing for years with ever renewed undeviating steadfastness, sees the history of mistaken, misrepresented, and forgotten events rise out of mists and darkness, and assume substance and shape, as the scarcely visible aerial form of the nymph in the Slavonic tale takes the body of an earthly maiden beneath the yearning gaze of love,—when by unwearied and conscientious examination he is continually gain-

ing a clearer insight into the connexion of all its parts, and discerns that immediate expression of reality which emanates from life,—he has a right to demand that others, who merely throw their looks by the way on the region where he lives and has taken up his home, should not deny the correctness of his views, because they perceive nothing of the kind. The learned naturalist, who has never left his native town, will not recognise the animal's track, by which the hunter is guided: and if any one, on going into Benvenuto's prison, when his eyes had for months been accustomed to see the objects around him, had asserted that Benvenuto like himself could not distinguish any thing in the darkness, he would surely have been somewhat presumptuous." It is beautiful to see the heavy care and sluggish diligence with which Sir G. Lewis reckons all this poetry back into mere prose.

"The history of Niebuhr," he tells us, "has thus opened more questions than it has closed, and it has set in motion a large body of combatants, whose mutual variances are not at present likely to be settled by deference to a common authority, or by the recognition of any common principle.

"The main cause of the great multiplicity and wide divergence of opinions, which characterise the recent researches into early Roman history, is the defective method, which not only Niebuhr and his followers, but most of his opponents, have adopted. Instead of employing those tests of credibility which are consistently applied to modern history, they attempt to guide their judgment by the indications of internal evidence, and assume that the truth can be discovered by an occult faculty of historical divination. Hence, the task which they have undertaken resembles an inquiry into the internal structure of the earth, or into the question, whether the stars are inhabited. It is an attempt to solve a problem, for the solution of which no sufficient data exist.

"The consequence is, that ingenuity and labour can produce nothing but hypotheses and conjectures, which may be supported by analogies, and may sometimes appear specious and attractive, but can never rest on the solid foundation of proof. There will, therefore, be a series of such conjectural histories; each successive writer will reject all or some of the guesses of his predecessors, and will propose some new hypotheses of his own. But the treatment of early Roman history, though it will be constantly moving, will not advance; it will not be stationary, but neither will it be progressive; it will be unfixed and changeable, but without receiving any improvement; and it will perpetually revolve in the same hopeless circle. Like the search after the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, it

will be constantly varying its aspect, under the treatment of different professors of the futile science; but truth and certainty, the aim of all rational employment of the intellect, will always be equally distant. Each new system of the early Roman constitution will be only (to use Paley's words) one guess among many; whereas he alone discovers who proves. There is indeed no doubt that long habit, combined with a happy talent, may enable a person to discern the truth where it is invisible to ordinary minds, possessing no peculiar advantages. This may be observed, not only in historical researches, but in every other department of knowledge. In order, however, that the truth so perceived should recommend itself to the convictions of others, it is a necessary condition that it should admit of proof which they can understand. Newton might have perceived, by a rapid and intuitive sagacity, the connexion between the fall of an apple and the attraction of the earth to the sun; but unless he could have demonstrated that connexion by arguments which were intelligible and satisfactory to the scientific world, his discovery would have been useless, except as a mere suggestion. In like manner, we may rejoice that the ingenuity and learning of Niebuhr should have enabled him to advance many novel hypotheses and conjectures respecting events in the early history, and respecting the form of the early constitution, of Rome. But unless he can support those hypotheses by sufficient evidence, they are not entitled to our belief. It is not enough for a historian to claim the possession of a retrospective second-sight, which is denied to the rest of the world; of a mysterious doctrine, revealed only to the initiated. Unless he can prove as well as guess; unless he can produce evidence of the fact, after he has intuitively perceived its existence, his historical system cannot be received. The oases of truth which he discerns amidst the trackless expanses of fiction and legend, may be real; but until their existence can be verified by positive testimony, we have no certainty that these 'green spots in memory's waste' may not be mere mirage and optical delusion. It is an excellence in a historian of antiquity, who has sufficient data to proceed upon, that he should form a vivid conception of the events described; that he should live, as it were, among the persons whose acts he recounts; and that he should carry his reader back into the bygone times in which his drama is placed. On the other hand, it is a fault in the modern writers who first narrated Roman history that they should have related the events as if they had never happened. But when there is a want of solid evidence, we do not render the history true by treating the events as if they were real."

Almost the whole of Sir G. Lewis's two volumes are an ex-

pansion and development of this passage. He turns Niebuhr's revelations into fancies, and his divinations into mere guesses. Since Sir G. Lewis's work on Roman history, no English scholar at least has ventured to defend Niebuhr's essentially arbitrary treatment of legendary history. An historian, it is now agreed, cannot accept one legend because it suits a preconceived hypothesis, and reject another because it is inconsistent with that hypothesis. He must take both or must reject both. We may not, and perhaps have not, attained to a complete and accepted theory of the value of traditional evidence; there are many points on that subject which require much more delicate handling than they have received. But no one will ever revive Niebuhr's notion of an occult tact. A long acquaintance and a familiar meditation upon any sort of *truth* does indeed give an instinctive sense with respect to that truth. A constant habit of comparing accurate truth with legendary versions of the same truth would really give a student a verified knowledge, and even a quick instinctive idea what sort of inventions popular tradition is prone to. But Niebuhr had studied legends as to times of which there are only legends; he had not compared truth with fiction, but fiction with fiction. He had not acquired a test of truth by a contact with truth; but his hot brain had brooded so long on a favourite subject that he mistook its own fancies for realities. Sir G. Lewis did not mistake them.

It is sometimes said that Sir G. Lewis would accept no fact of which there was not contemporary evidence, and that he set no value whatever upon any tradition in any case. But this is a mischievous exaggeration. Sir G. Lewis was not the most exacting of historical critics. He considered Polybius as too strict and sceptical. Polybius thought that an historian without books, and with only oral information, could not be sure of events more than twenty years before his own birth. Sir G. Lewis held that a sort of memory of leading events, accurate in substance though probably inaccurate in detail, might be preserved by tradition for about a hundred years, and that special events from special circumstances might be remembered longer; but that in such cases it was only the general outline which could be faintly traced, and only events of interest that would be preserved. After about a hundred years—after the period about which a man could hear from his grandfather—he thought, for the most part, there was no reliable knowledge.

Sir G. Lewis's Ancient Astronomy might seem a deviation from his general studies. Astronomy is a physical science, and Sir George, though well enough acquainted with such sciences, did not profess to have made them a special study. He was often enough heard to say, half in jest but still with a certain

meaning, "That on matters of practical interest the physical sciences were less certain than the moral: as long as you are dealing with abstractions, with perfectly elastic beams and a world without fiction, physical science is quite certain; but as soon as you introduce the actual conditions of life, and talk of the real world in which we live, most physical sciences become as uncertain as any moral science. Take, for example, physic. If you will question your medical man, you will find that, if he cures you, it will not be by the goodness of his *arguments*. A great deal of what is set down upon that subject in grave treatises appears to me to be inconsistent rubbish. And my experience at the War Office shows me that scientific evidence may be accumulated in almost any quantity for any given invention and against any given invention." A man who talked in this spirit was scarcely likely to devote many hours out of the scanty leisure of English public life to the history of physical science. Nor was Sir G. Lewis attracted to the subject by its abstract scientific interest. He is at great pains to explain that he makes no pretension to such abstract mathematical knowledge as was possessed by Delambre and others, his predecessors, and that astronomy is conversant with obvious realities which have always excited human curiosity. In truth, he encountered ancient astronomy in his investigations of ancient history. He found many pretensions to ancient scientific knowledge which it was much in his way to scrutinise and disbelieve; he was in all his inquiries compelled to deal with ancient chronology, which is not to be understood except with reference to the astronomical notions of those who framed it. Such questions as, Was there a Roman year of ten months? met him at every step. He was thus led to write a clear, compendious, and popular account of the rise of astronomical science in ancient Greece. It is not exhaustive, as most of his treatises are exhaustive; it is not, like his other treatises, supported by an available accumulation of all appropriate knowledge, for he was in some places cramped by the deficiency of his mathematics. It is not, therefore, one of the works on which his fame as a great scholar will hereafter rest. But it is a very clear, sensible, and interesting account of the interesting subject to which it relates.

But bound up with the history of Ancient Astronomy, and having but a very slender relation to it, are three essays: one on the Early History and Chronology of the Egyptians; another on the Early History and Chronology of the Assyrians; and a third on the Navigation of the Phœnicians. Here Sir G. Lewis is all himself, dealing with the subjects which he liked best, and dealing with them as he liked best. Any body who wishes to know the sort of mind he had may read—and it is not

unamusing reading—his criticism on the Egyptian history of Baron Bunsen. At the risk of tediousness we will condense a little of it:

"The principal manipulator," says Sir G. Lewis, "of the ancient Egyptian chronology is Baron Bunsen, who, in his recent work on Egypt, has avowedly applied the method of Niebuhr to Egyptian antiquity. Now the method with which Niebuhr treated the early history of Rome was to reject the historical narrative handed down by ancient, and generally received by modern writers; and to substitute for it a new narrative reconstructed on an arbitrary hypothetical basis of his own. Every thing that is original and peculiar in Niebuhr's historical method, and in its results, is indeed unsound. But it possessed advantages, when employed in the transmutation of Roman antiquity, which are wanting to it when applied to Egyptian antiquity. The early Roman history, whatever may be its authenticity, presents at least a full and continuous narrative, most parts of which are related in discordant versions by different classical writers. As none of these versions rests on an ascertained foundation, or can be traced to coeval attestation, great facility is afforded for ingenious conjecture, for bold and startling combinations, for hypothetical reconstruction by means of specious analogies, and for the display of imposing paradox and dazzling erudition. But the so-called history of ancient Egypt consists of little more than chronology. It is, for the most part, merely a string of royal names. Now this is a most unattractive field for the hypothetical historian: he is condemned to make bricks without straw. Instead of demolishing and rebuilding constitutions, instead of creating new states of society out of obscure fragments of lost writers, he is reduced to a mere arithmetical process. Accordingly, the operations of Bunsen and other modern critics upon the ancient history of Egypt rather resemble the manipulation of the balance-sheet of an insolvent company by a dexterous accountant (who, by transfers of capital to income, by the suppression or transposition of items, and by the alteration of bad into good debts, can convert a deficiency into a surplus), than the conjectures of a speculative historian, who undertakes to transmute legend into history.

"Egyptology has a historical method of its own. It recognises none of the ordinary rules of evidence; the extent of its demands upon our credulity is almost unbounded. Even the writers on ancient Italian ethnology are modest and tame in their hypotheses, compared with the Egyptologists. Under their potent logic all identity disappears; every thing is subject to become any thing but itself. Successive dynasties become contemporary dynasties; one king becomes another king, or

several other kings, or a fraction of another king; one name becomes another name; one number becomes another number; one place becomes another place.

"In order to support and illustrate these remarks, it would be necessary to analyse Bunsen's reconstruction of the scheme of Egyptian chronology. Such an analysis would be inconsistent with the main object of the present work; but a few examples will serve to characterise his method.

"Sesostris is the great name of Egyptian antiquity. Even the builders of the pyramids and of the labyrinth sink into insignificance by the side of this mighty conqueror. Nevertheless, his historical identity is not proof against the dissolving and recombining processes of the Egyptological method. Bunsen distributes him into portions, and identifies each portion with a different king. Sesostris, as we have already stated, stands in Manetho's list as third king of the twelfth dynasty, at 3320 B.C., and a notice is appended to his name clearly identifying him with the Sesostris of Herodotus. Bunsen first takes a portion of him, and identifies it with Tosorthrus (written Sesorthus by Eusebius), the second king of the third dynasty, whose date is 5119 B.C., being a difference in the dates of 1799 years—about the same interval as between Augustus Cæsar and Napoleon; he then takes another portion, and identifies it with Sesonchosis, a king of the twelfth dynasty; a third portion of Sesostris is finally assigned to himself. It seems that these three fragments make up the entire Sesostris; who, in this plural unity, belongs to the Ancient Empire; but it is added that the Greeks confounded him with Ramesses, or Ramses, of the New Empire, a king of the nineteenth dynasty, whose date is 1255 B.C.; who, again, was confounded with his father, Sethos; which name again was transmuted into Sethosis and Sesosis.

"Lepsius agrees with Bunsen that Sesostris in the Manethonian list, who stands in the twelfth dynasty, at 3320 B.C., is not Sesostris; but, instead of elevating him to the third dynasty, brings him down to the nineteenth dynasty, and identifies him with Sethos, 1326 B.C.; chiefly on account of a statement of Manetho, preserved by Josephus, that Sethos first subjugated Cyprus and Phœnicia, and afterwards Assyria and Media, with other countries further to the east. Lepsius, moreover, holds that Ramses, the son of Sethos, was, like his father, a great conqueror, but that the Greeks confounded both father and son under the name of Sesostris.

"We therefore see that the two leading Egyptologists, Bunsen and Lepsius, differing in other respects, agree in thinking that Sesostris is not Sesostris. The notice appended to his

name in Manetho, which identifies him with the Sesostris of Herodotus, Diodorus, and other Greek writers, is regarded by Lepsius as spurious. But here their agreement stops. One assigns Sesostris to what is called the Old, the other to what is called the New Empire, separating his respective dates by an interval of 3793 years. What should we think, if a new school of writers on the history of France, entitling themselves Francologists, were to arise, in which one of the leading critics were to deny that Louis XIV. lived in the seventeenth century, and were to identify him with Hercules, or Romulus, or Cyrus, or Alexander the Great, or Cæsar, or Charlemagne; while another leading critic of the same school, agreeing in the rejection of the received hypothesis as to his being the successor of Louis XIII., were to identify him with Napoleon I. and Louis Napoleon?"

It is well known that all these conjectures on early Egyptian history are supported by the recent discovery of the true meaning of the long-unintelligible hieroglyphic inscriptions. But Sir George Lewis does not believe they have discovered their meaning. He states the problem certainly with formidable force. It is something like this: "Here you have inscriptions composed in a lost *language*, and written down in a *character* which is also lost. Is it to be believed that the imagination of man can first guess rightly the system of written symbols, and then guess the meaning too? It is the old story; you have to interpret the dream without knowing what it is. Even supposing that you have found out, as you think, one set of written symbols, and made a language in these symbols which you can read, who will assure us that some other person will not find another set of symbols with another set of meanings in a new imaginary language?" "The question," says Sir George Lewis, "as to the possibility of interpreting a language whose tradition has been lost, is further confused by a deceptive analogy derived from the process of deciphering. A cipher is a contrivance for disguising the alphabetical writing of a known language by a conventional change of characters. The explanation of this conventional change is called the *Key*. If a document written in cipher falls into the possession of a stranger ignorant of the *Key*, and if he can conjecture with tolerable certainty the language in which it is written, he can proceed to apply to it the rules for deciphering, which are founded upon the comparative frequency of certain letters and certain words in the given language. This process, if the document be tolerably long, is almost infallible. It is difficult to devise a cipher, sufficiently simple for frequent use, which cannot be deciphered by a skilful and experienced decipherer. But this operation supposes the language to be understood; it is a merely alphabetical process;

it does not determine the meaning of a single word; it merely strips the disguise off a word, and reproduces it in its ordinary orthography. No process similar to deciphering can afford the smallest assistance towards discovering the signification of an unknown word, written in known alphabetical characters. The united ingenuity of the most skilful decipherers in Europe could not throw any light upon an Etruscan or Lycian inscription, or interpret a single sentence of the Eugubine Tables. In like manner, assuming an Egyptian hieroglyphical text to be correctly read into alphabetical characters, no process of deciphering could detect the meaning of the several words."

It is possible, for example, that Champollion may have discovered by comparison on some proper names some phonetic characters, and it is also possible that the ancient Egyptian may have had some analogy with the modern Coptic,—the same sort of analogy, perhaps, which Italian bears to Latin. But it is very difficult to be satisfied that any great knowledge could be derived from the spelling of a few letters, and the guessing of a few words as expressed in these letters. "Where," says Sir George Lewis, "the tradition of a language is lost, but its affinity with a known language is ascertained or presumed, the attempts to restore the significations of words proceed upon the hypothesis that the etymology of the word can be determined by its resemblance, more or less close, to a word in the known language, and that the etymology of the word is a certain guide to its meaning. But although there is a close affinity between etymology and meaning, yet etymology alone cannot be taken as a sure index to meaning. When the signification of a word is ascertained, it is often difficult to determine the etymology. The Lexilogus of Buttmann, the Romance Dictionary of Diez—in fact, any good etymological vocabulary—will furnish ample evidence of this truth. But when the process is inverted, and it is proposed to determine the signification of the words of an entire language from etymological guesses, unassisted by any other knowledge, the process is necessarily uncertain and inconclusive, and can be satisfactory only to a person who has already made up his mind to accept *some* system of interpretation.

"Thus in Italian the word *troja* signifies a sow. Diez refers the origin of this word to the old Latin expression *porcus Trojanus*, which meant a pig stuffed with other animals and served for the table; the name being an allusion to the Trojan horse. He conceives that this phrase first became *porco di troja*, and afterwards *troja* simply, with the signification of a pregnant sow. Assuming this etymology to be true, what possible ingenuity could have enabled any body to invert the process, and to discover the meaning by the etymology, if the meaning were unknown?"

The alphabet of Baron Bunsen is very complicated. He has four classes and an extra, or later class. He has 1000 characters altogether :

Ideographics . . . . .	620
Determinatives . . . . .	164
Phonetics . . . . .	130
Mixed . . . . .	55
Later alphabet . . . . .	100

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1069

And he can read a very large number of words; but we are not surprised to hear that "the system of reading the hieroglyphic characters, as expounded by the Egyptologists, is flexible and arbitrary. It involves the hypothesis of homophones; that is to say, of a plurality of signs for the same sound. It likewise involves a mixture of ideographic and phonetic symbols."

Altogether, though Sir George Lewis may not be right in his bold assertion that *no* early Egyptian history is possible, he is clearly successful in proving that Baron Bunsen's history is untrue. As he expelled the conjectures of Niebuhr from Roman history, so he has expelled the conjectures of Niebuhr's great pupil from Egyptian history. Nobody who reads Sir George Lewis can doubt that Bunsen, for the most part, indulges in conjecture as to the language, as to the written character, and as to the history of ancient Egypt. *His* theories in future will not be accepted as facts. A better feat of iconoclasm has seldom been performed.

These historical works might well have exhausted the leisure of a man almost always occupied in civil business. But Sir George Lewis wrote another long series of books on philosophical politics also. We have not left ourselves much space to speak of them at great length, and we do not think that they need be spoken of at such great length as his historical works. We think that they represent less perfectly the best parts of his mind, and that they bear more marks of his deficiencies.

The earliest and among the most curious is an essay on the *Use and Abuse of certain Political Terms*, published in 1832. It is curiously characteristic of Sir G. Lewis that, at a time when England was convulsed by the almost revolutionary struggle of the Reform Bill, when all Europe still gazed with wonder at the prosperous effect of the most happy of French revolutions, Sir G. Lewis should have sat down, to write not on the facts of political revolution, but on the *words* of political science. After he became a practical statesman he became more alive to political passions and less occupied with political terms; but to the last he was too apt to wonder at great conflicts,

and to be pleased with verbal inquiries. In 1833 he was under the mastery of a remarkable teacher. The late Mr. Austin had little fame in his lifetime, and was so discouraged by neglect that he could not nerve himself to complete great works, of which he had finished what most men would consider the difficult part, and had only to add that which most people would think the easy part. He in this point resembled Coleridge. That great thinker has left no work which embodies his philosophy, and yet his philosophy has permeated his generation. Mr. Austin seized hold, some thirty years ago, of several strong minds, and by the help of these great minds he greatly influenced his time. You will find thoughts distinctly traceable to him far away among people who never heard of him. His few lectures and his years of conversation were a peculiar source of nice expression and accurate thought for more than half a century; a little bit of just though almost pedantic thought cropped suddenly up in our crude and hasty English life. Thirty years ago Mr. Austin, at the London University, explained what may be called the necessary part of political science, and illustrated it by the best of all illustrations—Roman law. He analysed not a particular government, but what is common to all governments; not one law, but what is common to all laws; not political communities in their features of diversity, but political communities in their features of necessary resemblance. He gave politics not an interesting aspect, but a new aspect; for, by giving men a steady view of what political communities *must* be, he stopped in the bud many questions as to what they ought to be, or ought not to be. As a gymnastic of the intellect, and as a purifier, Mr. Austin's philosophy is to this day admirable,—even in its imperfect remains; a young man who will study it will find that he has gained something which he wanted, but something which he did not *know* that he wanted; he has clarified a part of his mind which he did not know needed clarifying. Sir G. Lewis was deeply penetrated by this abstract teaching; to the last day of his life, in the unphilosophical atmosphere of the War Office, he would use the phrases of, and would like allusions to, this philosophy. One source of his power as a political thinker was, that he had, under Mr. Austin's guidance, studied political questions as it were in their skeleton. Once a jurist, always a jurist. The vast and easy command of the whole sources of juridical literature which Sir G. Lewis showed in his essay *On Foreign Jurisdiction, and the Extradition of Criminals*, and elsewhere, is largely due to his early studies. Yet it may be doubted whether Mr. Austin's influence was entirely favourable to him. A certain school of thinkers magnify the effects of human lan-

guage. Calm and simple-minded students, when they see the hasty world of human beings using inaccurate and vague words, are apt to ascribe all their errors to those words, and to believe that, if you could put human language right, you would set the world in order. There is no greater mistake. Men are mainly deceived by their passions and their interests; they care but little for abstract truth, and rush forward to small, petty, but concrete, objects. They catch hastily at any sort of word that justifies what they wish to do, and if it sounds well care little for fallacies and ambiguities. The language is inaccurate no doubt, but it is a symptom only of a mental disease. You cannot calm the passions of men by defining their words. Mr. Austin's school was apt to forget this. The early treatise of Sir G. C. Lewis on the *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*, and some of his later too, are not exempt from this defect, though his strong sense and really practical turn of mind always kept it in check. A person wishing to watch his intellectual history, should look carefully at this book; it is a series of exercises in Mr. Austin's class-room.

A more serious defect mars the popularity of Sir G. Lewis's writings, and we think Mr. Austin is partly to blame for that too. Mr. Austin was always talking of the "formidable community of fools;" he had no popularity; little wish for popularity; little respect for popular judgment. This is a great error. The world is often wiser than any philosopher. "There is some one," said a great man of the world, "wiser than Voltaire, and wiser than Napoleon, *c'est tout le monde*." Popular judgment on popular matters is crude and vague, but it is right. And it is even more certain that a great writer on morals and politics ought not to adopt a mode of writing which excludes him from popularity. Mr. Austin's mere style did this for him. He wrote on the principle that people would be sure to comprehend what was completely expressed, but could never be trusted to supply an *hiatus* in what was incompletely expressed. His writings accordingly read like a legal document; every possible case is provided for, every ambiguity is guarded against, and—hardly any one can read them. The ordinary human mind cannot bear that method of expressing every thing; it is more puzzled by such elaborate precision than by any thing else. Sir G. Lewis did not err in mere language, but he erred in treatment. Mr. Austin expands all thoughts, new and old, at just the same length; and he taught Sir G. Lewis to do so also. In the present state of the moral sciences, this is absurd. Much of them is very well, though a little vaguely, understood by the world at large. It is often of great consequence to reduce them to a principle; it is often of great importance to add new truths,

and to give a new edge to old truth. But it is not advisable to begin with a principle and to work steadily through all its possible applications at the same length. If you do, the reader will say, "How this man *does* prose! why, I knew that;" and he did know it. Some of the applications of a principle are new, and should be treated at length; some are of pressing importance, and should be treated at length too; but all the consequences should not be worked out like a sum. An atmosphere of commonplace hangs over long moral didactics, and an equal expansion of what the world knows and what it does not know will not be read by the world.

Sir G. Lewis did his fame serious harm by neglecting this maxim. He wrote, for example, *An Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, which was described by a hasty thinker as a book to prove that when "you wanted to know any thing, you asked some one who knew something about it." The essay certainly abounds in acute remarks and interesting illustrations, and if these remarks and these illustrations had been printed separately, it would have been a good book. But the systematic treatment has been fatal to it. The different kinds and cases of authority are so systematically enumerated, that the reader yawns and forgets.

The case is even worse with his great treatise *On the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics*, in two large volumes. Scarcely any one has read these volumes, and those who have are sure that their bulk was a mistake. They are written upon the principle that "two and two make four" is as much unknown to the mass of men as the integral calculus. Easy things are explained exactly with the same care as difficult things, and in consequence very few people read the explanations. There are many admirable parts and essays in the book. It contains an account and criticism of "political induction" as described by Mr. Mill, and an account and criticism of jurisprudence as described and understood by Mr. Austin. Both these discussions are very good, and the speculations of the two thinkers are well spliced together; but they are overlaid with long explanations of what requires no explanation, and discussions of what need never have been discussed. Charles Fox used to say of a very dull but able speaker, "I always listen to that man, and then speak his speech over again." A dishonest writer might well do so with Sir G. Lewis's writings. There are many thoughts, and a million facts in them, which the world would be glad to hear, though it cannot extract them from the rest. A writer of this sort naturally did not look for profit from his laborious writings; few men have done more gratuitous work. He was disposed to agree with Mr. Mill,

that the notion of "thinkers giving out doctrines for bread was a mistake," and even to hold that speculators should *pay* for the opportunity of placing their opinions before the world.

We own that we much regret this misconception of the conditions of modern writing, now that Sir G. Lewis's career has been cut short in the midst. When he had life before him, it seemed less important that he should throw away fame; but now that all is over we wish he had desired popularity more, for he would have been remembered better. He really had considerable powers of pointed writing. The little treatise at the head of this Article shows that when he did not aim at completeness he could write easily that which would be easily read. He had not, indeed, the powers of a great literary artist; it was not in his way to look at style as an alluring art; he wanted to express his opinion, and cared for nothing else. He had no literary vanity; and without the vanity that loves applause few indeed cultivate the tact that gains applause. "If you can do without the world," says the cynic, "the world can do without you;" and it is as true to say that few, if any, gain literary fame who do not long and hunger after it.

As a sort of compensation, Sir G. Lewis rose more rapidly as a parliamentary statesman than any of his contemporaries. He was in the first rank of the Liberal party, yet he entered parliament five years after Mr. Cardwell, fifteen years after Mr. Gladstone, nineteen years after Sir C. Wood, and forty years after Lord Palmerston. It is curious at first sight that he should have done so. He was not an attractive speaker, he wanted animal spirits, and detested an approach to any thing theatrical. He had very considerable command of exact language, but he had no impulse to use it. If it was his duty to speak, he spoke; but he did not want to speak when it was not his duty. Silence was no pain, and oratory no pleasure to him. If mere speaking were the main qualification for an influence in Parliament,—if, as is often said, parliamentary government be a synonym for the government of talkers and *avocats*,—Sir G. Lewis would have had no influence, would never have been a parliamentary ruler. Yet we once heard a close and good observer say: "George Lewis's influence in the House is something wonderful; whatever he proposes has an excellent chance of being carried. He excites no opposition, and he commands great respect, and generally he carries his plan." The House of Commons, according to the saying, is wiser than any one in it. There is an elective affinity for solid sense in a practical assembly of educated Englishmen which always operates, and which rarely errs. Sir G. Lewis's influence was great not only on his own side of the House, but on the other. He had, in-

deed, probably more real weight with moderate Conservatives than with extreme Liberals. Enterprise neither seemed to be nor was his forte, and bold men thought him rather tame. His influence was like that of Lord Palmerston: he was liked by the moderate members, whether Whigs or Tories, who think just alike, whatever they call themselves; and who are likely nowadays to rule the country, whatever name the party in power may chance to bear. He was a safe man, a fair man, and an unselfish man. He had a faculty of "patient labour," which, as he himself remarked, "*was as sure* to be appreciated when Englishmen meet together to transact business, as wit or eloquence;" and therefore it was that he had great influence in the House of Commons; therefore it was that he rose rapidly.

He filled three cabinet offices; the first was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and this was the one which he liked best, and for which he conceived himself best qualified. He had no easy time, however, during his actual tenure of the office. He had to find money for the Crimean war, the heaviest draft on the resources of the exchequer since Waterloo; he had to break the "fundamental law of the currency," as he called it, Peel's Act, in the unexpected panic of 1857. He gave universal satisfaction as finance minister, and especial satisfaction in the City. He was clear, considerate, and it was at once felt that argument would move him if good argument could be found. He had to borrow much money, and he so managed as to be able to borrow it without undue charge to the state, and with that immediate success which sustains the credit of the state, and secures a *prestige* in the money-market. It is scarcely possible to speak of him as finance minister without alluding to his differences with Mr. Gladstone in the cabinet and out of it. Yet it is not possible to discuss the subject accurately. Mr. Gladstone's views of the budget of 1860, we all know; but Sir G. Lewis's views have never been set forth at length, and it is not wise to base an argument on scraps of oral conversations. It may be as well, however, to point out that, in addition to their intrinsic and considerable differences of temperament and character, they approached finance from two different and even opposite points of view. Mr. Gladstone is the successor, the legitimate inheritor of the policy of Sir R. Peel. He made his reputation as a financier and as a statesman by the budget of 1853, in which the prominent object is to remove old taxes, that cramp and harass industry. He regards the public purse as donative, out of which trade may be augmented and industry developed. Sir R. Peel used the public purse in that manner, and Mr. Gladstone has done so also. Sir G. Lewis was led, perhaps from temperament, and certainly from circumstances, to take a

stricter and simpler view of finance. He came into office on a sudden, during a great war, and he had to find the resources for that war. He had to consider, not how taxation could be adjusted so as to help trade, but how the exchequer could be filled to pay soldiers. On all financial matters he looked solely at the balance of the account, Will there be a deficit, or will there not be? Forms of account, and all minor matters, were in his mind of very small importance; he looked to the simple question, How much will there be in the till at the end of the year? With two such different prepossessions as these, it is no wonder that men so intrinsically different as Sir G. Lewis and Mr. Gladstone did not very well agree upon finance; it is rather a wonder that they could act together at all. There is no use, over Sir G. Lewis's grave, in reviving financial controversies; every body will now admit that while he was in office and responsible he was a sound and sure Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In the panic of 1857, we have heard, he was even amusing. His perfect impassivity and collectedness contrasted much with the excitement of eager men; and in a panic most men are eager. A deputation of Scotch bankers attended at the Treasury to ask Sir George to induce the Bank of England to make advances to them in certain possible cases. Sir George said, "Ah, gentlemen, if I were to interfere with the discretion of the Bank, there would be a run upon me much greater than any which there has ever been upon you." He was a man who probably *could* not lose his head.

At the Home Office he had the opportunity of displaying great judicial faculties. The Home Office is the high court of appeal in cases of criminal justice. When any one is to be hung, it is almost always argued before the Home Secretary that he should not be hung. If Sir George Lewis had practised at the bar, for which he studied, he would have been a bad advocate; his mind was not futile in ambiguous fallacies, and was incapable of artificial belief; and a great pleader should excel in these. One of the greatest judges of our generation, when at the bar, could only state the point once, and when the court did not understand him, could only mutter, "What fools they are! awful fools, infernal fools!" Sir George Lewis would not have indulged in these epithets, but he would have been nearly as little able to invent ingenious suggestions and out-of-the-way arguments. He probably would have said, "I have explained the matter. If the court *will* not comprehend it, I cannot make them." But no man was fitter for a judge than himself. He would never have shirked labour,—which is not unknown even among judges,—and his lucid exposition of substantial reasons would have been consulted by students for years. At the Home

Office he could not display all these qualities, but he was able to display some of them.

At the War Office he shone far less. It did not suit his previous pursuits; and no other man with such pursuits would have taken it, or, indeed, would have been asked to take it. He pushed in this case too far the notion that an able and educated man can master any subject, and is fit for any office. The constitutional habit in England of making a civilian supreme over military matters, though we believe a most wise habit, has its objections, and may easily look absurd. It *did* look rather absurd when the most pacific of the pacific, the most erudite of the erudite, Sir George Lewis, was placed at the head of the War Department. In great matters, it cannot be denied, he did well. When the capture of the *Trent* made a war with the Federal States a pressing probability, the arrangements were admitted to be admirable. Much of the credit must belong in such a case to military and other subordinates,—all the details must be managed by them; but the superior minister must have his credit too. He brought to a *frigus* all which was done; he summed-up the whole; he could say distinctly why every thing which was done was done, and why every thing left undone was left undone. He would have been ready with a plain intelligible reason on all these matters in Parliament and elsewhere. And this was not an easy matter for a civilian after a few months of office. But on minor matters Sir George Lewis was not so good at the War Department as at the Exchequer or the Home Office. He had been apprenticed to the Home Office as Under-Secretary, and to the Exchequer as Financial Secretary to the Treasury; but he had never been apprenticed to the War Office. On matters of detail he was obliged to rely on others. He held, and justly, that a parliamentary chief of temporary, perhaps *very* temporary, tenure of office should be very cautious not to interfere too much with the minor business of his department. He should govern, but he should govern through others. But the due application of this maxim requires that the chief minister should know, as it were by intuition and instinct, which points are important and which are not important. And no civilian introduced at once to a new department like that of War can at once tell this. He *must* be in the hands of others. In the House of Commons, too, Sir G. C. Lewis could never answer questions of detail on war matters in an offhand manner. He had to say, "I will inquire, and inform the honourable member." At the Home Office he could have answered at once and of himself. It was an act of self-denial in him to go to the War Office. He felt himself out of place there, and was sure that

his administration of military matters could not add to his reputation. But he was told it was for the interest of the Government that he should accept the office, and he accepted it. Perhaps he was wrong. The reputation of a first-rate public man is a great public power, and he should be careful not to diminish it. The weight of the greatest men is diminished by their being seen to do daily that which they do not do particularly well. A cold and cynical wisdom particularly disapproves of most men's *best* actions. Few men were less exposed to the censure of such wisdom than Sir G. C. Lewis; but his acceptance of the War Office was a sacrifice of himself to the public, which injured him more than it advantaged the public,—which it would be better not to have made.

The usefulness of men like Sir George Lewis is not to be measured by their usefulness in mere office. It is in the cabinet that they are of *most* use. Sir George Lewis was made to discuss business with other men. "If," we have heard one who did much business with him say,—“if there is any fault in what you say, he will find it out.” In council, in the practical discussions of pending questions, a simple masculine intellect like that of Sir G. C. Lewis finds its greatest pleasure and its best use. He was *made* to be a cabinet minister.

The briefest notice of Sir George Lewis should not omit to mention one of the most agreeable, and not one of his least rare, peculiarities—his good-natured use of great knowledge. It would have been easy for a man with such a memory as his, and such studious habits as his, to become most unpopular by cutting-up the casual blunders of others. On the contrary, he was a most popular man; for he used his knowledge with a view to amend the ignorance of others, and not with a view to expose it. His conversation was superior either to his speeches or his writings. It had—what is perhaps rarer among parliamentary statesmen than among most people—the flavour of exact thought. It is hardly possible for men to pass their lives in oratorical efforts without losing some part of the taste for close-fitting words. Well-sounding words which are not specially apt, which are not very precise, are as good or better for a popular assembly. Sir George Lewis's words in political conversation were as good as words could be; they might have gone to the press at once. We have compared it to hearing a chapter in Aristotle's *Politics*, and perhaps that may give an idea that it was dull. But pointed thought on great matters is a very pleasant thing to hear, though, after many ages and changes, it is sometimes a hard thing to read. The conversation of the Dialogue at the head of this Article has been admired, but it is very inferior to the conversation of the writer. There was a delicate flavour of

satire lurking in the precise thought which could not be written down, and which is now gone and irrecoverable.

"When," says Lord Brougham, commenting on the death of a statesman once celebrated and now forgotten,—“when a subject presented itself so large and shapeless, and dry and thorny, that few men's fortitude could face, and no one's patience could grapple with it; or an emergency occurred demanding on the sudden access to stores of learning, the collection of many long years, but arranged so as to be made available at the shortest notice,—*then* it was men asked where Lawrence was.” And now, not only when information is wanted, but when counsel is needed,—when parties are confused,—when few public men are trusted,—when wisdom, always rare, is rarer even than usual,—many may ask, in no long time, “Where is Lewis now?”

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#### ART. XI.—M. RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.

*Vie de Jésus.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1863.

EVERY attempt to re-write the “Life of Jesus” implies an opinion that the four Evangelists have not been finally successful in their task. Had there been only one gospel, the grand figure which it presents might for ages have left a satisfying image on the mind. But when the simplicity of the impression is broken, when the outline appears in parts double or treble, and the movements separate on different lines, when tones of incompatible colouring are laid on, the eye instinctively endeavours to clear the confusion; first, by suspecting itself, and correcting its own point of view; and, failing this, by criticising the representations themselves, and discharging the touches least true to nature. As early therefore as the second century, Tatian's Diatessaron redispersed the four gospels into one, and began the long and not very harmonious procession of “Harmonies.” Their method consists simply in a mechanical re-arrangement of parts, a cutting-up of four threads into convenient lengths, to re-tie them in an order which omits nothing but the duplicates. The task may be achieved with more or less skill: the pieces may be too long or too short: the joints may be neat or clumsy: the geographical windings may be excessive: the time-measure may be open to dispute. But you are to criticise nothing except the manipulation: you are to assume that the material is all right, and, like a dissected map, admits of being put together as a whole, when the rule of combination has been found. The result is not encouraging. So

primary a point as the duration of Christ's ministry,—the size of the framework within which the detail is to be distributed,—remains undetermined. Not to mention the startling assertion of Irenæus that it extended to the Saviour's fiftieth year at least,—we have bipaschal, tripaschal, quadripaschal systems, each giving to the sacred life different sequences, different proportions, a different *mise-en-scène*; and all involving jerks of incident and contortions of character which would be deemed unbearable in any other biography. The very repute of infallibility which would seem to secure reverential treatment for the gospels really exposes them to unparalleled violence; for it benumbs in the reader all historical tact, excuses him from applying the delicate measures of humanity, and sets him in a sphere beyond nature, where, all things being possible, nothing is arbitrary. In any but sacred history, the outrages on probability sanctioned by every Harmonist would be deemed intolerable. Because, for instance, one Evangelist\* puts the "cleansing of the Temple" at the commencement of the Saviour's ministry, the other† at its close, Dr. Carpenter assigns it to *both*‡ and, for a similar reason, he makes Jesus *twice*§ utter his lament over Jerusalem, in the same words; as if it were a passage got up for delivery now in Galilee, then at the Temple! The last meal before the crucifixion has, in each type of narrative, its symbolic incident;—in John, the washing of the feet; in the rest, the institution of the Supper: the Harmonist introduces first one, and then the other.|| The risen Christ who, in one account, appoints to meet his disciples exclusively in Galilee,¶ and, in another, restricts his interviews to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem,\*\* does not object, on the pages of a Harmony, to appear in both localities. A mosaic work thus pieced together from several distinct memoirs mars the design and chafes away the peculiarities of each; it dissects living unities to death, that it may use the *disjecta membra* in framing an artificial one. It puts out of sight the significant phenomena, of language and idea, which mark the place, the school, the era, whence each record comes; and creates in the mind an interest against the main source of light with regard to the beginnings of our religion. For if ever a clear image is reproduced of those sacred days, it will be gained, not by assimilating, but by differencing the early Christian memorials. The "*Horæ Paulinæ*" of an age of "Evidences" may find the "coincidences,"—of an age of History will interpret the deviations,—of Acts and Epistles:

\* John ii. 13.

† Matt. xxi. 12; Mark xi. 15; Luke xix. 45.

‡ Apostolical Harmony, pp. 27. 206.

§ Ibid. pp. 189. 221; Luke xiii. 34; Matt. xxiii. 37.

|| Ibid. pp. 237. 244; John xiii. 1; Matt. xxv. 26; Mark xiv. 22; Luke xxii. 19.

¶ Matt. xxviii. 7. 10. 16.

\*\* Luke xxiv. 13. 36. 49.

and the critic who shall explain the contrasts between the fourth gospel and the rest will in no slight degree clear the mist which hangs around the person of Christ. The Monotessaron conception which represents the first rude attempt at a "Life of Jesus" has long been the chief obstacle to any approximate success.

The modern demand for a clear "Life of Jesus" has however a much deeper source than any discrepancies of the Evangelists: it would remain, were there no gospel but one. It is quite impossible for the present age to accept the simple Jewish record as an adequate account of the divinest agency in history, or to replace its central figure in just the light with which Galilean thought invested it. Christianity has turned out other than its first votaries expected;—an unspeakably greater, purer, more enduring power than their final little "kingdom of heaven;" not alarming the world with magical and revolutionary surprise, sudden as the pangs of travail, but born into it, like some child of rarer beauty and higher conscience in a home, and growing silently into the affections of kindred natures. The look therefore which it had to a prospective eye cannot satisfy our wants in retrospect: we require causes for other effects than were then in sight: we can dispense with causes provided for effects that never came. Even those who do not absolutely recoil from the miraculous element in the narrative must feel that it often assumes its form from untenable and obsolete beliefs, and needs to be either dropped as legendary, or corrected into intelligible history. To us, the demons vociferate in vain their superhuman recognition of the Christ; the healing virtue that oozes from the hem of a garment is not persuasively divine; and the payment of a tax by catching a fish with a shekel in his mouth is hardly credible. Nor can the traces escape us, even within the limits of the same gospel, of incompatible ideas impressed upon the record by different hands at different times: as when Jesus, for instance, at one time forbids his missionaries to address themselves to Samaritans or Gentiles (*ἐθνῶν*),\* assuring them that, ere they have gone the round of the cities of Israel, the last Advent would have come; and at another commands them to go and teach all nations (*πάντα τὰ ἔθνη*).† For these reasons we cannot but feel that, could we be transported to the evangelic time and place, we should see and tell the story differently; that in the extant narrative there is present much which is not due to the personality of Jesus; and that in the residue which *is*, some elements belong simply to his inheritance of national thought, and only within and beyond these are the sacred characteristics reached of his divine originality. To conduct us to this final essence of our religion, to show us how it

\* Matt. x. 5, 6. 23.

† Matt. xxviii. 19.

acted and suffered amid historical conditions, and comported itself in its influence on the succeeding period of the world, is the aim of M. Renan's work. The brilliant and impressive volume now published is to be followed by a second on the Apostolic age; a third will exhibit the state of Christianity under the Antonines; and a fourth terminate the history with the settlement by Constantine. The latter half of this great enterprise enters upon firm historical ground: but in the earlier half the sources are so scanty and their authority so obscure, that it needs a refined and exhaustive ingenuity of combination to frame a connected narrative, and a rare power of psychological divination to construe and complete the interrupted lines of thought and character. The genius of M. Renan, eminently subtle and apprehensive, works congenially in such a field, and often opens to us delicate lights which at once reveal and beautify. Notwithstanding his large erudition, we are more disposed to trust his constructive imagination than his critical judgments. This book, conceived in the spirit of a devout philosophy, and executed with poetic tenderness and reverence, is nearly perfect as a work of art: and so far as it fails to recover the historic figure of Christ and the true drama of his life, the defect is due, we think, to no weakness of sympathy or fancy, but to imperfect discrimination in estimating his authorities, and too vague a theory of the relation between the Divine and the Human.

A pupil, we believe, of Ewald, M. Renan has not always, in his *History of the Semitic Languages*, accepted the authority of the master: but in his present work, especially in the fundamental place it assigns to the fourth gospel, he is true to the school from which he springs. From that gospel he adopts, as authentic, the general program of the life of Christ; interweaving from Matthew chiefly the *discourses*, which he regards as the basis of the first gospel, and identifies with the Hebrew *λόγια* mentioned by Papias; and from Mark chiefly the recitals of *incident*, supposed by the same witness to contain the recollections of Peter.\* In its groundwork therefore, notwithstanding its free dealing with details, our author's volume is essentially a *Harmony*, incorporating into one system the materials of the Johannine and the synoptical gospels; and assigning the primary place to the later composition, the secondary to the earlier. He allows that weighty

\* This distinction between Matthew's gospel as containing *discourses*, and Mark's as containing *incidents*, is not borne out by the terms in which Papias speaks of them, ap. Euseb. *Hist. Eccles.* iii. 39. The term *λόγια* cannot be restricted to *spoken words*, but is certainly used of narrative as well: and Mark's production is expressly said to have contained τὰ ἐν τῷ Χριστῷ λεχθέντα as well as πράξεις. On Schleiermacher's attempt (*Theol. Stud. und Krit.*, 1832, p. 735 seqq.) to limit the word *λόγια* to discourses, see Bleek's *Einleitung in das N. T.*, p. 93, and Baur's *Krit. Untersuchungen über die kanon. Evangelien*, p. 580.

doubts attach to the authorship of the fourth gospel,—doubts not yet resolved; but on the whole inclines to an hypothesis of this kind: The Apostle John, whose exclusively Judaic expectations were embodied, about A.D. 68, in the Book of Revelations, gave up this order of Messianic ideas after the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70; and, removing into Asia Minor, insensibly imbibed the speculative and Gnostic modes of thought prevailing there, till they tintured and transformed all his memories, and changed for him the Galilean Son of Man into an Incarnation of Divine Truth. Thus converted from a theocratic zealot into a metaphysical mystic, he is not satisfied with the current evangelical memoirs: he finds inaccuracies in them: they do not assign to himself his due place among the personal disciples, and make relatively too much of Peter: and to correct these faults, he dictates to those about him a recital of things better known to him than to others. This recital, circulating in the immediate school of John, was the source of those traditions which Papias was fond of collecting from personal associates of the Apostles; which especially Presbyter John and Aristion orally brought him from the circle of the beloved disciple, without telling him that they had been committed to writing.\* This view of the origin of the fourth gospel places its *narrative* in the first rank of historic value: but its *discourses* are dismissed by our author as free compositions, deserving of no credit as reports, and in themselves little else than “pretentious heavy, ill-written tirades” (p. xxx.), which could never have proceeded from the same lips with the Sermon on the Mount. It is difficult to reconcile M. Renan's thorough-going repudiation of the Johannine discourses,—which constitute the very essence of the book,—with his dependence upon the Johannine narrative. At times,† he throws the responsibility of the discourses on the secondary compilers and editors of the gospel,—“the school of John.” But again,‡ as if conscious of the indivisible unity of the book, he accounts for the peculiar colouring of the speeches by the psychological revolution in the Apostle himself; who, on looking back, saw every thing through his own medium; and to whom the recollections of the past came altered by the intellectual atmosphere around. But surely, the same refracting medium which so changed the *voices*, must no less change the *images*,

\* Introduction, pp. xxiv.-xxxvi. The silence of Papias (declared by Irenæus to have been a hearer of John) as to any Gospel of John drives M. Renan to this strange assumption, that his informants kept its existence a secret. It does not appear, from the citation in Eusebius (*Hist. Eccl.* iii. 39) that Aristion and Presbyter John were personally known to Papias.

† Introd. p. xxxvi. “Les discours aux moins ne sont pas du fils de Zébédée.”

‡ Ibid. p. xxxi. “En prêtant ces nouvelles idées à Jesus, il ne fit que suivre un penchant bien naturel.”

of distant years: things and thoughts, action and speech, must suffer in common by any subjective process which melts away the sharp lines and degrades the pure tints of truth. Critically, it seems to us impossible to give the incidents to a first hand and the discourses to a second: and psychologically, no less impossible to save or sacrifice the one without the other.

We regret our author's half-and-half verdict on this *questio vexata*, because it impairs the firmness of his hand and clearness of his eye as he proceeds to fill his canvas. For one who would recover the real portraiture of Jesus, the first condition is, to choose between the two types of Evangelist: the Johanneine Christ is not the synoptical Christ: and to blend the two is to take away all outline from the personality, and all natural sequence from the drama in which it acts. The contrast between them is far from being confined to the discourses, and seems to us much deeper than M. Renan allows. A gospel in which Jesus never meets a demoniac, and never utters a parable,—is neither baptised nor tempted,—partakes of no last Passover, and institutes no Lord's supper,—announces no coming of the "kingdom of heaven," no fall of Jerusalem, no return of Messiah to judgment,—speaks of himself as the "Son of God," and as carrying a preëxistent glory in disguise,—and finally is crucified in coincidence with the slaying of the paschal lamb,—belongs to quite a different world from its predecessors, and could never proceed from the same little group of personal disciples whose memorials we meet in the other evangelists. Least of all can we assign it to the son of Zebedee, whom, in the Apocalypse, we know as the Chiliast and Judaist, and find excluding Paul from the number of Apostles,\* denouncing his principles,† expecting the return of Nero to the world,‡ and then the Messianic judgment. To suppose this "son of thunder" subdued and attenuated into the theosophic evangelist is to do violence not only to nature, but to history: for, as it happens, we are able to follow him into Asia Minor, and to see that he was still steadfast to Judaic usage and tradition,—and *that* upon the very point on which emphatically the fourth gospel contradicts them. In the second century, it is well known, the Christians of the West and of the East observed a different rule for the celebration of Easter.§ The Latins, constant to the sacred day of the *week*, merely singled out a particular Sunday at the vernal equinox to celebrate, with exceptional intensity, the same resurrection of which every Sunday was a memorial: and, having determined this *πάσχα ἀναστά-*

\* Rev. xxi. 12-14. Comp. ii. 2.

† Rev. ii. 14.

‡ Rev. xvii. 9-11.

§ Irenæus and Polycrates; epp. ad Victor. ap. Euseb. *Hist. Eccles.* v. 24.

σιμον, they appointed, as a prelude to it on the previous Friday, a remembrance of the crucifixion; a *πάσχα σταυρώσιμον*: and the fast of that season continued unbroken through the week. They thus took no notice except of distinctively Christian facts, marking the two grand incidents in the crisis of redemption,—the life laid down, the life resumed. The Asiatics, on the other hand, adhering to the Old-Testament rule for the Passover, consecrated a given day of the lunar month (the 14th Nisan), and celebrated their eucharistic supper simultaneously with the Jews' paschal meal, whatever might be the day of the week on which this breaking of their fast might fall: and it does not appear that they appended any special commemoration of the resurrection, the weekly remembrance of it being regarded as adequate. In defence of their practice, repeatedly objected to from Rome, the bishops of Asia Minor,—Polycarp of Smyrna A.D. 160 (*Ιωάννου ἀκουστής*), Melito of Sardes A.D. 170, Polycrates of Ephesus A.D. 190,—advanced two cogent pleas;—that they did but follow the authoritative example of their Lord, “who had himself kept the passover with his disciples on the 14th Nisan, and then suffered on the great day of unleavened bread,”\* and that they had received their usage direct from the Apostle John, who, like other of the apostles, had always observed it among them, and established a custom respected by all their venerated men.† We have thus the Apostle's name used as a tower of strength in support of the very tradition,—of the last supper as a paschal meal,—which the fourth gospel excludes: and the Jewish Christian usage founded on that tradition has its citadel in his special school, its upholders in his associates and followers, its authority in his personal example; and, on the other hand, its conclusive refutation in the history attributed to him. May we not reasonably prefer the historical evidence of his continued Jewish identity to the fictitious hypothesis of a psychological metamorphosis turning the millennarian Boanerges into the mystic form of the “beloved disciple”?

The external theatre of the ministry of Jesus, and its whole order and duration, are no less affected than its internal character, by our historical estimate of the fourth gospel. Exceptional in this as in every thing else, it makes Judæa, not only his native country,‡ but the main scene of his labours, places

\* Apollinaris : *Fragm. ap. Chronicon Paschale*, p. 14. ed. Bonn.

† *Iren. ap. Euseb. H. E. v. 24, 16 and 2-7.*

‡ M. Renan indeed (p. 20) appeals, in proof of the birth at Nazareth, to passages in this gospel, viz. i. 45. vii. 41, to which may be added xix. 19. But in these passages Jesus is assigned to Nazareth only by others, speaking from common repute: and in vii. 27. 41 the very gist of the Evangelist's purpose is to let “the Jews” exhibit their ignorant confidence in regard to the nativity of Christ, and by an act of judicial blindness reject him on the false ground of a Galilean

him in Jerusalem for five festivals, including three passovers, and thus nearly trebles the chronology of the synoptics, and renders him familiar from the outset with that wonderful society of priests and canonists into which the other evangelists bring him only to die. All these peculiarities hang together and belong essentially to the idea and plan of the work. "The Jews" collectively (the writer placing himself outside of them) are to be exhibited as incorrigibly hostile and insensible to the impersonated Divine Word,—as the dark medium amid which that veiled glory, escaping nevertheless in words of insight and works of power,—shone in vain: and it is only in the centre of the nation, not in its rural outskirts, that this divine controversy can be tried in the person of its proper representatives, and the necessity be shown of seeking "other sheep, not of this fold." But the more the evangelist's scheme is consistent within itself, the less is it susceptible of disruption into fragments for amalgamation with the far different plan,—not ideal but historical,—of the synoptics. To treat either narrative as consciously composed of unconnected parts, and needing to be supplemented by the other, sacrifices the true genius of both. M. Renan indeed (p. 205) reproduces the argument, so often urged in favour of the Johannine frame-work of place and time, that even in the other evangelists Jesus alludes to sojourns at Jerusalem which they do not describe; when he exclaims,—*"How often would I have gathered thy children together,—as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings;—and ye would not!"* (Matt. xxiii. 37.) But the more closely this passage is studied, the more evident does it become that these repeated appeals to Jerusalem refer, not to the personal visits of Jesus at the festivals, but to the whole series of Divine opportunities given to the city throughout its history. They go back avowedly into anterior ages:—"Lo, I send unto you prophets and sages and scribes; and some of them ye will kill and crucify." They go forward to incidents in the siege under Titus (Joseph. Bell. Jud. iv. 5):—"That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar" (Matt. xxiii. 34, 35). Be the cause what it may, Jesus is here made to speak, not in his historical individuality, but as impersonating the entire Providence of the

birth. The rule that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country," Jesus himself gives (iv. 44) as his reason for going away from Judea (iv. 3), and resorting to Galilee, where he was well received (iv. 45: comp. vii. 1). By the synoptics this same rule is applied (also through the lips of Jesus himself) to explain the unbelief of the people of Nazareth, and the consequent turning of Jesus to other Galilean places. This inverse citation of the rule proves that the *πατρις* was held to be Judæa in the one case, Nazareth in the other.

the Jewish nation through its vicissitudes: and no inference therefore can be drawn from these words with respect to his attendance at the festivals of the metropolis. That Jesus himself should slip insensibly from speaking in his own person to speaking in that of God is at variance with all analogy; and betrays, even more than the anachronism with regard to the son of Barachias, the hand of a later evangelist throwing back upon the sacred year what was present to the eye and thought of a new generation.\*

In estimating the relative value of the primitive Christian records, we are left mainly to internal indications: and no conclusions fairly deduced from the phenomena of the gospels themselves can be materially affected by the scanty and doubtful testimony of ecclesiastical witnesses. Even if we had direct citations of the fourth gospel by name in the very earliest of the Christian fathers, Papias, Polycarp, and Justin, they would carry us no further back than the middle of the second century; leaving us at a distance still of two generations from any probable apostolic authorship, and of nearly four from the events related. In an age prolific of supposititious writings, and a society quite uncritical, this interval is ample for the diffusion of a book amid a halo of unauthentic tradition; as may be seen from instances both within and without the canon of the New Testament,—the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of Barnabas, and some of the Clementine writings. But we have no such citations: and M. Renan is not justified in saying, “no one doubts that the fourth gospel existed and *was attributed to John* about the year 150:” or even in adding, of the first epistle, “it is recognised as John’s by Polycarp, Papias, and Irenæus” (xxv. xxvi.). The “texts of Justin” to which he appeals in support of the first assertion certainly are closely related to words in the gospel, though not accurately representing them: but John is not mentioned as the authority for them; and the only time when his name occurs in Justin, he appears as author, not of

\* In Luke (xi. 49) the words, “I will send unto you prophets,” &c. are introduced as a quotation from the “Wisdom of God:”—“Wherefore *the Wisdom of God said*,” &c. This “Wisdom of God,” it has been suggested, was probably a lost Christian production of the first age, in which the Divine Wisdom was represented as addressing warnings and appeals, in the tone of the old prophets, to the Jewish people. If the work was produced under the excitement of the Jewish war, it might well contain the allusion to the murder of Zacharias. Luke, by avowedly citing, clearly exhibits the change of person which in Matthew remains confused, and, but for the parallel passage, could only be conjectured. The quotation extends, according to Strauss, to the lament over Jerusalem, which, in Matthew, immediately follows, though Luke less naturally transposes it to another connexion (xiii. 34), and represents it as spoken already in Galilee, before the approach to Jerusalem. In this way it is not *Jesus*, but the *Wisdom of God*, that exclaims, “*How often*,” &c. See an Essay by D. F. Strauss in Hilgenfeld’s *Zeitschrift für wissenschaft. Theologie*, 1863, p. 84.

the Gospel, but of the Apocalypse. So of the Epistle: in the same anonymous way Polycarp's letter to the Philadelphians includes one of its short sentences: and of Papias Eusebius simply says that he "used testimonies from it." Of Irenæus alone, and his contemporaries, in the latter part of the second century, does our author's remark hold good. The external evidence, in short, is so little definite as to be compatible with any conclusion suggested by comparative criticism of internal historical features.

How far the voice of M. Renan in favour of this justly venerated book will be acceptable to conservative theologians we do not know. On the one hand, it has the weight belonging to a judicial voice, removed beyond suspicion of interest or affection. On the other hand, it is pronounced with such qualifications as to take away almost as much as it gives. When the Gospel is discharged of all its miracles and all its discourses, the residuary shreds scarcely retain any characteristic value. And not even these are left intact, as honest remnants of reality. The suspicion is raised against the Apostle of deliberate falsehood in stating that he was present at the crucifixion, and that the mother of Jesus was then consigned to him as a sacred trust;—of falsehood prompted by the wish to make himself important:

"His disciples had fled. John, however, declares that he was present, and remained throughout standing at the foot of the cross. With better assurance we may state that the faithful women of Galilee, who had followed Jesus to Jerusalem and attended on him, still did not desert him. Mary wife of Cleopas, Mary Magdalen, Johanna wife of Chuza, Salome, and others, kept some way off, with eyes fixed upon him. Were we bound to accept John's statement, we should add that Mary too, the mother of Jesus, was at the foot of the cross; and Jesus, seeing his beloved disciple and his mother together, said to the one, 'Behold thy mother,' and to the other, 'Behold thy son.' But it is inconceivable that the synoptic evangelists, who mention the other women, should have omitted her whose presence made so striking a feature. Nor perhaps is such a trait of personal tenderness in Jesus itself accordant with his extreme loftiness of character at the moment when, singly absorbed in his work, he ceased to be but for humanity."

To this passage is appended the following note:

"Here, in my view, is one of the traits revealing the personality of John, and his desire to give himself some importance. It appears to have been a fact that, after the death of Jesus, John received and in a manner adopted the mother of his master (xix. 27). The great consideration enjoyed by Mary in the rising church induced him doubtless to pretend that Jesus, as whose favourite disciple he gave himself out, had in his dying moments commended to him what he held most dear. The presence about him of this precious deposit se-

cured him a sort of precedence of the other apostles, and gave a high authority to his doctrine" (pp. 421-423).

On these terms the apostolic authorship guarantees us nothing historical; if the pen claimed as original is liable, at the seduction of vanity, to become mendacious. Where is the advantage of securing an eye-witness if, when you have him, he does not tell you the truth? What ground of confidence can there be in an apostle who would tamper with the most sacred affections, and abuse his power of pathetic imagination, in the service of a boastful lie; who could look upon the self-sacrifice of Calvary with self-glorifying gaze; and either live in the house with Mary the life of mutual dissimulation, or, if she were gone, make a dishonest investment in her repute? Must we not say, that what our author's critical conservatism attempts to keep, his moral scepticism here throws away?

In the treatment of literary and historical questions, we look with distrust on all pretensions to divination; whether it be rationalistic, reducing every thing to the "common and unclean;" or devout, exalting every thing into an intangible holiness. Refined and delicate indications, combined by the hand of a master-critic, may often no doubt lead to momentous conclusions which are not easily justified to untrained apprehensions: but under the mask of these rare cases it is easy for gratuitous conjecture and arbitrary assumption to obtain unmerited respect. As M. Renan can see the veins and feel the pulses of fiction beneath the surface, so can more evangelical critics discover the apostolic author by the mysterious sympathies of piety, and verify the narrative by its own self-light. The secrets of the past, the problems of history, are not amenable to this clairvoyance: and whoever appeals to it applies a subjective test to objective facts; which is to invert the Divine order of things, and set up himself and his wishes as the measure of God's transactions. No doubt it is a tender reverence, which clings to each long-consecrated scripture: but the piety which dominates evidence, and must have it so, is less noble than the piety which submits to it and lives with it as it is. When, in discussing such a question as the origin of the fourth gospel, a theologian becomes pathetic about "robbing the Christian of his treasure," and drops into commonplaces about "destructive criticism," we see at once, beneath that saintly perturbation, the inner heart of unbelief, the absence of repose upon realities, the secret purpose to remain within some nimbus of coloured dreams. Cleared vision can "rob" us of nothing, except as daylight "robs" the night of ghosts. "Criticism" can "destroy" nothing but illusions; the disappearance of which either restores the substituted truth, or at least leaves its place duly "swept and gar-

nished" for its return. Criticism can "construct" nothing but hypotheses; which are not divine facts, but mere human representations, and at best can only fill the chasms of knowledge with ideal shadows of probability. The reproach of "negative," the boast of "positive" theology, are alike intrusions, under disguise, of personal desires on the very field consecrated to self-sacrifice. Nothing is "positive" or "negative" except in relation to *our pre-conceptions*, according as they are affirmed or contradicted: and to use such words as tests of merit and expressions of what "we need," is tacitly to stipulate with the nature of things to let our dreams alone. This is the very idol-worship and pride of intellect: and we have yet to learn our first lesson in the religion of thought till we feel that it is not ours to choose where the light shall fall or how much of it there shall be; still less to play tricks with it, and fling its images hither and thither with the mirrors and lenses of our own desires; but to watch it as the dawn, and let it steal in where it will, and show the solid forms of things, though it turn the dark hollow into a nest of beauty, and melt our visionary mountains into clouds.

In the absence of all historical sources (for the stories, in Matthew and Luke, of the nativity and infancy, are plainly legendary), there can be no proper "Life of Jesus" beyond the brief period of his Ministry. That he was born in Nazareth about three years before our ill-computed era, that his parents' names were Joseph and Mary, that he had brothers (James and Josés, Simon and Judas) and sisters, and that his father was a carpenter, is all that we really know.\* Scanty, however, as the

\* That is, if we limit ourselves to the synoptics. M. Renan adds (p. 24) that Mary had a sister, *whose name was also Mary*; whose two sons bore the same names as are, perhaps erroneously, given to their cousins *James and Josés*, and, under the title of "*brothers of the Lord*," became "bishops of Jerusalem," the real brothers remaining unbelievers; and whose husband went by two unconnected names, *Alpheus (Halphai)* and *Cleophas (Κλεόπας)*. This tissue of confusion, whose "enormous difficulty" no hypothesis relieves, comes entirely of "harmonising." Keep the fourth gospel apart, and the threads of relation remain clear. (1.) As to the two sisters with the same name: John alone mentions the sisterhood (xix. 25); the synoptics alone identify the names (Matt. xiii. 55. xxvii. 56; Luke i. 27. xxiv. 10): for it is remarkable that the fourth evangelist never gives the name of "the mother of Jesus," and doubtless thought of it as something other than *Mary*, which he applies to her sister (ii. 3. 5. 12; vi. 42). With him the two women had different names: with the synoptics, they were not sisters: and so the incompatible phenomena never meet. (2.) As to the namesake brothers in the two families: John, who makes them cousins, never gives their names: the synoptics, who give the names (Matt. xiii. 55. xxvii. 56; Mark xv. 40; Luke xxiv. 10), do not make them cousins. (3.) As to the two names for the same man: it is only in the fourth gospel (xix. 25) that he is called *Cleophas*: it is only in the synoptics (Matt. x. 3; Mark iii. 18; Luke vi. 15; Acts i. 13) that he is called *Alpheus*. The person named *Cleopas* in Luke xxiv. 18, the evangelist cannot have identified with the father, whom he always calls *Alpheus*, of the Apostle James mentioned just before (xxiv. 10). In these

personal data are, and impossible therefore as any proper biography is of the youthful Jesus, much may be said of the conditions, material and spiritual, surrounding his early years: and from these exterior circles, scrutinised with penetrating skill, and exhibited in vivid lines, M. Renan makes what approaches are possible to the irrecoverable life within. The aspect of nature that looked down upon the infant Christ, the simple social life of a Galilean village, the Oriental training, less by book than by oral wisdom and human intercourse, the lessons of the synagogue, of the festivals, of local tradition, of national faith, are all presented to us in a series of pictures as fascinating as they are faithful. The author's familiarity with the whole theatre of the history gives a special value to such a sketch as the following:

"Nazareth was a small town, situated in an elbow of country opening wide to the top of the mountain-group which bounds the plain of Esdraelon on the north. At present its population, which may well have remained without great variation, is from three to four thousand. The cold of its winter is keen, and the climate very healthy. Like all the Jewish villages of that time, the town was an aggregate of cottages without physiognomy, and must have presented the dry and poor aspect belonging to the villages in Semitic countries. The houses, it seems, differed little from those cubes of stone, without pretensions to elegance within or without, which, in our day, cover the richest parts of Lebanon, and which, amid vines and fig-trees, are still very agreeable. The neighbourhood too is delightful, and no spot in the world was ever so made for dreams of absolute good. Even in our days, Nazareth is a delicious retreat,—the only place perhaps in Palestine where one feels a little relief of soul from the oppressive burden of an unparalleled desolation. The people are kindly and cheerful; the gardens are fresh and green. Antoninus Martyr, at the end of the sixth century, draws an enchanting picture of the fertility of the neighbourhood, comparing it to Paradise; and there are valleys on the western side which fully bear out his description. The fountain, which once collected round it the life and brightness of the little town, is destroyed; its cracked channels yield now nothing but turbid water. But the beauty of the women who gather there in the evening,—a beauty noticed as early as the sixth century, and regarded as a gift of the Virgin Mary,—is strikingly preserved; it is the Syrian type, with all its languishing grace. Mary doubtless was there almost every day, and

- cases,—and they are only a sample,—either account may be taken, but not both, without outraging probability. In choosing between them, shall we say, then, that the fourth gospel may have been written by the Apostle John, to *correct and complete* the others, and so deserves preference in case of variance? If so, why did he, with whom the mother of Jesus lived, not tell us her real name, instead of merely remarking that it was her sister who was called Mary? and also the real names of her sons, if, as M. Renan supposes, Matthew, confounding them with the cousins, had given them wrong? A gospel which on these points, specially known to the Apostle, creates instead of clearing confusion, can never have come from his correcting hand.

took her place, pitcher on shoulder, in the line with her forgotten companions. Antoninus Martyr observes, that the Jewish women, elsewhere disdainful to Christians, are here full of graciousness. And, to the present day, religious animosities have less life at Nazareth than elsewhere.

Contracted as the horizon of the town itself is, a short climb brings you to a plateau swept by a perpetual breeze, and looking down on the highest of the houses; and thence the perspective is splendid. On the west the fine lines of Carmel open out, abruptly terminating with a point that seems to plunge into the sea. Next appear the double summit above Mageddo; the mountains of the Sichein region, with their holy places of the patriarchal age, the Gilboa hills, the picturesque little group associated with the sweet or awful memories of Shunem and of Endor; Tabor, with its fair form swelling like a bosom, as the ancients said. A depression between the Shunem hill and Tabor opens a glimpse of the Jordan valley and the high plains of Peræa, which form a continuous line on the East. On the North, the Safed hills, trending to the sea, intercept the view of Acre, but leave to the eye the outline of the bay of Khaifa. Such was the horizon that lay around Jesus,—the enchanted circle, cradle of the kingdom of God, that for some years stood to him for the world. Nor did his life ever take him far from the bounds familiar to his childhood. For yonder, Northwards, a glimpse is caught, almost on the flank of Hermon, of Cesarea Philippi, his furthest point of advance into the Gentile world; and here, Southwards, the more sombre aspect of these Samaritan hills foreshadows the dreariness of Judæa beyond, parched as by a scorching wind of desolation and death.

Should the world, grown wiser in its reverence for the germs of sacred things, yet Christian still, ever want authentic 'holy places' instead of the mean and apocryphal sanctuaries consecrated by rude ages, it will build its temple on this height of Nazareth. There, on the spot where Christianity arose and in the focus of the Founder's agency, should the great church be raised in which all Christians might pray. There too, on the soil where Joseph the carpenter sleeps and thousands of forgotten Nazarenes who never looked beyond the horizon of their valley, would be a better station than any in the world beside for the philosopher to contemplate the course of human affairs, to find solace for their contingency, to gain assurance of the divine end which the world pursues through countless falterings and in spite of the universal vanity" (pp. 25-29).

On Joseph's death while Jesus was still a youth, Mary removed, our author supposes, from Nazareth to Cana, her original home: and there we are to think of the young prophet as maturing into manly life, as exercising his father's trade, and as making the first tentatives in his religious career. This conjectural history is doubtless suggested, though in no way necessitated, by John's "first miracle" at Cana. Without stopping to criticise it, we advance to the more solid ground of the proper

ministry of Jesus. His whole public life is reckoned, according to the Johannine scheme, to extend over three years (p. 270, note), closing with the passover of A.D. 33. But our author seems hardly to have made his measurement very exactly: for he takes Jesus, already surrounded by disciples and in the exercise of his ministry, to the passover at Jerusalem in the year A.D. 29 (p. 206, note): and establishes him yet earlier, apparently by several months, in formal relations with the Baptist on the Jordan (p. 105); to which still a Galilean prelude is prefixed, sufficiently prolonged to form a body of disciples who accompany him to Judæa (pp. 77-90. 104). The chronology is thus extended (without, apparently, the author being aware of it) to between four and five years. This whole period divides itself, in M. Renan's view, into two grand stages, separated rather by a moral than an external division, yet furnishing a distinct pause in the natural development of the drama. The first is the season of growing conceptions and deepening fervour in Jesus, during which not only his piety set into its characteristic forms, but his ideas of his own mission passed out of their indeterminate state and took possession of phrases unalterable and definite. It brings us to the spring of the year A.D. 31. The second, extending thence to the end, adds no new ideal element, but is occupied with the struggle to realise his inner thought in the outer world, and gain for it the victory to which sooner or later it was appointed. During the first stage, John the Baptist exercised a dominant influence, and, if not himself the most conspicuous figure, regulated the movements of his greater successor. In the year A.D. 28 his reputation as a second Elijah, on whose rugged model he formed himself, had spread through Palestine; and stirring the heart of Jesus, who had already become the centre of a school, induced him to change the scene of action, and settle, with his disciples, in the immediate vicinity of the prophet of Judæa. There, accordingly, on the banks of the lower Jordan, the two schools exercised their functions side by side during the first half of the year A.D. 29; except that in the spring we find the Galileans visiting Jerusalem for the Passover.\* They returned however, and continued to baptize like John, till, during the absence of Jesus for fast and prayer in the desert, the Baptist was arrested and imprisoned in the mid summer of A.D. 29. Informed of this on issuing from his retreat, Jesus breaks up from Judæa, and, adopting Capernaum as his centre, devotes himself to Galilee for the next twenty months or so; vainly trying to win his native town; preaching in the village synagogues; reporting his progress to the doubting messengers of John; and only retiring for an interval to a desert

\* John ii. 13.

place on the news of the Baptist's execution in the year A.D. 30. This again, like the imprisonment before, is the signal for fresh and bolder speech, and upon a more conspicuous theatre. At the passover of the year A.D. 31, he makes his most important visit to Jerusalem; dissipates there all his illusions of reverence for the reputed sanctities of priest and temple; and with a settled antipathy to the whole type of metropolitan religion, closes the first stage of his career, and retreats for relief into his native province. Thus far then his public life includes two periods of action in Galilee, alternating with two in Judæa: the transitions, except the last, having their cause in the history of John the Baptist.

Quitting Jerusalem in the spring of A.D. 31, repelled by its pretentious and hollow life, and not without presentiment of its fatal enmity, he throws himself for eighteen months into a bolder and more excited ministry in Galilee; declaring open war against Pharisaism and the Law; hinting at his own probable death, but also at his speedy and glorious return; not declining the Messianic titles or the repute of miracles increasingly thrust upon him; and organising his chief disciples into a college to multiply the voices of his message and the ramifications of his influence. In the autumn of the year A.D. 32 he leaves his native hills to return to them no more, sending his disciples before him to the Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, and following alone, to evade the snares laid for him by hostile members of his family. Several months were passed in the capital, till after the Feast of Dedication towards the end of December; his usual place of resort being Solomon's Porch, where the incidents of the hour alternately entangled him in controversy and drew forth lessons of divine wisdom. One interval still parted him from the last act, and Jerusalem from its supreme crime. In January A.D. 33, he spent a few weeks in Perea and near the Jordan, not without a last returning glow of public enthusiasm and personal ascendancy. The miracles of Galilee were renewed; and the reception by Zaccheus at Jericho was but an example of the spirit he every where met. In February he is recalled to Bethany by the illness of Lazarus; who, really convalescent before the arrival of Jesus, conspires with his sisters to get up a sham resurrection, and consenting to be shut up in the sepulchral cave, duly acts the part of resuscitated corpse. Jesus, more than half imposed upon, acquiesces in the dangerous repute of the miracle, and becomes at once the object of warring passions from the neighbouring city; revered by the multitude, dreaded by the aristocracy of the Temple. As early as the beginning of March his death was resolved on. A short retirement to Ephraim does but keep the

storm suspended, he is aware, over the approaching Passover. On returning by the northern road he announces his near death: the congenial home at Bethany, the devotion of Mary, even the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, cannot deceive him: the sadness never deserts his tone again; though the incidents of those closing days,—the betrayal, the seizure, the trial, the cross,—assail in vain his lofty serenity and trust. His body was hastily interred in a provisional tomb, and left over the Sabbath. Next morning it was found to be absent; and, probably on an impulse given by the excitable and visionary Mary Magdalen, the story obtained currency that he was risen from the dead.

This second stage of the public life thus consists of a final eighteen months in Galilee, followed by a closing half-year in and near Judæa, and chiefly in Jerusalem.

Without exhibiting M. Renan's ground-plan of the great drama, it would be impossible to explain adequately his theory of the character of Jesus. But as it is chiefly in subordination to this ulterior point of higher interest that we have sketched the outline of his narrative, we shall not pause to examine it in detail, but shall venture one or two remarks on the distribution of its larger masses and the handling of its main difficulties.

Preferring as we do the simplicity of the synoptic narrative, we find our author's protracted chronology difficult to fill; we feel ourselves tossed about in an objectless way between two scenes of action, Galilee and Judæa; we miss any progressive sequence in the drama; the development of which, amid the fermentation of Jewish enthusiasm and the heats of oriental passion, was less likely to hang back season after season than to hasten to its end. Matthew's story in two acts, of the provincial prophet winning the villages of his country for the kingdom of heaven, and then perishing at Jerusalem, has a naturalness in it which looks much more like history than the rambling intricacies of our author's scheme. Most of these, but not all, arise from his embarrassing pledge to the fourth gospel. His account of the earliest relations between Jesus and John the Baptist does equal violence to all the records, and substitutes for them a purely imaginary picture. One of the few points on which the Johannine and the synoptical recitals concur is this, that when Jesus was drawn to the scene of baptism on the banks of Jordan, he went alone and undistinguished; that that visit was the means of first indicating him as marked out for a divine function; that the two signs of his selection were the testimony of the Baptist and the descent of the Spirit in visible or audible form; and that not till after this inauguration was any disciple called or any beginning made of his

works or words of power. The whole scene stands forward as the appropriate prelude to his public life: and the prophet's instant recognition of him as his superior is given as a supernatural foresight of an unsuspected vocation. Strip the narratives of this idea, and their meaning is entirely lost. But, according to M. Renan, Jesus goes to the Jordan already surrounded by his school; he has for some time been teaching and gathering disciples in Galilee; and the Baptist's "good reception" of him is due to a reputation established and the fellow-feeling of a kindred work. It is a welcome extorted not by the future, but by the past. And then the two "schools,"—both of them constituted at a distance from each other before they meet,—sit down together as neighbours for many months, without apparent distinction of message or usage, and, in spite of some mutual jealousies among the followers, kept in good relations by the deference of Jesus to the superiority of John (p. 107). What now is the inducement thus to turn the history upside down? Simply this. The fourth gospel brings Jesus and the Baptist together *twice*; first (i. 10-34) like the synoptics, prior to earliest rudiments of Christian action; then (iii. 23-30) after the passover of A.D. 29, and shortly before the prophet's imprisonment, when the ministry of Christ was in full operation and his followers around him. By throwing away the first of these, and introducing the Baptist to the Christians with the second (though it refers back to the first and builds entirely upon it), our author obtains the extraordinary results we have described. The passage which he retains is one of the most questionable specialties of the fourth gospel; that which he rejects is not only a modified version of the tradition sustained by the synoptics, but is a minute account of day-by-day transactions, which, if really proceeding from the apostle, cannot be discredited without fatally impairing his historical authority. Had M. Renan, who calls Jesus "the imitator of John" (p. 107), represented him as receiving his first impulse from the rugged energy of the new Elias, and merely placed the greater spirit, in virtue of its ready susceptibility and its unfound depth, at disposal for awhile of the sterner and the less, we could understand the temptation to such inverse construction of the personal relations assumed in the gospels. So far, contact with the Baptist would remain the starting-point. But to interpolate the term of intercourse with him as an episode between two acts of an independent public ministry in Galilee, to make it the means of at once interrupting and deteriorating a sacred career already begun, turns it into an arbitrary arrest of natural development, in defiance of whatever evidence we have. The two missions, it seems to us,

must be conceived as having some ground of separate operation. If they were not distinct in their idea, if both of them were alike announcements of an impending Messianic crisis, without indicating the personal agent in it, they must either have been successive in time or separate in place, the one taking up what the other dropped, or else dividing the work in different fields. Their co-existence for many months in the same district, with independent organisations and indistinguishable teaching, would leave the more recent of them without any adequate *raison d'être*.

Another feature of our author's biographical program occasions some natural disappointment. If there are any moments in the experience of the Galilean prophet which, as inevitably critical, we watch with intensest interest, they are those which present him to Jerusalem, and bring around him the representative persons and fermenting ideas of the nation. These times we expect to be fullest in incident, deepest in significance. Nor is there any want of room in them for the play of action and character. Some six months in A.D. 29 were spent, we are told, at a spot on the Jordan whither the city population freely came, and whence the disciples accompanied their master to the first passover of his public life. Two years later, at the same annual festival, occurred his "most important sojourn" at Jerusalem. And the whole of the autumn and part of the winter of A.D. 32 were passed in the city. The last of these visits is partially filled in by transferring to it incidents which the synoptics refer to the crucifixion week. But the other two remain nearly blank; and the only details given, the "cleansing of the Temple" and the interview with Nicodemus, are transposed from the second to the first, where the fourth gospel places them. As these Jerusalem visits appear in that gospel alone, and as M. Renan can receive neither its miracles nor its discourses as historical, there is scarcely any thing left in occupation of them; and precisely the great crises of the drama, passed in very focus of trial, are little else than empty spaces of possibility. Once away in Galilee, we are again surrounded by the stir of life and the fulness of human detail.

In every way it would be far better, we think, to be, on critical grounds, independent of the fourth gospel, than to adopt it as a main-stay, yet cut it down to the slenderest proportions, and even transmute its very substance. Above all do we feel this in our author's treatment of the raising of Lazarus. Rather than refer the recital to the post-apostolic age, he refers it to an apostle who cannot have given it in good faith. Rather than dismiss it as unhistorical, he receives the history and blackens it; turning the pretended house of mourning into a chamber of

plotters; the confidants of Jesus into his deceivers; his crowning miracle into a wretched trick, of which, having been at first the victim, he at last accepted the success. If the history cannot stand, let it be taken down, stone by stone; but to build it up again in this style is to substitute for the credulity of piety the credulity of cynicism. That a man, dwelling in the innermost circle of Christ's personal affections, should consent to be buried alive in order to force him into imposture and advance him by its fame; that the sisters who had tended his illness, and to whom his pale features were the memorials of breathless watching and of answered prayers, should contrive this clever mode of turning his sunk cheeks to good account; that the funeral rites, the lying notices to friends, the visits of condolence, and all the shameful mockery of woe, should be got up and got through without a slip in the hypocrisy; that the central figure, so simple and sublime, he who was so impatient of the appetite for miracle and had mercy for every thing but falsehood and pretence, should stoop, when his sorrows had been practised on, to whiten that unclean sepulchre and by connivance decorate the cheat; that when the fraud was plainly preparing the cross for him and threatening it to Lazarus, the secret should still have been kept, and have been finally handed down to history by an apostle nearest to the scene if not behind it;—involves, as it seems to us, a complication of improbabilities rarely united in a single hypothesis. We are far from desiring to test it by compelling the author to put the story unconditionally under one or other of the two categories,—“imposture” or “enthusiasm.” We own the truth of those more subtle readings of human nature which modern interpreters apply to religious phenomena, and which allow for many intermediate shades between pure sincerity and calculating artifice. In minds capable of being absorbed at times in divine realities, yet descending again to the inevitable human level, there is a kind of double consciousness which too readily carries with it two ethical weights and measures; and may often blend strange contradictions of faith and doubt, of artlessness and scheming, of self-homage and self-surrender. Still, there are limits to the possible combinations of feeling and motive: there is such a thing, in the creations of the drama and the reproductions of history, as truth of character: and, refine as you will upon the varieties of our nature, laws of harmony remain, by neglecting which you may cover your canvas with a monstrosity. Partly in reaction from the narrow logic of books of “Evidences,” partly from a pantheistic tendency weakening the lines of human personality as well as of the Divine, modern critics of historical religion appear to us increasingly liable to

lose the tact of psychological probability, and put the elements of humanity together *ad libitum*. The instance which we have just adduced from M. Renan's book is not, we think, its only example of this wildness of fancy.

We have to thank him however for at least a definite conception of the individuality of Jesus; and for the firm and sincere application of it as a key to the evangelical history throughout. The ecclesiastical theory of the person of Christ, making him the unique synthesis of two natures, is fatal to any living apprehension of him as he was: inasmuch as it lifts him out of every analogy, and, in the absence of all measures of verisimilitude, leaves us at the mercy of any impression delivered to us. How should we know what would agree with likelihood in such a being, and what would contradict it? Accordingly, the mixed products of successive and even opposite traditions are poured upon our ear from Scripture, without any consciousness of inconsistency, or any such desire to clear the image as we should feel in an undivine biography. The process of metaphysically glorifying a nature unsettles the outline of its moral type. The Christ of the fourth gospel is already pale and characterless. And three centuries were devoted to wrapping up his real history in fold after fold of dogma, and rendering him invisible except through a refracting atmosphere of ideas: and any one who sincerely tries, by removing these, to reproduce his actual figure, as he lived and thought, as he looked and spake, among the villagers who loved and the city-priests who hated him, brings an incipient health and truth to the sicklied imagination of Christendom. Without being able to accept the portrait on M. Renan's canvas, we own the force and grace with which it is drawn, and the reverential feeling which has seldom failed to guide his hand. Evolving Christianity in its essence from the personality of its Founder, and only in its transitory form from the ideas afloat in the atmosphere of the times, he restores the just balance of causation which Strauss's theory had disturbed, and recalls the religion from the cloud-region of myth, to the homesteads and fields of human history.

Three stages are marked in the development of Jesus' character and views: we may call them,—the Ideal,—the Messianic,—the Passionate and Thaumaturgic. A deep and tender piety, fed by the solemn and winning aspects of nature around him, rendered thoughtful by the rich sentences of Hebrew wisdom, and humane in the school of domestic love, took early possession of him and moulded his whole belief, affections, and will. One simple formula condenses the essence of it all: God was a Father; not distant and hard to find; not even external, coming in vision or by word; but a Father within, communing

with the pure in heart, and abiding with living, pitying, loving presence in our humanity. This characteristic faith,—remote alike from the Jewish and Pagan type,—was indigenously his; not learned by tradition, not found by reasoning, but presenting itself as a clear consciousness of God, blending in one the light that shows and the vision that sees. He thus felt himself in direct relations of sonship to the Father, not specially his, but such as all men would find true. From this central faith flowed all his conceptions of the government of the world, the maxims of duty, and the spirit of human life. The universe was no mechanism of relentless Fate, nor even an empire of inscrutable Will, but the theatre of a moral drama, a home of domestic discipline, ruled with impartial love. In the face of this sublime affiliation, common to all, the distinctions of social life disappear, and no ranks have any reality except the gradations of inward similitude to God: the only rich is the poor in spirit: the only great, the servant of all: the supremely wise are the pure in heart: and the sole hierarchy is hierarchy of graces. The same truth is the solvent of enmities, as it is of distinctions: your anger knows not what spirit it is of, and observes not the Eternal Father's ways: does not the sunshine sleep and the rain descend on the offender's fields as well as on your own? Reserve the severities for sins in which you cannot be deceived,—your own; if hand or eye betray you into wrong, be as unsparing as you will. But leave a brother's guilt to Him who seeth in secret: and never shut the fountains of pity and forgiveness. Humility, self-denial, disinterestedness, may well be called the special Christian virtues: for they come spontaneously from the soul that lives filially with God, and are the fruits of faith that were most welcome to the eye of Christ himself. With a spirit thus tempered, he carried his affections behind the showy veil of life, and redressed the strong world's scorn by searching out the little and the weak: he loved the child, the poor that rested in their lot, the fallen that were in tears for their sin. His lessons moreover, even where they seemed to say what the wise and humane had said before, escaped the level of all ethical maxims, and rose into a diviner light and glow. Drawn from the contemplation of Infinite Perfection, they aspired thitherward again: hence their unspeakable poetic depth of tone; from his lips the rule of duty is a breathing of humility, a sigh of eternal hope, a vision of ineffable beauty. To find the Founder of the true kingdom of God, the kingdom of the gentle and lowly, we must go, says M. Renan, to

“the Jesus of these early days,—days chaste and without alloy,—when the voice of his Father resounded in his breast with purer tone. There

were then some months, perhaps a year, when God truly had abode upon the earth. The voice of the young carpenter suddenly assumed an extraordinary sweetness. An infinite charm diffused itself from his presence; and those who had previously seen him no longer recognised him. As yet he was without disciples, and the group that pressed around him was neither a sect nor a school; but already there is a common spirit discernible there, something gentle and penetrating. His winning character, with doubtless one of those charming figures at times presented by the Jewish race, threw around him a circle of fascination, which hardly any one, among those kindly and simple people, could escape. Paradise would have been actually brought to earth, only that the ideas of the young Teacher went far beyond that level of moderate goodness above which it has hitherto been impossible to raise mankind" (pp. 79-81).

And here is the nursery and the theatre of this pure life:

"Among the influences that formed this far less austere, less harshly monotheistic spirit, if I may venture to say so, was an aspect of nature truly delightful, which gave an idyllic character and charm to all the Galilean visions. The dreariest country in the world perhaps is the country near Jerusalem. Galilee, on the contrary, was very green, very shady, very bright, the true country of the Song of Songs and the lyrics of the poet 'after God's heart.' During the two months of March and April the ground is a dense mass of flowers, unmatched for freedom of colour. The animals are small, but charming in the extreme. Slender and sprightly turtle-doves, blue black-birds so light as to perch upon a grass-blade without bending it, crested larks that come and almost put themselves under the traveller's feet, the little river-tortoise with its quick and gentle eye, storks with their grave and modest air,—laying aside all fear, allow the close approach of man, and seem to call him. In no country of the world do the mountain-lines dispose themselves with more harmony and stir the mind to higher thought. Jesus seems to have particularly loved them. On the mountains occurred the most important acts of his divine career: there it is that he was best inspired; there that he had secret converse with ancient prophets, and appeared to his disciples' eyes already transfigured" (pp. 64, 65).

During the time of his fresh enthusiasm, the Messianic visions of the Jewish apocalyptic literature,—the books of Daniel and Enoch especially,—slept in the background of his imagination; or threw forward only their ideal elements, their images of pure worship, of compensated sorrow, of everlasting righteousness. But from the moment of contact with John the Baptist, an unfavourable change began. Into the kingdom announced to be so near it became necessary to look with distincter scrutiny: its blank outline must be filled: its chief figure must be determined. It could not coexist with tetrarchies and hierarchies and procuratorships as they were, and carried with

it suggestions of political revolution. The Messianic circle of ideas drew more closely round Jesus: and though insurrectionary force was uncongenial to him,—though the heroism of Judas the Gaulonite came from the thought ‘God is *King*,’ while now it was the truth of truths that ‘God is *Father*,’—yet somehow,—in ways that would declare themselves,—the kingdoms of this world would have to vanish and leave room for the divine age which would wait no more. On returning from the Jordan, this prejudicial influence of the sterner prophet on the gentler became evident. His preaching was more and more definitely about the “kingdom” to come: and its advance in force and decision was at the expense of breadth. He did not refuse the Messianic titles; speaking of himself as the “Son of Man,” and suffering others to draw the inference contradicted by his birth and call him “Son of David.” With deepening sympathies for the village people among whom he moved, and delight in the simple love they gave him, he met the frowns of the decorous classes with less reserved antipathy: he openly disregarded their outward usages of homage to religion in their daily meals and their periodic fasts: he took pleasure in breaking through their Sabbath rules: he let a strange mixture of people draw around him by the natural ties of inward trust and need, and paid no regard to “respectable” objections. In the body of more intimate disciples, whom he now organised into a fraternity, the majority were quite poor and untaught; and its aristocracy consisted of a customs’ officer and a land-steward’s wife. The native affinities of good and pious hearts, the immeasurable superiority of Jesus, the resistless charm of his word and look, and his deep insight into character, held them to him as by a divine spell.

“It was in truth,” says M. Renan, “childhood in its divine spontaneity, in its brilliant bursts of simple joy, that took possession of the earth. Moment by moment, they all believed that the kingdom so longed for was on the point of dawning. Each saw himself already on a throne beside the Master. They allotted the seats: they reckoned the days. This is what they called the ‘Good News’ (Gospel): the doctrine had no other name. An old word ‘Paradise’ which the Hebrew, in common with all the Oriental tongues, had borrowed from Persia, and which originally denoted the royal parks of the Achæmenidæ,—gave the sum of the universal dream:—a delightful garden prolonging for ever the charming life spent here below. How long did this intoxication last? We cannot tell. No one, while this magic vision ran on, measured time any more than we measure a dream. Time was stopped: a week was an age. But whether it filled years or months, so fair was the dream that humanity has lived on it ever since, and still our consolation is to gather its attenuated perfume. Never

did so much joy lift the heart of man. Humanity for a moment, in this the most vigorous effort it has made to rise above its planet, forgot the leaden weight that holds it to the earth and the sorrows of life below. Happy he whose eyes were permitted to see this divine blossom open, and to partake, were it only for a day, this unexampled illusion! But happier still, would Jesus say, is he who, free of all illusion, can inwardly reproduce the celestial vision, and, without millennial dream, without imaginary paradise, without signs in the heaven, can, by the rectitude of his will and the poetry of his soul, create anew in his heart the true kingdom of God!" (pp. 192-194.)

Once having committed himself to the realisation of these visions, Jesus could not for ever linger in his beloved Galilee. They pointed to the citadel of the nation's history; and thither he must carry them to win a further way. But Jerusalem, by its very look, stripped them of their joy: the temple-buildings, the priestly pomps, the Pharisaic sanctities, had no charm for him: the keen malicious eye, the quibbling intellect, the professional contempt of the scribe, disturbed him. His disciples, derided for their patois and their rusticity, were uneasy and out of place; and his own spirit, alone lofty and simple amid the odious grimaces of conventional religion, could hardly move with freedom and effect. The chief influence of his visit (A.D. 31) was reflex upon himself: he renounced allegiance to the whole system that had crystallised itself into the Jerusalem he saw: and having vindicated the forgotten *idea* of the temple by whipping out the traffic from its courts, left his protest behind, and resought clearness and composure on the familiar beach and hills. Even they had come to be invested in a light less pure. He had claimed the Messianic character: he had let it mean more than he could always hope; he had broken with the Law, and, beyond the basin of the lake below him, he stood alone. A shadow was on his path. He had a baptism to be baptised with: and how was he straitened till it was accomplished!

The next stage took its commencement in this recoil from Jerusalem. Surrounded once more by those who trusted him, he was unable to retreat, and found courage to advance. What though the proud heirs of the kingdom would not make ready for its approach? It should be taken from them and given to others: for Gentiles and Samaritans too were God's children, and had often a truer heart of faith than Israel. What even though his way should lie through hands of violence and he might have to die? The pious dead too were to live again to share in the kingdom to come: and Messiah beyond the verge of death would be in the right place to lead the way for their return. And so, our author thinks, Jesus advanced to bolder self-assertion, and compensated incipient forebodings of the cross by pre-

dictions of return in glory. The higher titles of Messiah sounded with fuller sweetness in his ear: he more freely fell in with the demand for miracles, and bore with the uneasy exigencies and feverish half-faith which they imply; sustained by the belief that through prayer and fasting such works were given to men. In his most exalted moments, however, there is not the slightest approach to those conceptions of Incarnation or equality with his Father in heaven, by which the exaggerations of a later time sought to glorify him: on the contrary, he distinctly repels such idea: he is simply and at the highest "Son of God,"—as all men may become in various degrees.\* With the expectation of his own death and return came the assurance, solemnly announced, of the end of the world within that generation: a marvellous belief, the disappointment of which the religion could never have survived, but for the imperishable spiritual elements mingled with its illusions and remaining as its essence. The more definitely Jesus became committed to these views, the more imperative was the necessity of action in advance: he sent out therefore bodies of disciples in all directions, empowered to speak and act in his name; associating them as partners in his miraculous power, he evidenced the sincerity of his own feeling with regard to it: they were to be safe from the scorpion's sting and the poison cup; and to carry healing to the sick as well as hope to the heavy-laden. It is impossible, M. Renan thinks, to relieve Jesus, at the expense of the Evangelists, from the weakness

\* The judgment of M. Renan on this point, being that, not of a theologian, but of an impartial scholar, who brings to the Scriptures all the knowledge that can clear and none of the prepossessions that can obscure their doctrinal meaning, is so important, that we quote it *in extenso*: "That Jesus never dreamt of giving himself out as an incarnation of God himself, is beyond all doubt. Such an idea was completely foreign to the Jewish mind: there is not a trace of it in the synoptic gospels: we find no indications of it except in some portions of John's gospel which cannot be regarded as reflecting the ideas of Jesus. At times Jesus even seems to take pains to repel such a doctrine. The imputation of making himself God or the equal of God, is treated, even in John's gospel, as a calumny of the Jews. In this last gospel, he declares himself less than his Father. Besides, he avows that there are things which God has not revealed to him. He deems himself more than ordinary man, but separated by an infinite distance from God. He is Son of God: but so are, or may become, all men in various degrees. All are every day to call God their Father: all, when risen from the dead, will be sons of God. In the Old Testament divine sonship was ascribed to beings whom no one ever affected to put on an equality with God. The word 'son' in the Semitic languages, and in that of the New Testament, has the widest meanings. Besides, the idea of man which Jesus had is not that low idea which a cold deism has introduced. According to his poetical conception of nature, a single breath pervades the universe: the breath of man is that of God: God dwells in man, lives by man, in the same way that man dwells in God, lives by God. The transcendent idealism of Jesus never allowed him to have a very clear notion of his own personality. He is his Father; his Father is he. He lives in his disciples: he is every where with them: his disciples are one, as he and the Father are one. With him, the spirit is every thing: the body, which makes the distinction of persons, is nothing" (pp. 242-244).

implied in the pretension to miracles; but quite probable that it was the result of a genuine though not unfaltering illusion. Indications are not wanting of a certain uneasy consciousness on this matter, as if the answer of experience was liable to fall short of his full faith. His prayers and inward strife before the act, his frequent wish for privacy during it, his prohibition to report it afterwards, his inability amid the cold unbelief of Nazareth, his sharp rebuke of the desire for signs, are all natural, if the effects which, in his fixed idea, ought to arise were slower or less certain to appear than was good for the faith: while, on the other hand, the real influence, on the nervous disorders brought to him, of his soothing and authoritative presence, his look, his word, his touch, would afford sufficient confirmatory phenomena to sustain his inward persuasion. Still, the thaumaturgic character, like all the more definite Messianic pretensions, had its miseries for him: and the near escape of death looked welcome. He became excited and passionate, provoked by opposition, terrible in invective, advancing from defence into attack that left him no retreat: yet withal, on the first invitation from any thing pure and simple, returning, only with sadder voice, to a tone of singular sweetness and repose. With an infinite delicacy of mind, catching every shade of feeling, and drawing women and children towards him with unspeakable attraction, he united an unsparing harshness towards opponents: and it was inevitable that the irritation of the Pharisaic bourgeoisie, whom he abhorred as the very antithesis to his religion of the silent heart, should at length come to a head, and bring the catastrophe which his last visit to Jerusalem almost courted. For himself it was time to close a career no longer sustainable. Almost without fault of his, his conscience had lost its transparency: he had become committed to impossibilities: but in accepting the relief of martyrdom, he did not despair of his work: love for it and faith in it enabled him to rise above suffering and identify his darkest hour and his sublimest triumph.

It is impossible not to perceive in this sketch a gradual declension of character: the brilliant and dewy morning is overcast with noonday clouds; and the bursts of sunset light shoot through wild winds and threatening storm. The struggle of ideal faith to penetrate and mould the actual world involves, it is said, an inevitable descent: it can wield mankind only on condition of falling in with their illusions: and in deadly contest with them it has no effective force, but by clothing itself with the energy of their passions. Forced from his early dream of undefiled religion into the narrower conditions of the Messianic doctrine, Jesus fell into a false position; and as its necessities closed around him, was urged, by partial loss of inward clear-

ness and simplicity, into a more feverish enthusiasm, solving by self-sacrifice a problem else inextricable. We venture to affirm that this theory has not been drawn from the history, but is a preconceived formula applied to it; and that no semblance of support can be given to it, except by transposing the evangelists' memorials to suit its exigencies, and forcing upon them a grouping which they will not bear. Left to their own natural voice, they attest, we believe, a moral order the very reverse; exhibiting, in the person of Jesus, an ascent from the higher levels of his inherited faith to an ever loftier sense and wider view of the spiritual relation between man and God; and with this, an inward sincerity steadfast against increasing strain, and leading up at length to the last sacrifice.

How does M. Renan know that Jesus had his year of "idealism," and then exchanged it for Messianic visions? John the Baptist, we doubt not, is responsible for this fancy: he is the preacher of the "kingdom:" from him the impulse passes to his successor; and as the contact between them does not stand at the beginning of our author's chronology, there is an antecedent stage to be provided for, which, being itself imaginary, is not unnaturally treated in this poetical way. To find materials in illustration of this earliest teaching, our author resorts to the Sermon on the Mount: he selects from it the Lord's Prayer and some of its purely ethical and spiritual sentences: he leaves behind him the verses which say any thing Messianic of the "kingdom of heaven:" and, possessed of his "ideal" anthology, he carries it backward past the Baptist, and prefixes it to what the gospels tell us of the ministry of Christ. The residuary elements of the Sermon, which have any tincture of the Jewish theocratic idea, he holds in reserve, as examples of the post-Baptist preaching. There is no pretence of any critical ground for this re-distribution of parts: it does not result from any discovery of the incidents to which the words of Christ, collected yet unarranged by Matthew, most naturally belong: and, in the case of the Lord's Prayer, which it transposes to a time prior to the gathering of any regular disciples and to any contact with the Baptist, it doubly contradicts the statement of Luke (xi. 2), that the prayer was given *at the disciples' request*, on the ground that *John also had taught his disciples to pray*. In fact, this ideal period on the threshold of public life is simply an artist's fiction: and, once set up, it draws to it at will whatever is congenial. Historical truth however resists this appropriation, and claims its stolen treasures again for their own place. The very saying which appears as the motto on the brow of this young time, "The kingdom of God is *within* you," belongs to the life's last chapter, not the first. And when, to adorn and con-

secrete this shrine of his fancy, our author has laid his hands on all that seems available, what he leaves witnesses against him scarcely less than what he takes. The very deepest words of Christ, the lessons and images held in everlasting remembrance, the parables that never tire,—the Good Samaritan, the Returning Prodigal, the Pharisee and Publican,—the incidents of divinest meaning,—the Rich Youth, the passionate Penitent, the blessing on the Child, the Widow's mite,—are scattered over his later ministry, and even grow in number to the close.

As the ideal essence of Christ's life cannot be exhaled and condensed into the first stage, so neither can the passionate elements be thrown preponderantly into the last. M. Renan's evidence of an increasing exaltation, enthusiasm, and harshness towards the end is gained only at the expense of chronology. The passages cited in support of the idea (ch. xix.) are almost all drawn from the address to the Twelve in Matt. x.: they are picked out from the midst of others already adduced in proof of just the opposite mood: and they belong to a time prior to the Baptist's death, and to the day of parables (Matt. xiii.). The demeanour of Jesus in his last days seems to us quite at variance with the phenomena of excitement and eager rush to the release of death. The ensnaring questions brought to him in the temple day by day are met with collected thought and quiet feeling: nor can our author himself, in reciting the answer about the tribute-money, refrain from exclaiming,—“Deep words; decisive of the future of Christianity! Words of marvellous justice and perfected spirituality, which have established the separation of spiritual and temporal, and laid the foundation of true liberality and true civilisation!” (p. 348.) The only apparent exception to the serene temper of that time is the invective against the Pharisees (Matt. xxiii.): which however does not arise as an expression of personal irritation against opposition, but as the recoil of a guileless and tender spirit from the type of character most odious to it and most blighting to the public conscience. The discourse moreover, transferred in great part by Luke (xi. 37) to a much earlier occasion, is of doubtful chronology: and has probably been intensified not a little by the sympathetic anger of the reporters. Of the examples usually cited to support the charge against Jesus of harshness and self-assertion,—the reply to his mother at Cana (John ii. 4),—the repulse of an application from his mother and brethren (Matt. xii. 48),—the cleansing of the temple (Matt. xxi. 12; John ii. 14);\*—there is not one that, according to our author

\* For this incident however M. Renan chooses an original position. The fourth evangelist places it at the beginning of Christ's ministry (Passover of A.D. 29); the others at the end (the last Passover): our author assigns it to

himself, did not occur in earlier stages of his ministry. Nor is there any thing to justify the statement that he acquiesced more and more in the claims upon him as a thaumaturgist. No part of his ministry is less marked by miracle than the last: no part is more full of it than the first. True, there is in the Johannine gospel a certain progression of supernatural acts, not in their frequency, but in their magnitude: and with our author's view of the raising of Lazarus,—which constitutes their climax,—he may well treat the ingenuous Galilean days as gone. But this artificial construction should itself induce us to rely rather on the synoptical accounts, and to hazard no conclusion to which they refuse support. The difficulty of the miracles, whatever it be, is equally diffused over the whole history: and encounters us in full force at the feast of Cana and the synagogue of Capernaum, no less than at the grave of Lazarus. We wonder that M. Renan has not made more use of his own just remark (p. 294) that, in the early memorials of Christianity, we find the thaumaturgic pretensions grow, as the time-distance increases from the person of Christ. This surely indicates that with him they were at their minimum; and that the responsibility for them rests much more with the reporters of the second age than with the Agent in the first.

The time and sense in which Jesus assumed the Messianic character, and propagated the Messianic ideas, are so difficult to determine that the problem might be deemed hopeless, but for a few streaks of light detected within it by the refined in-

the middle (Passover of A.D. 31). In his account of that second visit to Jerusalem, he omits the only incident,—the Bethesda cure,—by which the evangelist marks it (John v. 2); and supplies its place by transferring from the first passover its two characteristics,—the cleansing of the temple, and the visit of Nicodemus. We readily concede that so high-handed an act of authority as the expulsion of the traders from the temple-court is unsuitable to the opening days of the public life of Jesus; but why the choice given us by the synoptics,—of placing it at the end, when the breach with Jerusalem and the heart-weariness, with its insincerities, were complete,—we cannot understand. Again: in John this incident is immediately followed by the remarkable saying, "Destroy this temple made with hands, and in three days I will raise up another made without hands" (ii. 19: comp. Mark xiv. 58). The synoptics do not append this saying, which comes in only at second-hand, as part of the testimony against Christ at his trial, and is called "*false*" evidence. If the saying was uttered, it self-evidently belongs to the cleansing of the temple, as John has it; it is plainly an expression of sublime impatience with the material sanctuary and all the hollow pretences which it sheltered, and of longing to deal,—apart from such hindrance,—with the naked human heart, which, in almost no time, would at the appeal of Christ become a purer shrine. 'Away with your manufactured symbol, that stands instead of the love of God: and soon enough I could show you a holier place of prayer, emerging from the spirit.' Not perceiving this meaning, which connects the saying with the cleansing of the temple, M. Renan divorces the two, and assigns the words to Christ's last days. The enigmatical expression and the depth of the sentiment caused the fourth evangelist to misunderstand, and the rest to disbelieve, the saying. It affords us a glimpse of the things they could not tell us.

struments of modern criticism. To suppose, with M. Renan, that his mind was first turned in this direction by John the Baptist, and reduced from a lofty spirituality into the narrow channels of theocratic zeal, seems to us quite arbitrary. That the burden of their preaching was the same,—“the kingdom of God is at hand,”—indicates, not any imitation of the one by the other, but simply the one great thought of the time, that was in the very air. The phrases flung from the incisive voice of the ascetic on the Jordan were repeated from gentler lips in Galilee, because there was but one message to be delivered: and had there been a thousand prophets in the villages of Israel, they must all have been as a chorus with a common song. The monotheistic faith which had emerged into singular purity from ages of eventful strife, and which had gathered from its heroic traditions and its prophetic guides the sublime assurance of a Providence in history, turned all the religion of that generation into a theocratic vision: the heathen ages approached their term: the world was ripe for judgment; and would soon be cleared for the reign of Everlasting Righteousness. So possessed had the national mind become with this conception, that its images were every where: they peered through words of Scripture that were quite innocent of them: if they were not *in* the lines of prophets, they were found *between* them: they had created a literature for themselves,—sheltered by the names of Daniel, Enoch, Esra: they had coined a language for themselves, and given it universal currency,—“waiting for redemption,” “looking for the consolation of Israel,”—“the kingdom of God,”—“the son of Man,”—“the son of David,” “the last days,” “the end of the ages,” “the day of wrath,” “the days of refreshing,” “the regeneration.” Into this mould all the piety of the place and time inevitably flowed: it gave a channel now to the molten fire of some scorching fanaticism, and now to the sweet waters of a fertilising inspiration. That Judas the Gaulonite, that John the Baptist, that Jesus of Nazareth, shared this common element, however differently they used it, cannot be doubted. If Satan had sent an emissary of temptation, if God had sent a messenger of redemption, without it, both alike would have been without a medium of approach to the souls they would reach, and would have returned to their place frustrated. Jesus then had nothing to learn, still less to unlearn, from the Baptist, on this head: it was because that stern voice echoed his own thought that he went to Jordan: it was because he too would publish the same tidings that he preached in Galilee. The difference alleged between them, viz. that from the first the one disclaimed, while the other claimed, the place of personal Messiah,—is probably the after-creation of disciples

interpreting by events. If it was the distinction of Peter to have first breathed the truth of what Jesus was; if this confession was reserved, as the records tell, till the last journey to Jerusalem; if, still, the startling statement was to be held as a secret and "told to no man;" he cannot possibly have appeared all along clothed with Messianic pretensions. Could we indeed remove altogether the retrospective haze of interpretation with which the formed doctrine of the compiling evangelists has enveloped the history, could we see and hear the great realities as they arose, it may be reasonably doubted, whether we should ever find Jesus directly identifying himself with the Messiah whom he preached; and should not rather see that his definite investiture with that character was the later work of disciples to whom he was "declared to be the Son of God by his resurrection from the dead." From the first, he preached the Messianic kingdom as near: to the last it is doubtful whether he gave himself out as Messiah. We can find no date when he began the former topic; nor any when he passed, with intenser self-assertion, into the latter.

Even if we could feel sure of having in the synoptical gospels the unaltered language of Christ, we should still be unable to speak confidently of his state of mind, unless we could determine the precise import of the phrase "Son of Man." It is commonly assumed that, like the other titles, "Son of God" and "Son of David," this term,—occurring some fourscore times and always on the lips of Jesus,—is tantamount to "the Messiah," and uniformly employed with reference to the Book of Daniel and in the sense which interpreters had put upon it there. If so however, the three titles would be interchangeable, and could be resorted to indifferently. Yet "Son of Man" is the only one which Jesus himself uses: "Son of David" is given him only by others, the blind by the wayside, the children that cry 'Hosanna;' it is evidently the *popular* designation: "Son of God" is applied to him by unearthly beings, and seems to be characteristic of *superhuman testimony*; being used (1) by the Spirit at his baptism, (2) by the Devil in the Temptation (Matt. iv. 3), (3) by the evil spirits in the demoniacs, who "knew him" (Matt. viii. 29), (4) by Peter in his "confession" (Matt. xvi. 16), who is expressly said to have been led to it by revelation. This rule indeed is not absolute; for the phrase bursts from the disciples after the walking on the sea (Matt. xiv. 33): but on the whole it is evident (1) from Peter's confession that this term alone is the full equivalent for "the Christ," (2) from the other instances, that to discern Jesus in this character was a matter of superhuman, secret, or exceptional knowledge. The abstinence then of Jesus from the use

of this term requires to be explained. It looks very like an *avoidance* of that unhesitating claim of Messiahship which M. Renan attributes to him.

The term "Son of Man" evidently falls short in some way of the Messianic meaning, and has a less limited application. M. Renan (pp. xi. 132) indeed says that we know perfectly from the book of Enoch that it was a mere synonym for the Messiah. But it so happens that the particular section of that work in which alone it occurs (viz. The Similitudes, ch. 37-71) is exposed to reasonable suspicion of being a Christian addition to the original production, as late as the closing decades of the first century;\* and by that time the phrase had certainly settled into its purely personal meaning. In the gospels themselves (written after the doctrine had set and possessed itself of the phraseology) the term is often,—in John always,—thus used. But there are instances which clearly escape from this rule, and betray a wider significance in the phrase, rescuing it from its restricted place among the titles of Messiah. When Jesus inquired of his disciples (Matt. xvi. 13), "Who do men say that the Son of Man is? and they said, Some, John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets;" and when further he asked, "But whom say ye that I am? and Simon Peter answered, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" it is evident, as Baur has well pointed out,† that the expression "Son of Man" cannot mean specifically "the Messiah," but is large enough to cover several alternative personalities; and that, in order to pick out from among these possible significates the Messiah in particular, Peter has to employ the phrase "Son of God." His daring to find, under the safe and unpretending designation which Jesus applied to himself, the Messianic character which it did not put forth, constitutes the startling feature of his own confession. The peculiar humanistic sense of the phrase comes out clearly in several deep and pathetic passages, where Jesus at once takes and consecrates the common level of our life, with all its needs and affections: *e.g.* "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head"

\* The date seems fixed at some point later than A.D. 79, by an allusion (ch. 67) to a volcanic mountain in the West, apparently Vesuvius, and the hot sulphur-springs at Baix. Vesuvius, it is well known, was not an active vent till the eruptions which destroyed Herculaneum, A.D. 79. See the whole case ably made out, though not without some overstraining, in Hilgenfeld's *Jüdische Apokalyptik*, 148 seqq. The use, in the same section of the book of Enoch, of the phrase "Son of the woman," to denote the Messiah savours strongly of Christian influence.

† See an excellent paper, "Die Bedeutung des Ausdrucks *ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*," in Hilgenfeld's *Zeitschrift* for 1860, pp. 274 seqq.; and compare Hilgenfeld's critique in the same *Zeitschrift*, 1863, pp. 327 seqq.

(Matt. viii. 20): "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners" (Matt. ix. 18). The whole sentiment of such passages would be lost, were we to read "Messiah" for the "Son of Man." On the other hand, where announcement is made of the "coming of the Son of Man on the clouds of heaven," and "sitting on the throne of his glory," we have the expression in the mere Jewish or Messianic sense familiar to the disciples, and not in that which characterised it in the genuine speech of their master. The contrasts presented in this group of phrases were, at a later time, artificially resolved by a dogmatic key. When the contemplation of the risen Christ had produced its counterpart in the idea of his preëxistence, and his life on earth was conceived as a disguise of heavenly glory, the opposite turns of meaning, by which even the same title appears now to claim and now to disclaim, were distributed between his two natures. To import such ideas into the synoptical gospels is to blot out the simple historical Christ, and over that grand figure to paint a stiff ecclesiastic form, with nimbus round the head and clouds beneath the feet, instead of the firm step of nature and the living light of our humanity.

Jesus, we conceive, took the designation "Son of Man" rather in avoidance than in assertion of Messianic claims; because it carried him furthest from the national expectations embodied in the term "Son of God." An indeterminate consciousness of his Divine call drew him with sympathy towards an indeterminate phrase; which echoed the innermost secret of his nature, and said for him how little his eye was drawn to any thing out of the plane of human life; how its tender lights of need and love and sorrow, shed from the smallest and the darkest things, found in him the seats of unspeakable Pity, and made him desire only to be one with all he saw; and which yet, at the same time, by this very intimation of a distinctive humanism, gave him in some sense a representative character, and answered to his feeling that he was not his own, but called to be the organ of a higher will. An ordinary man would have no occasion to designate himself as human. But one who continually referred to supramundane things, who announced an approaching kingdom of heaven, might well wish, in speaking of one world, to keep his place in the other, and to let it be understood that,—whoever he was,—his work was here; and he was one with those whom he was sent to prepare. If he penetrated, through the obstructions of Rabbinical interpretation, to the true meaning of the vision in Daniel most associ-

ated with the phrase, he would see that, as its brute forms were but symbols of the great empires of the unregenerate world, so, when "*one like the Son of Man*" was substituted by the Ancient of days, that figure also stood (not for any person, but) for the *realm* of final Righteousness, and signalised its character by making it no longer *brutal*, but *human*. In this view, "the kingdom of God" was the reign of humanity: and he who proclaimed it fell in with its nature, by asking only to be Son of Man. It was the name too by which already the Divine word had addressed the ancient prophet: \* and why should not the organ of a living inspiration rest in it as his own?

This name however, though recommended to the feeling of Jesus by such characteristics, has certainly another side. Its vagueness saves it from asserting, but also prevents it from excluding, the Messianic attributes. Whether, under cover of it, these were held in reserve; or whether, without being at all intended at first, they were afterwards developed from it in the mind of Jesus himself, so that he became the Messiah whom he preached, we do not think there are reliable materials for deciding. Even where, according to the evangelists, he says things about "the Son of Man" in the obviously Messianic sense, it is by no means evident that he is speaking of *himself*: the language is usually what it would be if the person were some one else. He does not say, "ye shall see *me* coming on the clouds of heaven;" and the avoidance of the first person in such connexions is the more noticeable because it contrasts him with the disciples, who are described as asking him, "What is the sign of *thy* coming, and of the end of the world?" (Matt. xxiv. 3.) This distinction, we are aware, cannot be absolutely carried through: but that it survives at all, after the large accumulation of free composition round the historical nucleus of the gospels, is highly significant; and justifies the question, whether, after all, the Messiahship may not rather have been put upon Jesus, than claimed by him.

We are not however particularly anxious to relieve his life of this claim. In announcing the kingdom of God, he doubtless shared the Messianic illusions of his native land: and it is only part of the same phenomenon, if his profound personal consciousness of union with God expressed itself in terms of the same theory. Spiritual insight, though carried to the highest limit of inspiration, can only sanctify, not cancel or transform, the scenery of objects, the picture of the world and its history, the images of what has been and what is yet to come, by which the mind is environed. Moral perfection, within the bounds of our nature, has not to wait, till the universe is scientifically

\* See Ezekiel ii. 1, 3, 6, 8, and *passim*.

conceived: the tones of Conscience may be infallibly interpreted without knowing how long the world is to last: the true relation between the human and the Divine may be revealed, though the measures of space and time at the disposal of fancy are ever so inadequate. It is not with the objects thought, but with the ways of thinking, that the truth, the beauty, the goodness of the inner life have to do: and the essence, as of genius, so of religion, come whence it may, lies in subjective harmony and creativeness. The seat of original power is ever in the unconscious background of the soul, in that which thinks and reveres and loves, and not in the elaborated things which, thus moved, we purposely construct: we spend ourselves on what we *do*; God, if any word of his issues from us at all, speaks through what we *are*. And so, while the whole Messianic drama that engaged the early Christianity, and more or less fixed the gaze of Jesus himself, has dispersed as a cloud-picture, a divine light, of which neither he nor others dreamt, has emanated from his person, and has toned anew all the colours and the shadows upon life ever since.

It was inevitable that contradictions should arise between the outer and the inner kingdom of God in Christ; between the exigencies of the Messianic theory and the promptings of a conscience under holiest inspiration. M. Renan thinks that he went with his published doctrine and compromised his private sincerity. Reversing this judgment, we maintain that the theory gave way, and the inward reverence disposed of his life to the last sacrifice. The people around him were for carrying out the doctrine and pushing on to the theocracy: he restrained and corrected them, not by refuting their assumptions, but by the intuitive recoil of higher affections from methods unworthy of him. The multitudes wanted "to make him a king:" and he withdrew to the mountains to pray. His disciples were always taking care of his dignity and his repute: they drove the children away; he took them in his arms and blessed them: they were scandalised at the presence of a woman who was a sinner; he accepted her passionate homage, and put their officiousness to shame. His apostles had the orthodox susceptibilities towards Gentiles and Samaritans, who had nothing to do with "the kingdom:" he loved to draw forth their faith, to commemorate their gratitude, to offer himself to their reception, and rebuked the fiery anger at their refusal. Drawn by the thirst of compassion and the trust in simplicity, he lived among social elements that could do nothing to realise any Messianic dream. The moment he was brought by the theoretic program of "the kingdom" to a point at which popular favour might be turned to account, and the place of leader of the saints of God seemed

to invite, an infallible purity of feeling rectified the traditional conception, and made him shrink from any but spiritual methods. The time came,—it is marked by the Transfiguration,—when persistency in this holy abstinence could plainly lead to but one result: the very moment of Peter's exulting confession is the moment of the Master's foreboding of Calvary: and Peter's instant expostulation shows how sharply the two feelings clash. The conflict of that crisis is little penetrable by us: must he deny the part that the apostle gave him?—that might be to betray his appointed part; *who* precisely he was in the Divine reckoning he could not tell; but that he was the organ of his Father, and had a witness to bear, he knew assuredly: out of that inner guidance he must live on: if it disappointed apocalyptic visions, apocalyptic visions must step aside and wait: men should force nothing upon him: and if already in view there was "a decease which he must accomplish at Jerusalem," it would but associate him with Moses and Elias, immortal prophets who also were in reserve for the great day of the Lord. So far therefore as the Messianic idea affected him then, it affected him thus: that rather than aim to realise it unfaithfully, he dismissed it to the other side of death, and would not suffer an imagination of God's outward Providence to disturb the clear tones of his inward Spirit. And so the Messianic theology, without formal cancelling, was from hour to hour neutralised and negatived by the pure ascendancy of diviner light. And the *via dolorosa* was all the darker, that it had no ideal light of theory upon it, but was rather a passage right away from theory, into a night that was only not terrible because it was the hiding-place of God. That the great controversy and agony of Christ's spirit was essentially of this nature is suggested even at an earlier period than the transfiguration. Whatever other meaning may be drawn from the remarkable scene called the Temptation, it plainly denotes the dismissal of seducing proposals from the Messianic side,—the rejection of all questionable means,—of ostentation or compromise,—for advancing the kingdom of heaven. That Satan of the wilderness, abashed before the pure eye of the Son of God, departed "for a season." Doubtless there were moments when he returned: he spoke again in Peter's word, "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." But the answer is ever the same, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." And these are words plainly revealing the nature of the conflict in the soul of Jesus. They are not the words of one embracing death because it cut the knot of a hopeless entanglement, and ended the fever of a conscience no longer transparent: but of one to whom the path of sacrifice was the

only heavenly road; who must decline deliverance by "self-assertion" not compelled by inward authority. The feeling which they express is not, that he has become committed to pretensions which at all hazards he must press into the advance: but just the opposite resolve, of abstinence, in the face of death, from every claim, even though it might be true, which would turn outside the "kingdom within," and make dependent upon "signs" the divine things he had to signify. It is needless to point out how that resolve was kept. The last period is full of a sad and tender inspiration. The reported miracles visibly abate. He parries questions about his "authority" without a self-assertive word. He speaks the pure truth of heaven, and applies it straight to men and things around, heedless whom it may provoke. He brings his unsullied "idealism" into the very throng of Solomon's porch, and abashes beneath his clear eye the priests' officers, if not the priests:—and falls at last through that sublime saying about the built and unbuilt temples, which expresses the imperishable essence of his religion.

Perhaps, after all, M. Renan's suspicion of a decline in the character of Jesus from its first pure enthusiasm springs less from study of the history, than from a certain melancholy theory of his own, to which more than once he gives pathetic expression. "At bottom," he says, "every ideal is a eutopia." Rather would we say, "At bottom every ideal is an inspiration." He looks with sympathy indeed, but with poetic sadness, on the aspirations of devout and prophetic men after a more satisfying life and a more righteous world than ours; and regards them as unsubstantial fancies of the human mind. We know not why we should part with the natural trust that they are divine glimpses rather than human illusions, escaped rays from the higher light instead of dreams painted on the night; or cease to recognise, in the intuitive visions and untiring prayer of the supreme spirits of our race, the border-land of communion between the immortal thought and the mortal eye that scans it. Here surely, if any where, on the commanding summits and in the unclouded moments of prophetic minds, is the meeting-place of Man and God, where the real meaning of the world is seen, and the stream of tendency may be widely traced. And if it be so, then the so-called "idealist" is, in the end, the truest realist: for the essence of the universe,—the Eternal Will,—is on his side: he speaks to the most enduring affections: he touches the latent powers whose time it is to wake. Nor can we allow that "every ideal must lose something of its purity" in its aim at realisation. On the contrary, we say, it is cleared and ennobled by its perpetual strife with resisting conditions; *suffering*, it may be, under limiting necessities

and painful incompleteness, but in proportion as it is faithful, made perfect by suffering; glorifying reality without quenching itself. Did our author mean no more than that in actual execution something must always remain behind the original thought, he would truly enough describe the hindrances of a refractory world. But the application of his maxim gives it a more questionable meaning. It is his general formula for proving that Jesus could not fail, unless he died in his early "idealism," to descend to a lower level of conscience; humouring, for instance, the popular demand for miracles, and otherwise tampering with veracity. He could not otherwise, it is said, have acted on mankind at all; and we have no right to find fault till we have done as much with our scruples as he with his imperfect sincerity. In this sense we must dispute both the fact and its maxim. Jesus, far from condescending to any moral compromise with the Messianic idea, declined its requirements, and became a sacrifice to his refusal; he could not stoop, but he could die. Instead of sinking deeper and deeper into the traditional illusion, he rose higher and higher above it. If, like a mirage inseparable from the atmosphere of his land, it still hovered before his eye, he followed it not, but step by step surrendered himself to the guidance of the Holiest within. As he thus advanced, it receded from him into the distance: it passed beyond the margin of this life; and so, flying before his personal perfection, began that retreat from the earth which left at last the spirituality of the gospel disengaged from the dreams of Judaism. As for his action on the world, he acted on *that* age precisely because he *sincerely* shared some of its transitory ideas; he has acted upon every other, because he was faithful to a divine light, lonely for the moment, but revealed in him for all time. Not humouring and connivance, but truth in every way,—truth with his age, truth with his God, truth with himself,—was the condition of his power, as indeed of all moral power. The managers of the world, hour by hour, must act by adaptation to lower minds; its saviour and inspirer, who lifts it into a new mood for ever, must be the pure organ of a Will higher than his own. He will never reach the seats of any fresh original reverence in others but by artless simplicity of faith and devotion; he is what he is because he just reports eternal things which he did not make and cannot alter: did he even think for a moment of trimming them to his will, he would sink from the prophet to the charlatan. In *administering* an established system, resting on existing pieties, there may be fearful mixtures, as the history of every priesthood shows, of enthusiasm and artifice; but to extend such experience to religious *creation*, to suppose that the purest truth can flow from

the courses of a turbid conscience, and the highest worship be raised from the wreck of a ruined "idealism," is to throw all ideas of moral causation into the dreariest confusion. This is to us the most painful feature of M. Renan's book. That he is Platonist in taste does not restrain him from cynicism in morals; his imagination lingers in the upper world of divine ideas, but his belief keeps its footing on the ground, and trusts no power but the mixed motives of an infirm and self-deceiving humanity. We venture to say that his *real* world lies in the wrong place for an historian of religion; the true causes of what he seeks he leaves behind in his dream-realm, and descends for them to a level where they are not to be found. His moral construction is, in consequence, deficient in compactness. He combines incompatible attributes in one person, and then apologises by commonplaces about the contradictions of human nature. At one time he seems to attribute the marvellous success of Christianity to the fortunate errors and fanaticisms, perhaps even unscrupulousness, of its Founder: at another to the sublimity of his character and the imperishable truths at the heart of his religion. That ultimately he will rest, with less wavering, in the higher doctrine of moral dynamics, we cannot but hope when we read such a comment as the following on the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria, "Woman, believe me, the hour is coming when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father;" "but the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth" (John iv. 21, 23):

"The day when he pronounced this word he was truly Son of God. He spoke for the first time the sure word on which the edifice of eternal religion shall rest. He founded the pure worship, of no land, of no date, which all lofty souls will practise to the end of time. His religion that day was not only the religion good for humanity, it was Absolute Religion: and if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality, their religion can be no other than that which Jesus proclaimed at Jacob's well. Man has not been able to abide by it, for the ideal is tenable but for an instant. The word of Jesus has been a gleam in a dark night; it has needed eighteen hundred years for the eyes of mankind (what do I say?—of an infinitely small part of mankind) to accustom themselves to it. But the gleam will become the full day; and, after having run through the whole circle of errors, mankind will return to that word as the imperishable expression of its faith and its hopes" (pp. 234, 235).

CURRENT LITERATURE:—BOOKS OF THE QUARTER  
SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

1. Fortune's Journey to Yedo and Peking.
2. Eleanor's Victory. By M. E. Braddon.  
[It is difficult to say why people should read Miss Braddon's novels, and easy to show why they should not be read. Yet they are, and will be so.]
3. Alexander's Incidents of the Maori War.
4. Andrew Deverell.  
[An amusing book by an American. Ill-written, but not without interest. He writes to a young lady to ask her to wait and marry him, and she does wait.]
5. Ansted's Great Stone Book of Nature.
6. Shakespeare's Home. By J. C. M. Bellew.  
[A careful book on a subject of which but little can be known.]
7. Browning's Poetical Works.  
[Reviewed in Article VII.]
8. Carey's late War in New Zealand.
9. Border and Bastille. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone."  
[Written with energy, but saying little.]
10. Carey's Four Months in a Dahabeek.  
[A dahabeek is an Egyptian boat, and Mr. Carey amused himself there, and amuses his readers.]
11. The Footsteps of Error. By Dean Close.  
[The author's name suggests the nature of this book.]
12. Davis's Tracks of M'Kinlay across Australia.  
[Interesting, though rather heavily written.]
13. Chesney's View of the Virginian Campaigns.  
[Interesting and valuable.]
14. Davidson on the Old Testament.  
[Reviewed in Article I.]
15. Denise. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori."  
[A very interesting novel, written with artistic grace.]
16. The Fairy Book. By Dinah M. Muloch.  
[An excellent set of fairy tales, happily without morals.]

17. *Fawcett's Manual of Political Economy.*

[A very clear, comprehensive manual, and, what is more, readable and animated.]

18. *Captain Gronow's Recollections. Second Series.*

[Amusing enough.]

19. *A Study of Hamlet. By Dr. Conolly.*

[A curious attempt to discuss Hamlet's sanity or insanity, as if it were a reality.]

20. *Hind's Introduction to Astronomy. New Edition.*

[An established work of high accuracy.]

21. *Incidents in my Life. By D. D. Home.*

[Curious, at any rate, whether true or untrue.]

22. *A Residence in Georgia. By Mrs. F. Kemble.*

[A most instructive book on American slavery, written long ago from personal knowledge.]

23. *Kingsley's Sermons on the Pentateuch.*

[Animated and vigorous, though suggesting many questions which it does not solve.]

24. *Essay on Government. By Sir G. C. Lewis.*

[Reviewed in Article X.]

25. *Lowth's Wanderer in Western France.*

[Amusing enough.]

26. *Maurice's Claims of the Bible and Science.*

[With more of Mr. Maurice's faults and fewer of his merits than most of his writings. He states two opposite opinions, which are intelligible if not satisfactory, and then a third of his own, which may be satisfactory, but is not intelligible.]

27. *Mommsen's History of Rome. Vol. III.*

[The best part of M. Mommsen's valuable History, now translated for the first time.]

28. *Monat's Adventures among the Andamans.*

[Interesting, though not without defects of style.]

29. *Notes on the Pentateuch. By Andrews Norton; with a Preface by the Rev. J. J. Tayler.*

[A most valuable and timely republication.]

30. *Phillimore's History of England in the time of George III.*

[An animated but otherwise unsatisfactory work.]

31. *Remarkable Misers. By Cyrus Redding.*

32. *Romola. By George Eliot.*

[The most powerful of George Eliot's novels since *Adam Bede*, and the best historical novel since the best of Sir Walter Scott's.]

566 *Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies.*

33. Does the Bible countenance American Slavery?

[Written with Mr. Goldwin Smith's usual vigour.]

34. Stephen's Criminal Law of England.

[A very interesting book to all who wish to know *why*, as the author suggests, they may legitimately "kill, torture, and imprison their fellow creatures." It gives a general account of English law, but is not technical. There are some excellent abstracts of French criminal trials.]

35. Christian Names. By Miss Yonge.

36. Life of General Stonewall Jackson. By the Author of "Life in the South."

[The time is hardly come for a Life of General Jackson.]

37. Our Old Home. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

[An interesting account of England, a little in the style of Washington Irving, but with caustic criticisms of far greater power both on the Americans and the English.]

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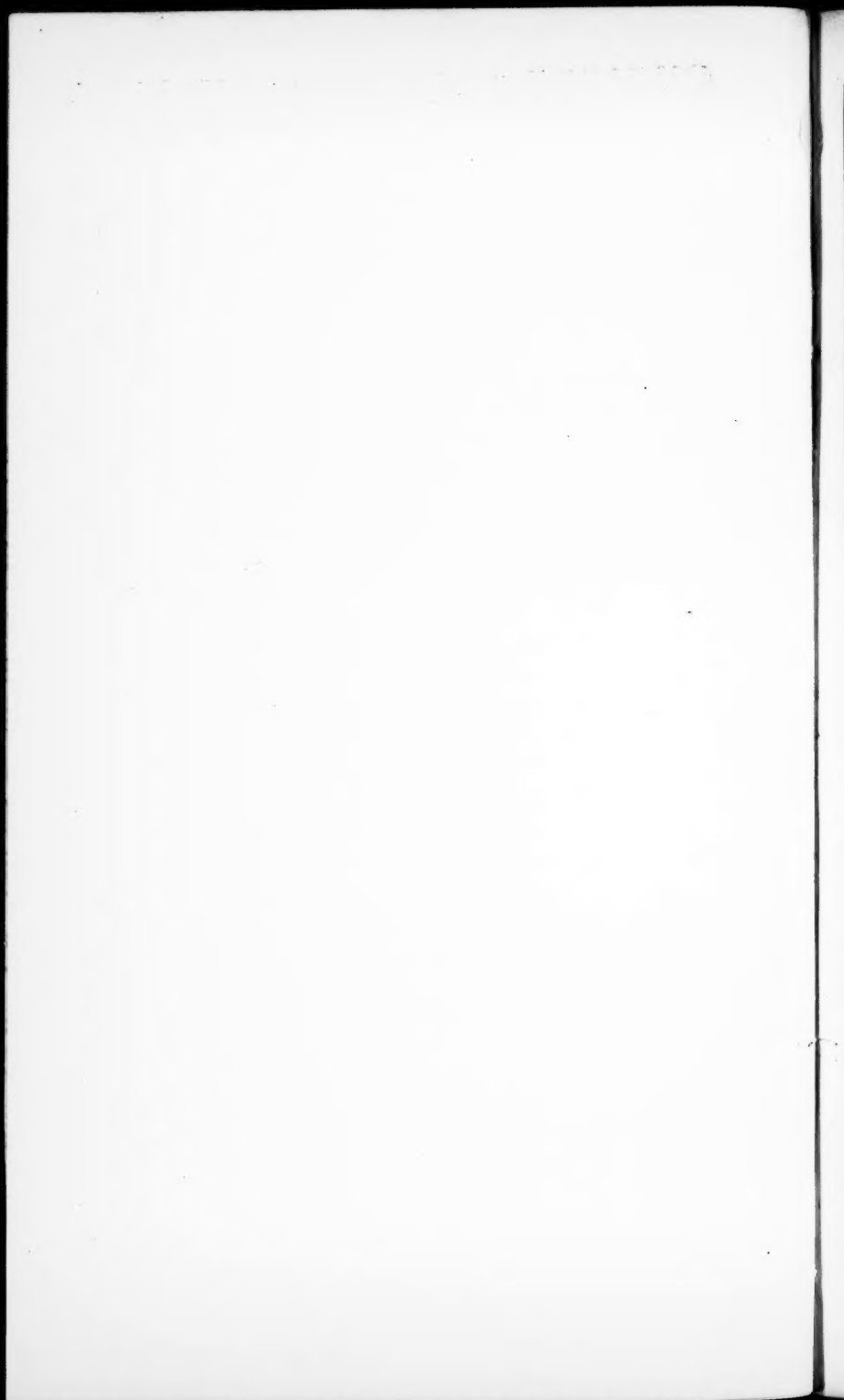
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THE  
SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND  
LIFE ASSURANCE  
SOCIETY

The Profits belong to and are divided among the Members alone, there being no Shareholders, as in Proprietary Companies, entitled to participate therein.

RESOURCES OF THE SOCIETY.

REALIZED FUNDS . . .	£3,900,000
ANNUAL REVENUE . . .	£460,000

BEFORE EFFECTING A LIFE ASSURANCE, the character of the office to be selected, the security it presents, and the advantages which it affords, should be carefully ascertained. No prudent person will decide to make provision for his family by means of Life Assurance (*which usually involves the savings of a lifetime and the welfare of a family after death*), without being satisfied—

FIRST.

That the provision on which his family is to depend is not only safe beyond doubt or question, but also that it will ultimately amount, with additions from Profits, to the largest sum which the premiums payable are adequate to secure. *For information, see 'Security presented by the Society,' p. 2, and 'Bonus Additions Declared,' & 'Resources of the Society,' p. 3.*

SECOND.

That in the event of his outliving the object of the assurance, or desiring for any other reason to discontinue it, he will be entitled, on surrendering the Policy, to withdraw the excess of premiums paid over and above what has been required to cover the risk incurred by the office. *For information, see 'Surrender Values payable on Demand,' p. 3.*

That a person intending to insure his life may satisfy himself on these essential points with reference to any office, it is necessary that he should possess regarding it, information similar to that contained in the following pages:—



ESTABLISHED—AD-1815

THE LARGEST MUTUAL OFFICE  
IN THE WORLD

HEAD-OFFICE-9 ST-ANDREW-SQUARE-EDINBURGH

OFFICE IN GLASGOW—141 BUCHANAN STREET.

## 2 Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society.

### SECURITY PRESENTED BY THE SOCIETY.

*The only satisfactory evidence that a Life Office affords complete security for the fulfilment of its engagements, is a correct Statement, containing its "Assets," shewing the manner of their investment on the one hand, and its "Liabilities," with the table of Mortality and Rate of Interest by which they have been valued, on the other. It is also important to every person insuring his life to know that the office he selects has not, to any extent, declared Bonuses by anticipating future Profits. WHERE THIS HAS BEEN DONE, NEW MEMBERS ENTER AT GREAT DISADVANTAGE, FOR THEIR FUNDS ALONE MAKE GOOD THE ANTICIPATED PROFITS, IN WHICH THEY DID NOT, AND NEVER CAN SHARE.\** With the view of affording *exact* information as to the nature and extent of the security presented by the Society, the following statement of Assets and Liabilities as at 31st December 1859, when last valuation took place, is given :—

<b>Assets.</b> —Money invested in First Class Securities . . . . .	£3,518,230
<b>Liabilities.</b> —Value by the Carlisle 3 per cent Tables,* (see note below) . . . . .	2,756,216
<b>Surplus</b> , being excess of Assets . . . . .	£762,014

Which Surplus was disposed of thus :—

1. Sum set aside to meet the Bonus then declared . . . . .	574,355
2. Free Balance or "Guarantee Fund" retained . . . . .	£187,659

\* NOTE.—The entire "Loading" or per centage on future premiums, which is applicable to future Expenses, Contingencies, and Profits alone (value £738,155), was, as usual, left untouched. The Public will therefore observe that future Profits have not to any extent been anticipated or encroached upon in declaring past Bonuses, but that the Scottish Widows' Fund possesses every element of security and future profit which a Life Insurance Office entitled to public confidence ought to possess.

### MODERATE RATES OF PREMIUM.

In the following Table the Premiums charged by sixteen of the oldest established and largest Life Offices in the Three Kingdoms are contrasted with the Premiums charged by the Scottish Widows' Fund.

TABLE CONTRASTING THE PREMIUMS OF OTHER OFFICES WITH THOSE OF THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.

Age.	WITH PROFITS.		WITHOUT PROFITS.		Age.
	Average Premiums charged by other Offices.	Scottish Widows' Fund Premiums,*	Average Premiums charged by other Offices.	Scottish Widows' Fund Premiums.†	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
20	2 1 1	2 2 1	1 14 9	1 12 1	20
25	2 6 7	2 6 6	1 19 1	1 16 7	25
30	2 12 1	2 11 9	2 4 4	2 2 0	30
35	2 18 9	2 18 2	2 10 7	2 8 0	35
40	3 7 5	3 6 3	2 18 7	2 15 11	40
45	3 17 8	3 16 4	3 8 8	3 4 11	45
50	4 11 4	4 9 2	4 2 4	3 17 11	50
55	5 9 0	5 5 1	5 0 5	4 17 9	55

\* For Bonuses declared under this Table, see "Bonus Additions Declared," page 3.

† It is believed that these Premiums are lower than those of any other Office.

**TABULAR STATEMENTS OF THE BONUSES DECLARED AND OF THE SOCIETY'S FUNDS AND REVENUE.**

BONUS ADDITIONS DECLARED On Policies of the Original Amount of £1000.				RESOURCES OF THE SOCIETY, 31st December 1862.	
Duration of Policy.	Bonus added.	Amount of Policy.	Per Centage of Bonus.	I. REALISED FUND,—	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		Landed Securities . . .	£3,053,328
5 Yrs.	82 16 9	1082 16 9	8 p. ct.	Government Stocks, etc. . .	160,203
7 "	116 18 6	1116 18 6	12 "	Loans on the Society's Policies of greater value . . .	469,895
10 "	168 1 0	1168 1 0	17 "	Life Interests and Reversions . . .	142,202
14 "	249 16 3	1249 16 3	25 "	House Property, etc. . .	19,763
15 "	270 4 11	1270 4 11	27 "	Money in Bank, etc. . .	127,722
20 "	389 16 3	1389 16 3	39 "		£3,973,113
21 "	416 0 1	1416 0 1	42 "	Deduct—Claims by deaths of Members not yet due, &c.	123,986
25 "	524 11 6	1524 11 6	52 "	Realised Fund	£3,849,127
28 "	614 5 2	1614 5 2	61 "	II. ANNUAL REVENUE,—	
30 "	674 0 11	1674 0 11	67 "	Life Premium Income . . .	£300,150
35 "	866 3 6	1866 3 6	81 "	Interest on Realised Fund . . .	159,607
40 "	933 19 5	1933 19 5	93 "	Annual Revenue	£459,757
42 "	985 1 10	1985 1 10	98 "		
45 "	1372 6 11	2372 6 11	137 "		

*The Bonuses declared by this Office are not exceeded by those of any other Office.*

*The whole Funds, Revenue, and Profits, belong to the Policy-holders alone.*

**SURRENDER VALUES PAYABLE ON DEMAND.**

One of the principal impediments to the extension of Life Assurance among the classes to whom it is most beneficial, viz., those whose means of providing for their families depend upon professional income, is the apprehension that inability to continue the Assurance necessarily involves loss of all the premiums paid to the Office. It will accordingly be satisfactory to such persons who intend effecting Assurances to know, that this objection is obviated in the Scottish Widows' Fund, as the Surrender Value of the Policy is allowed to the Member at any time he shall choose to discontinue it. The following are

EXAMPLES OF SURRENDER VALUES OF POLICIES OF £1000, OF THE PARTICIPATING CLASS. *Age at entry being 30.*

Duration of Policy.	Premiums paid.	Surrender Value.	Per centage of Surrender Value on Premiums paid.
One Year .....	£25 17 6	£8 0 10	31 per cent.
Ten Years .....	258 15 0	160 12 10	62 per cent.
Twenty Years .....	517 10 0	390 15 11	75 per cent.
Thirty Years .....	776 5 0	699 10 0	90 per cent.
Forty Years .....	1035 0 0	1071 19 0	104 per cent.
Forty-five Years ...	1164 7 6	1435 9 0	123 per cent.

*Thus a Scottish Widows' Fund Policy, besides securing an Assurance in the event of the Member's death, has the special advantage of being AS CONVERTIBLE AS A BANK NOTE, during his lifetime to the extent of its value, which in many cases considerably exceeds the entire amount of the premiums paid.*

# SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

## THE SUCCESS OF THE SOCIETY.

The remarkable success which has attended the operations of the Society ever since it was founded is exhibited in the following Table of

### STATISTICS OF THE SOCIETY'S PROGRESS.

To 31st Dec.	Sums Assured by Policies Issued.		Amount of Vested Bonuses Declared.		Sums Assured, and Bonus Additions existing.		Annual Revenue.		Realised Fund.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
1815	1,000	0 0	....		1,000	0 0	34	12 6	34	12 6
1824	431,667	8 8	24,592	7 0	373,656	1 8	17,454	0 3	76,509	7 3
1831	1,474,409	1 10	122,007	5 8	1,332,434	10 6	54,653	7 5	260,046	8 0
1838	3,916,214	5 11	432,087	14 8	3,557,134	1 10	141,241	14 2	785,272	11 6
1845	7,502,981	5 9	1,146,438	5 6	6,798,622	6 3	248,929	0 0	1,701,633	1 6
1852	10,963,900	11 9	2,053,719	6 7	9,084,660	17 1	338,362	8 6	2,581,109	5 7
1859	14,241,419	3 1	3,032,176	13 1	10,943,853	8 5	412,767	9 2	3,518,230	6 9
1862	16,680,000	0 0	3,060,000	0 0	11,200,000	0 0	469,757	0 0	3,849,127	0 0

These Statistics shew the extent to which the Public have appreciated the advantages of Membership in this Society; and the extraordinary rate at which the number of Members and the Business of the Society are increasing, affords gratifying evidence of continued and still enlarging prosperity.

## THE DIRECTORS REPORTED TO THE MEMBERS,

At the Annual Meeting held 22d May 1863—

**SUMS ASSURED IN 1862 . . . £682,034 18 5**

**PREMIUM REVENUE thereon . . . £23,798 14 9**

The new Business of 1862 thus exceeded that of any year since the Society was founded, and the Report also mentions that the New Assurances effected in the current year 1863 up to 22d May, the date of Meeting, exceeded those effected up to the corresponding date in 1862 by £90,000.

### *Comparative Value of Policies in Different Offices.*

The conditions under which a Policy in one office may be held to be of greater value than a Policy in another office are substantially these—(1.) That the sum receivable in the event of death, including additions from Profits, shall be larger in proportion to the premiums payable in the one office than in the other. (2.) That the sum which may be withdrawn during life as "Surrender Value" in the event of the Assurance having to be discontinued, shall be larger for the premiums payable in the one office than in the other. (3.) That the Security afforded for the fulfilment of all engagements is better in the one office than in the other.

### AN ENLARGED EDITION OF THE PROSPECTUS

Has been prepared with much care, containing full information on every point of the Society's position and affairs. The prospectus will be sent free of charge on application to the Head Office or any of the Society's agents.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, *Manager.*

J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

**LONDON: 4, ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.**

OFFICE IN DUBLIN—No. 59 WILLIAM STREET.



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*No. XXXV. will appear on the 1st January 1864.*

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